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METHODIST REVIEW.

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Art. I.—MR. SPENCER'S PHILOSOPHY.

My purpose is to make a critical exposition of the fundamental ideas and logic of Mr. Spencer's system; as they are what determine his place and importance in the history of philosophy.

The naturalistic revival of the generation just past was an interesting and instructive episode in the history of thought. The multitudinous facts discovered and the great physical and biological generalizations to which they led found us mentally unprepared for dealing with them. We had no adequate philosophical and critical apparatus, and the result was a storm. The fountains of the great deep were broken up, and some things passed away with a great noise. Of this naturalistic movement Mr. Spencer became the official philosopher for the English-speaking world, and to a great extent elsewhere. In the enthusiastic and uncritical state of thought then prevalent Mr. Spencer's philosophy acquired something of the prestige of physical science itself, and was supposed to rest on an equally solid foundation, but this has largely passed away. Philosophical criticism has set in. There has been a more careful partition of territory between science and philosophy, and the postulates of naturalism have been subjected to searching examination. The result has been a clearing of the air and a readjustment of philosophical estimates. In consequence Mr. Spencer's reputation as a philosopher has notably fallen off. Even his disciples now tend to find his greatness less in his positive contributions than in the stimulus he gave to thought. How much of this stimulus was due to Mr. Spencer

himself and how much to the condition of the intellectual world we do not decide. At all events, the fashion has changed, and Mr. Spencer is no longer a great name in philosophy. When we look at his fundamental ideas we find them in the highest degree unclear. When we look at the logic of his system we find it full of inconsistency. When we look at his leading generalizations we find them vague and unfruitful. The doctrine of the unknowable with which Mr. Spencer introduces his system has long been recognized as weak and inconsistent. The discussion is superficial at best, and the results are largely ignored or contradicted in Mr. Spencer's doctrine of science. Hence thirty years ago prominent disciples, like Mr. Youmans, began to proclaim that it really was no part of the system, and in a postscript to the last edition of *First Principles* Mr. Spencer himself points out that the scientific exposition is quite independent of his doctrine of the unknowable. This, as we shall see, is not strictly true, but it is interesting as a recognition that all is not well with the logic of the system.

In the discussion of the unknowable Mr. Spencer examines the ideas of first cause, absolute, infinite, space, time, matter, motion, force, and conscious mind, and finds them all unthinkable and contradictory. Thus theology, physics, mathematics, and psychology are made impossible at a stroke. Mr. Spencer is well content, as we all know, to leave theology in this outcast condition, but physics he proceeds to rescue in order to make a foundation for science. This he must do or abandon science as well as theology. All the more must we scrutinize the process and make sure of our goings. Mr. Spencer was neither a materialist nor an atheist in intention. The charge of materialism he repudiated with warmth, and as for atheism he held that the choice is not between personality and mechanism, as the atheist would claim, but between personality and something that may be higher. Nevertheless evolution is defined in terms of matter and motion, and the formula is held to include all the phenomena of life, mind, and society. Now, it is plain that if matter and motion are to be taken in the usual sense this is pure materialism and smacks pretty strongly of atheism. Mr. Spencer meets such suggestions by pointing out that matter and motion are only symbols of the

inscrutable power behind phenomena. There is then a double problem for Mr. Spencer. First, he must rescue science from the skeptical conclusions of his agnostic argument, and, secondly, he must set forth a doctrine of phenomena and phenomenal knowledge which will at once make a foundation for science and also save his system from lapsing into vulgar materialism and atheism. In both respects Mr. Spencer's success is very meager.

On the first point Mr. Spencer's method is to recall the notions of space, time, matter, motion, and force which were cashiered and discredited before, and reinstate them as the corner stones of science. He says, "That skeptical state of mind which the criticisms of Philosophy usually produce is, in great measure, caused by the misinterpretation of words." In consequence "there results more or less of that dreamlike illusion which is so incongruous with our instinctive convictions." This sense of illusion Mr. Spencer proceeds to dispel by a better definition of real and reality. The peasant, he says, makes appearance and reality one and the same thing. But "the metaphysician, while his words imply belief in a reality, sees that consciousness cannot embrace it, but only the appearance of it; and so he transfers the appearance into consciousness and leaves the reality outside. This reality, left outside, he continues to think of much in the same way that the peasant thinks of the appearance. The *realness* ascribed to it is constantly spoken of as though it were known apart from all acts of consciousness." For the peasant there is nothing but the real thing, and that is outside. For the metaphysician there is a distinction between the thing and the appearance, the thing being outside and the appearance inside. Hence illusions arise when the peasant and the metaphysician get together. The remedy for this is a new definition of reality: "By reality we mean *persistence* in consciousness. . . . The real, as we conceive it, is distinguished solely by the test of persistence; for by this test we separate it from what we call the unreal. . . . How truly persistence is what we mean by reality is shown in the fact that, when after criticism has proved that the real as presented in perception is not the objectively real, the vague consciousness which we retain of the objectively real is of something which per-

sists absolutely, under all changes of mode, form, or appearance. And the fact that we cannot form even an indefinite notion of the absolutely real except as the absolutely persistent implies that persistence is our ultimate test of the real." These quotations are taken from chapter iii of the sixth edition of the *First Principles.* It can hardly be said that they will do much to remove "that skeptical state of mind," or "that dreamlike illusion," "which the criticisms of philosophy usually produce." The metaphysician is rebuked for leaving the reality outside, as the peasant does; whereas "by reality we mean persistence in consciousness," in which case everything is inside. But in the next sentence persistence in consciousness is shortened into persistence, and we are left in further uncertainty whether persistence is the *meaning* or the *mark* of reality. Yet as a result of these and similar considerations Mr. Spencer concludes: "Thus, then, we may resume, with entire confidence, those realistic conceptions which Philosophy at first sight seems to dissipate." Thus space, time, matter, motion, and force are restored to us as "relative realities." They stand in indissoluble relation with their absolute cause, and for us are equally real. We may therefore build up our science upon them with all confidence, only referring now and then, for form's sake, to the absolute reality, lest we forget.

Now the friendliest critic could not fail to see that for all this we have little more than Mr. Spencer's assurance. We are merely told that they are relative realities, and that we may safely build upon them. But when we insist on walking by sight rather than faith we find this doctrine in the highest degree obscure even in its meaning. This brings us to the second point mentioned, Mr. Spencer's doctrine of phenomena, their place and nature.

What and where are these relative realities? What is their relation to us and to the unconditioned reality? On this point Mr. Spencer is very unclear. Indeed, except in the vaguest way, he does not seem to have thought of it at all. At times the relative realities seem to be only effects in us, as in the following: "If, under certain conditions furnished by our constitutions, some Power of which the nature is beyond conception always produces a certain mode of consciousness—if this mode of consciousness is

as persistent as would be this Power were it in consciousness, the reality will be to consciousness as complete in the one case as in the other" (p. 144). Here the relative reality appears to be only a "mode of consciousness" wrought in us by the absolute reality. But in speaking of space and matter Mr. Spencer inclines to regard the relative realities as corresponding to absolute modes in the Unknowable. "Our conception of space is produced by some mode of the Unknowable." Again, of matter he says: "Such being our cognition of the relative reality, what are we to say of the absolute reality? We can only say that it is some mode of the Unknowable related to the matter we know as cause to effect." Similarly of motion: "That this relative reality answers to some absolute reality it is needful only for form's sake to assert. What has been said above, respecting the Unknown Cause which produces in us the effects called Matter, Space, and Time, will apply, on simply changing the terms, to motion" (p. 151). Thus space, time, matter, motion, and force appear to be merely effects in us, or modes of consciousness produced in us. Apart from them there would seem to be at times only the unknowable, or the fundamental reality, and then again there seems to be this absolute being *plus* some absolute modes, each of which corresponds to some one of the relative realities and causes the appropriate effect in us. This result gives rise to a long series of puzzles. If space, time, matter, motion, and force are only effects in us, then all that is described in these terms, including, of course, the whole process of evolution, is purely subjective to us and nothing objective whatever. If we were away they would also be away, and we should not be very far from what Mr. Spencer calls "the insanities of idealism." But this was certainly not Mr. Spencer's view. He had not the least doubt that evolution, as "an integration of matter and concomitant dissipation of motion," was going on long before we arrived and would keep on if we should depart. All the more are we puzzled to know what and where these relative realities are. If they are only effects in us evolution is merely a mirage of human notions. The same is true of science in general; it has nothing objective in it. We must in some way get these relative realities independent of us, if we are to have a real evolution.

What would there be if we were away? The unknowable reality, of course, would exist, but would it be doing anything in the evolution line under spatial, temporal, material forms? If yes, these relative realities are more than effects in us. If no, the system collapses into a subjective mirage. Mr. Spencer never came in sight of these difficulties. His eyes were mercifully holden. Without suspecting it, he was here in the presence of a difficulty which has haunted all systems of phenomenalism since the time of Kant. Such systems make phenomena subjective only, and then are puzzled to find an objective meaning for knowledge. Phenomena are not things; and they are not *thinks*. They are not subjective in the sense of belonging to the individual, and they are not objective in the sense of being substantive realities, or existing apart from mind. The only way out of this puzzle lies through theistic idealism. A system of phenomena which has no common-to-all in it is only a set of individual dreams; and a system of objective phenomena is a contradiction unless a supreme Mind be affirmed as its abiding seat and absolute condition.

When, then, matter, motion, and force are declared to be only symbols, appearances, phenomena, relative realities, etc., we must first inquire as to their relation to us. To make them simply and only effects in us is to deprive our system of all objectivity and to pass over into something like Berkeleianism, so far as the existence of the world is concerned. To give them objective reality leads to a puzzle about the possibility of extra-mental phenomena and also respecting their relation to the unknowable reality. If that unknowable did nothing, and remained rigidly one and changeless, there would be no assignable connection between it and the world of manifold and changing phenomena; and thus it would become useless and fictitious. And if the unknowable acted only in transcendental ways it would be equally worthless. For in that case our laws of thought would be foreign to the unknowable reality, and there would be no way of telling how they arise, or how they could be imposed upon the unknowable, which is incommensurable with them. There is here an impassable gulf between the two factors of the system. But if we make the changes, successions, and likenesses among appearances point to corre-

sponding changes, successions, and likenesses among the unknown realities themselves we subject the unconditioned being itself to time and change, and are in a fair way to get what Mr. Mill called "a prodigious amount of knowledge respecting the Unknowable." But these difficulties lay beyond Mr. Spencer's horizon. He picked up the terminology of phenomenalism as it lay ready-made to his hand and called matter and force "relative realities," and forthwith they became real enough for mechanical naturalism. The deeper questions were not so much ignored as unsuspected, although they are really vital to the system. The strength of the system is clearly not in its foundation.

Having thus secured the basal ideas of physical science, Mr. Spencer proceeds to deduce its fundamental doctrines. These are the indestructibility of matter, the continuity of motion, and the persistence of force. The exposition of the first doctrine varies somewhat in the several editions, but all of them contain an *a priori* argument of some interest:

> Our inability to conceive matter becoming nonexistent is consequent upon the nature of thought. Thought consists in the establishment of relations. There can be no relation established, and therefore no thought framed, when one of the terms is absent from consciousness. Hence it is impossible to think of something becoming nothing for the same reason that it is impossible to think of nothing becoming something—the reason, namely, that nothing cannot become an object of consciousness. The annihilation of matter is unthinkable for the same reason that the creation of matter is unthinkable (p. 158).

This argument has uncommon interest. If valid it proves that everything—substances, qualities, states, acts—is eternal; for to think of any one of them as beginning or ending is to compare its existence with its nonexistence, which is impossible; for "thought consists in the establishment of relations," and "there can be no relation established, and therefore no thought framed, when one of the related terms is absent from consciousness." It is also interesting as a distinct contradiction of the argument for the impossibility of religious ideas. They were found unthinkable and "pseud" because they all involve the conception of unbegun existence, or existence through infinite past time. This objection was fatal in Part I; but in Part II it turns out, according to this

argument, that only unbegun existence is conceivable. It seems, too, that we have nothing but this argument to rest on; for Mr. Spencer continues:

> It must be added that no experimental verification of the truth that matter is indestructible is possible without a tacit assumption of it. For all such verification implies weighing, and weighing assumes that the matter forming the weight remains the same.

And after all we are still left in the dark as to what is indestructible; for "by the indestructibility of matter we really mean the indestructibility of the force with which matter affects us." The same is said of the continuity of motion. We can easily consider the change of position to cease, but "that which defies suppression in thought (disciplined thought, of course) is the force which the motion indicates" (p. 168). So far as the exposition goes matter and motion are manifestations of force, ultimately of the Fundamental Reality, and the argument at best gives us only the indestructibility of this fundamental force. But there is nothing to assure us that the matter and motion manifestations of this force are constant quantities. For all that appears, that force might go out of the matter and motion line altogether and yet persist in self-equality, and thus meet all Mr. Spencer's demands upon it. Thus these doctrines, which are declared to be foundations of science, seem to float in the air as uncertain postulates—except as that peculiar *a priori* argument about something and nothing supports them, and the less said about that the better.

In the chapter on "The Persistence of Force" in the last edition of *First Principles,* Mr. Spencer seems to help the matter somewhat by recognizing "manifestations of force of two fundamentally different classes"—"the force by which matter demonstrates itself to us as existing, and the force by which it demonstrates itself to us as acting." This shows that Mr. Spencer had some vague sense that his proof of the indestructibility of matter had left things at such loose ends that there was no security that the unknowable might not close out the matter business entirely and take up some new line. But the distinction itself is purely *ad hoc.* In what way would matter, or anything else, reveal or possess any existence except by acting? Moreover, since

matter itself is a "symbol" of the Unknowable Reality, all its forces must depend on that Reality, and who knows that they are constant quantities? Might not the existential force and the change-producing force of matter vary? Having suggested this distinction, and taken it for granted as possible, Mr. Spencer proceeds to show that all force is persistent. In the earlier editions he says:

> The Persistence of Force is an ultimate truth of which no inductive truth is possible. . . . Deeper than demonstration, deeper even than definite cognition, deep as the very nature of the Mind, is the postulate at which we have arrived. Its authority transcends all other whatever; for not only is it given in the constitution of our consciousness, but it is impossible to conceive a consciousness so constituted as not to give it.

But what is the force which is persistent? In the last edition we read:

> Hence the force of which we assert persistence is that Absolute Force we are obliged to postulate as the necessary correlate of the force we are conscious of. By the Persistence of Force we really mean the persistence of some Cause which transcends our knowledge and conception. In asserting it we assert an Unconditioned Reality, without beginning or end (p. 176).

This is what comes of mixing physics and metaphysics. We must inquire, first, how Mr. Spencer agrees with himself, and, secondly, how he accords with sober science. On the first point the most flagrant contradiction is manifest. The doctrine really applies to that Absolute Force, that Unconditioned Reality, of which we are constantly reminded that it is inscrutable and unknowable, and that it can never be comprehended under any of the forms of our thought. But now we begin to know somewhat about it. "Every antecedent mode of the Unknowable must have an invariable connection, quantitative and qualitative, with that mode of the Unknowable which we call its consequent" (p. 177). This is surely an important piece of information—to use Mr. Mill's phrase again, "a prodigious amount of knowledge respecting the Unknowable"—seeing that it carries with it the affirmation of absolute and invariable law. Moreover, "In all three cases the question is one of quantity: Does the Matter, or Motion, or Force, ever diminish in quantity? Quantitative science implies measure-

ment, and measurement implies a unit of measure. The units of measure from which all others of any exactness are derived are units of linear extension" (p. 173). It would seem, then, that the Unknowable admits not only of being known in some very important respects, but also of being measured by "units of linear extension." This is certainly constraining the ineffable and unconditioned into pretty close quarters.

The scientific value of the doctrine must next be considered. Mr. Spencer is largely regarded by his disciples as an authority in this field, and he doubtless regarded himself as setting forth in these chapters the truth as it is in science. It is doubtful, however, if an equal number of scientific blunders, or looser reasoning, can be found in any other equal space in literature claiming to be scientific. For science, the indestructibility of matter means only a certain quantitative constancy in material changes. The continuity of motion is not true at all. The conservation of energy means the dynamic equivalence of antecedents and consequents in physical change. These doctrines, so far as true, are the definite results of inductive study and dynamical reasoning; and no one would be more surprised than Lord Kelvin would be, or any other leader in physical science, to learn that the conservation of energy is "deeper than demonstration, deeper even than definite cognition, deep as the very nature of Mind." He would be surprised enough to learn that it is "given in the constitution of our own consciousness" and that "it is impossible to conceive a consciousness so constituted as not to give it." Evidently Mr. Spencer is dealing with some other doctrine, for it would be quite absurd to say these things of an inductive doctrine which was unknown before the last generation, which is so far from being an *a priori* truth that it is not true at all except under certain contingent conditions, and which Mr. Spencer never understood. In his case certainly it was "deeper even than definite cognition." Mr. Spencer's Persistence of Force is a hybrid obtained by crossing bad metaphysics and hearsay science. Having thus obtained it, he proceeds to prove a rich variety of propositions. The first deduction is the uniformity of law: "Every antecedent mode of the unknowable must have an invariable

connection, quantitative and qualitative, with that mode of the Unknowable which we call its consequent. For to say otherwise is to deny the persistence of force" (p. 177). In like manner "The Direction of Motion" is discussed, and it is shown that it must take place along lines of least resistance. This is somewhat of an axiom for mechanical matters, especially when we determine the line of least resistance by the direction of the motion. The principle is then traced through organic forms, mental phenomena, social groups and movements, industrial combinations and differentiation, the movements of capital, changes of legislation, etc. These are all motions of one sort or another, and of course must follow the line of least resistance. To be sure, we cannot trace the line of least resistance into these consequences, but by means of a somewhat violent rhetoric we can regard them as cases of motion and refer them to the line of least resistance, and then there is no longer any room for protest or anything to wonder about. Things must follow the line of least resistance; everybody can see that; and the line of least resistance could not have been otherwise or otherwhere than it is, for to suppose that it could is to deny the persistence of force. This is the purely verbal trap into which Romanes fell when he wrote the *Candid Examination of Theism*. Romanes escaped; Spencer never escaped, but continued to think that he was talking deep speculation and exact science. Anything more naïve, whether from the scientific or the philosophic standpoint, it would be hard to find. Romanes must have felt, after coming to himself, like a man who had surrendered his valuables on being menaced with a wooden pistol.

Mr. Spencer's ideas in both physics and metaphysics were in the highest degree vague and confused. There is something cramping to free movement in rigorous philosophical criticism and the precision of the mathematico-physical sciences. But possibly his genius will find a more congenial field in the freer regions of biology and sociology and in those great evolutionary generalizations with which his name is inseparably connected. Mr. Spencer is preeminently the apostle of evolution and the great formulator of its law. Here, at all events, the disciples feel safe

in giving way to their enthusiasm. We now consider the formula. In the last edition of the *First Principles* Mr. Spencer fills one hundred and fifteen pages in leading up to the familiar definition of evolution. It runs as follows:

> Evolution is an integration of matter and concomitant dissipation of motion; during which the matter passes from an indefinite, incoherent homogeneity to a definite, coherent heterogeneity; and during which the retained motion undergoes a parallel transformation (p. 367).

This formula is to be examined, first, for meaning, and, secondly, for value. In seeking to fix the meaning we must again point out the uncertain character and whereabouts of matter and motion in Mr. Spencer's scheme. They are called "symbols" and "relative realities," and are declared to be effects produced in us by the unknowable. But in that case, as already pointed out, evolution has no objective significance, since all its factors are only effects in us—having an objective cause, indeed, but no objective counterpart or correspondence. This would never do, as it would land us in "the insanities of idealism." But if we make matter and motion objective "symbols" of the unknowable we are quite at a loss to know in what sense they are symbols. A real thing may be made a symbol of something else by mutual agreement of persons, as in telegraphic signals, but its symbolism has nothing to do with its existence. The symbolism exists only as a convention of the persons concerned and is nothing in itself. When, then, matter and motion are called symbols one is at a loss to know in what their symbolic character consists and for whom they are symbols. The integration of matter and dissipation of motion we can understand, when there are real moving things in space, but the integration and dissipation of symbols are unclear notions. If they are symbols, like the devices of mathematical mechanics for describing and summing up the order of experience, they are nothing in themselves, and have no more objectivity than a volume of differential and integral formulas. If, on the other hand, they are objective modes of the unknowable we are left in some concern lest the unknowable be expressed and exhausted in these modes so as to be nothing apart from them; in which case we fall into materialism and atheism again. It will be noticed

that in the definition both the Persistent Force and the Unknowable fail to appear, and nothing is left but Matter and Motion as the sole facts in the evolutionary process. To escape this result we must continue to call them "symbols," "aspects," "relative realities," and when we do so are quite at a loss to understand our own meaning or to locate the evolutionary process.

To the popular naturalistic speculator, of course, this is unintelligible metaphysics, and we forbear. But, leaving these obscurities, the formula is still unclear in its meaning. When the homogeneity is said to be indefinite and incoherent is it such in itself, or only with reference to some standard of our own? In the latter case the change is purely relative to ourselves again, and represents no truly objective progress. But, if it be indefinite and incoherent in itself, is it such for our senses or for the reason? In the former case we mistake appearance for reality. If indefinite and incoherent for the reason what do the terms mean? Do they mean the absence of all definite property, law, and relation? Such a homogeneity would be nothing. Yet they must mean that or become simply relative to our plans, or senses, or powers of perception, and lose all objective significance. And the homogeneous, too—what shall we make of that? Is it essentially or only apparently homogeneous? In the former case it has no motion in it and refuses to differentiate. In the latter case there is no real homogeneous, for all later differences are implicit from the start. These questions—and they are only samples of the swarming difficulties—show how confused the formula is, and how hard it is to fix a consistent and permissible meaning. And when logic has been appeased physics objects. What is meant by the integration of matter and concomitant dissipation of motion? Certainly motion is nothing that can fly off by itself and leave matter behind. This part of the definition applies only to the contraction of a physical system through cooling, and presupposes the ether, as something apart, to make it possible. The value of the formula must be declared zero. It is one of those showy generalizations which are so vague as to include everything at the expense of meaning nothing. What is there in the heavens above or the earth beneath that cannot be viewed as a case of differentiation or

integration? And how much wiser is anyone after such a view? Only a lover of Barmecide feasts could find satisfaction in such an unsubstantial mockery and barren show of wisdom. The formula itself leads to no insight. We merely gather under it the facts which we have elsewhere learned without gaining any additional insight or control. That the terms mean the same thing when we are speaking of physical, mental, social, industrial, political changes is taken for granted; and all of these on the theory are cases of the integration of matter and concomitant dissipation of motion.

But, at best, the formula is only a description. We see no reason why there should be such an order of change. Why should things move in this direction, or indeed move at all? This insight is furnished in the principles of the Instability of the Homogeneous, the Multiplication of Effects, and Segregation. These are the principles of movement and combination in the system. The first principle is distinctly false. Nothing whatever is unstable because it is homogeneous, but for some other reason. Iron is homogeneous and rusts. Gold or platinum is homogeneous and does not rust. Nitroglycerine or chloride of nitrogen is heterogeneous and very unstable. Neither homogeneity nor heterogeneity has anything to do with the results, but the positive relations of chemical affinity are alone responsible. The ether is said to be supremely homogeneous, but it is very stable. The multitudinous examples given illustrate instability in general and not the instability of the homogeneous. And the argument for the principle leads to the same result. For this principle is said to be a corollary of the persistence of force, and this leads to constant change. Change is as continuous in the heterogeneous as in the homogeneous; but the changing heterogeneous is heterogeneous still, while the changing homogeneous is homogeneous no longer. In the latter case the name changes as well as the thing, in the former case the name does not change; but in both cases the thing changes. But the change of name in one case and its constancy in the other led Mr. Spencer to fancy he had discovered a principle. This is well shown by an illustration given in earlier editions but omitted in the last. The planets do not move in

circular orbits, which are said to be homogeneous and would be unstable, but in elliptical orbits, which are said to be both heterogeneous and stable. The fact is that any lapse from a circular orbit makes it noncircular, but a lapse from an elliptical orbit may leave it still elliptical. This is the case with the planets. They never move in the same orbit from one instant to another, but the varying orbits admit of being reduced to a mean orbit for purposes of calculation and are all ellipses. Hence the delusion of special stability. With such science and logic one may deduce principles to order. Both the reasoning and the highly heterogeneous collection of illustrations point to instability in general, in the heterogeneous as well as in the homogeneous, and when we take the system as a whole reflection shows that homogeneity and heterogeneity can never be increased or diminished by any action of mechanical or necessary forces. If we reason back from heterogeneity we never come to homogeneity, but are compelled to make the heterogeneity implicit from the start. If we reason forward from homogeneity we cannot get it to move at all. The necessary logical equivalence of cause and effect in any mechanical scheme forbids any progress. But of this also Mr. Spencer never dreamed, and under the influence of the fallacy of the universal he passed back and forth between the homogeneous and the heterogeneous with the utmost facility and without suspecting the verbal character of the process.

Professor James Ward, in his work *Naturalism and Agnosticism,* several years ago subjected this "principle" of the Instability of the Homogeneous to a very thorough overhauling, with the result that Mr. Spencer in the last edition adds a note saying that the word "relatively" should be introduced into the definition of evolution before each of the antithetical clauses. The statement should be that "the matter passes from a *relatively* indefinite, incoherent homogeneity to a *relatively* definite, coherent heterogeneity." This does not mend the matter in the least; for logic shows that in such a system there can be no increase of heterogeneity by any action of the forces within the system itself. But the logic and metaphysics of change lay far below Mr. Spencer's soundings. When next Mr. Spencer asks if a chicken is

not more heterogeneous than an egg the answer is, yes, for the senses, and no, for the understanding; for without an immanent organic law in the egg which implied all the heterogeneities of the chicken the chicken would not exist. In short, at any point in the part of an impersonal mechanical scheme we are bound to find all its future products in latent potentiality. If a nebula was one phase of that past, then all future products were latent in the nebula; and they were evolved only because they were potentially there. In that case for thought there is no real progress or explanation, but only a successive manifestation of the original potentialities and implications of the system.

These considerations dispense with an examination of the two other principles mentioned. They are equally superficial and verbal, and without scientific character. Unless carefully handled the principle of "segregation" contradicts the instability of the homogeneous, as the former seems bent on producing homogeneities while the latter is busy in overturning them. But, assuming the principles, another question arises respecting the direction of these changes. Supposing that the homogeneous must lapse into the heterogeneous, it does not follow that it must lapse into an orderly heterogeneous rather than a chaotic one. Or, supposing that there must be segregation, why should it not be amorphous aggregation? The principles are quite as compatible with chaos as with creation. If they are to escape chaos it can be only as the principles are such in the conditions of their working that order, and the actual order, is implicit and necessary from the start. This question, which is essentially the question of selective and directive intelligence in the cosmos, is ignored by Mr. Spencer except so far as the chapter on "The Direction of Motion" may be viewed as an answer. There it is pointed out that motion must take place along the line of least resistance. All mechanical, vital, and mental phenomena are identified as cases of motion, and hence are subject to the law. They could not then be otherwise without denying the persistence of force, which is the deepest of all truths. Thus all things are simply called necessary, and there is nothing left to wonder about. There is no *why* to necessity, and no room for wonder. When, then, all things are seen to be neces-

sary teleology is out of place. Here Mr. Spencer erects a misunderstood doctrine of inductive science into an absolute and all-embracing necessity without any suspicion of the baselessness and suicidal nature of the procedure.

The definitions of life and mind, which have been greatly admired, are of the same verbal and barren character. They are in both cases definitions of the same by the same. Life is said to be an adjustment of inner relations to outer relations; but "adjustment" and "inner and outer" can be understood only as we relate them to a vital activity which fixes their meaning. Mind also is an adjustment of inner relations to outer relations, but here the terms can be defined only with reference to knowledge and consciousness. In both cases an enormous amount of superficial illustration is given which reduces to the poorest commonplace on examination. In psychology Mr. Spencer's chief contribution is the notion of a race experience by which he seeks to reconcile the empirical and rational schools; but the failure has long been recognized. The difficulties in the sensational theory of knowledge were largely unsuspected by Mr. Spencer. The nihilism in that theory he escaped by contradicting himself, at one time making the self a group of states of consciousness only, and at another making the active energy of the self the turning point in the debate against the nihilist. The constitutive action of the reason as the basis of experience and the possibility of the knowable world never dawned upon him. The profound and subtle questions of both epistemology and metaphysics were always beyond him, as were also the definite and precise conceptions on which physics is built. Everything is vague and superficial. Nothing is clear and profound. The science and philosophy are of the kind that lend themselves more readily to cosmology and world building than to the prosy details of definition and logical consistency.

And the vagueness continues unto the end. In the last paragraph of the *First Principles* Mr. Spencer reminds us again that—

> Matter, Motion, and Force are but symbols of the Unknown Reality. A Power of which the nature remains forever inconceivable, and to which no limits in Time or Space can be imagined, works in us certain effects.

These effects have certain likenesses of kind, the most general of which we class together under the names of Matter, Motion, and Force; and between these effects there are likenesses of connection, the most constant of which we class as laws of the highest certainty. Analysis reduces these several kinds of effect to one kind of effect; and these several kinds of uniformity to one kind of uniformity. And the highest achievement of Science is the interpretation of all orders of phenomena as differently conditioned manifestations of this one kind of effect, under differently conditioned modes of this one kind of uniformity. . . . The utmost possibility for us is an interpretation of the process of things as it presents itself to our limited consciousness; but how this process is related to the actual process we are unable to conceive, much less to know. Similarly, it must be remembered that while the connection between the phenomenal order and the ontological order is forever inscrutable, so is the connection between the conditioned forms of being and the unconditioned form of being forever inscrutable. The interpretation of all phenomena in terms of Matter, Motion, and Force is nothing more than the reduction of our complex symbols of thought to the simplest symbols; and when the equation has been brought to its lowest terms the symbols remain symbols still.

This is as confused as it is well meant. Matter, Motion, and Force are declared to be effects in us; in which case evolution is only a process in us, and how it "is related to the actual process we are unable to conceive." Those "conditioned forms of being" are elsewhere identified with Matter, Motion, and Force, which appear to be apart from us. Then, to complete the confusion, they are said to be "symbols of thought," and thus are made subjective again. The conception of explanation also that runs through the paragraph is classification. This is the lowest type of explanation, as it puts things together by ignoring their specific differences and thus often ignores the chief part of the problem. That in which things agree contains no account of that in which they differ.

A final difficulty emerges in deciding whether the system is materialistic or not. To explain by classification is to identify as a case of a kind. Can, then, thought be identified as a case of matter and motion? If yes, we have materialism. If no, thought lies without the formula as given. From this point of view Mr. Spencer tends to view them as irreducible opposites. But when we inquire as to the conditions of thought life it turns out to be a function of organization. It is the subjective aspect of nervous

groupings and changes, especially in the brain, and no ground is given for thinking that thought would continue if the nerves were away. The thought life is merely an incident of the passage of matter from the homogeneous to the heterogeneous and ceases with the dissolution of the organism. The mystery of matter leaves this conclusion untouched.

Thus I have sought to give some idea of the basal conceptions and logic of Mr. Spencer's system. The most prominent features are bad physics and bad metaphysics built with bad logic into a showy but baseless system. In its present condition it closely resembles some of those schemes of the industrial "promoter" in which blind enthusiasm and advertisement have been made to take the place of paid-in capital, and which have been found out. In the history of philosophy it will have no place.

Borden P. Bowne.

Art. II.—APOSTOLIC SUBGROUPS.

There is a sense in which any subdivision of the apostolic company is labor lost. No two of them are alike. So peculiar and individual are they that the best grouping of the twelve apostles—or of any other twelve men, for that matter—would be twelve groups of one each; which is no grouping at all and is a confession that all aids to knowledge of them in this way is impossible. They have had frequent divisions into subgroups. Some of these subdivisions are extremely fanciful, while others have such ground of reason as may be found in occupation, in family relationship, in the order in which their names appear in the apostolic catalogue or in the frequency or infrequency of their mention in the gospel narratives. By dividing the apostles into two companies of six each the well known and the comparatively unknown are brought together. Many lessons are thus disclosed for those who labor on unnoticed. A hint at another successful grouping is found where Christ sent them out on their first tour of evangelism through Galilee. They went two by two, an arrangement whereby each becomes the complement of his apostolic comrade, and the intensity, energy, and devotion of every apostle is multiplied fourfold because it is mated and matched. This permits them to be drawn together according to kinship. We thus naturally group together two pairs of brothers, if not three; a pair of friends, and perhaps a father and son. The weakness of such a division lies in the fact that members of the same family do not necessarily belong in the same group. Nature—which always reproduces herself—is never guilty of repetition, and there is no guaranty that Peter and Andrew, and James and John, and James the Less and Judas of James came from the same family because they are alike. Alexander Balmain Bruce, in his important work on *The Training of the Twelve*, after considering the arrangement of the names in the catalogue finds three groups of four each. The first group—Simon Peter, Andrew, James major, and John—includes those best known; the second group—Philip, Nathanael or Bartholomew, Thomas, and Matthew—are next best known; and the

third group—James the Less, Lebbæus (the three-named apostle), Simon, and Judas—are the least known of all, or in the case of the traitor known only too well. Henry Latham, the author of *Pastor Pastorum,* makes no attempt at divisions into subgroups, and writers on the lives of the apostles, like Cave and Greenwood, omit it as hedged about with insuperable difficulties.

The Dominican refectory at Milan affords an interesting basis for arranging the apostles into smaller companies. It grows into almost absolute certainty that the Last Supper of Da Vinci constitutes a comment of remarkable clearness on Eph. iv, 11, 12, "And he gave some, apostles; and some, prophets; and some, evangelists; and some, pastors and teachers; for the perfecting of the saints, for the work of the ministry, for the edifying of the body of Christ." The distribution here of church offices corresponds closely to what we find in the other writings of St. Paul. At the moment of beginning the verse the great apostle had no intention of naming them. He was thinking of a great building with workmen carrying on the work of construction at different points. Some were laying the corner stone; at another place the substratum for the foundation was being laid; on still another section the pillars were being raised. The whole building, fitly framed, was growing into a holy temple. With the rapidity of thought he names these different officials in the Church as types of the various workmen engaged upon the edifice. In his haste, however, the apostle does not enumerate all grades of ministry. The deacons are wanting. We know that this office already existed in the Pauline churches. In the letter to the Philippians he makes special recognition of the deacons, probably because they had been instrumental with the bishops in collecting the money recently transmitted to St. Paul. Supplying, then, the deacons from Phil. i, 1, the full meaning of Da Vinci becomes apparent. He divides the apostles into four subgroups, putting emphasis upon the divisions of the Pauline ministry and making them types of those enduring forms of service whereby the Church maintains herself in and will ultimately triumph over the world. This grouping is sane, has philosophic soundness, and harmonizes completely with the history of the Christian Church and with the

present-day division of Christian effort. It is the work of a painter, and not of a theologian, but it is the subgrouping of easily the greatest painter and perhaps the greatest thinker of his age. The four groups are as follows:

Evangelists.	Apostles and Prophets (Founders).	Pastor-teachers.	Deacons (Stewards) or Administrators.
Andrew.	John.	James major.	Matthew.
James the Less.	Judas.	Thomas.	Thaddeus.
Nathanael, or Bartholomew.	(Paul.) Peter.	Philip.	Simon.

The apostles and prophets are named in a single body. They are the founders of the Church, and in a certain sense have no successors. But in the breadth, farsightedness, and catholicity of St. Paul all are included whose inspired teaching and preaching supplemented the work of the apostles. Barnabas, Timothy, Titus, Mark, Luke, and the deeply inspired but unknown writer of the Epistle to the Hebrews, were of that noble office and will ever remain in the glorious ranks of the progenitors of the faith. Their likenesses have been seen in every century, sometimes only reappearing at long intervals and rekindling by their extraordinary powers of genius and grace the expiring flames of truth and goodness. Sometimes they are missionaries; again, evangelists and teachers. Sometimes they are iconoclasts, and topple over the stoutly built engineries of unjust power and privilege. But they excel in constructive energies. Apollos watered, for so St. Paul tells us. Planting was his own share in the enterprise. Occupancy establishing, founding and planting, was the work of this group of disciples. This is the field in which Peter, Paul, and John display their greatest aptitude. Judas is supplanted by St. Paul. Among all the great worthies of Christianity these three take the first place, shining like the three great stars that bedizen the belt of Orion. In their lives supremacy was accorded to them: to Peter and John by virtue of their intimate association with Jesus and their membership in the inner group of the twelve, and to Paul by a right of love and service which none will challenge. To Peter belongs the glory of the first great sermon at Pentecost. When Samaria had received the Gospel it was Peter who was sent to lay his hands on the converts. He baptized Cornelius, and at

the first council of the Church gave his vote for the admission of the Gentiles without circumcision. Though his labors at Antioch are mentioned with reprehension, as to the fact of his apostolic commission to that city there can be no question. The well-established facts of his career earn him the title of founder of the Church. Paul goes unchallenged with the title of apostle-prophet. On his flight from Damascus we find him laboring with the church at Antioch. From that second capital of Christianity, made so by his ministry, the fiery vigor and splendid courage of Paul radiated to ennoble and evangelize the world. Missionary journey succeeds missionary journey, church after church rises, Crete and the cities of Derbe, Lystra, and Iconium hear the Gospel from his lips; called to Europe by a vision he establishes churches at Philippi, Thessalonica, Berea, and Corinth. Then follows a long ministry at Ephesus. Meanwhile he reforms to the liberal bent of his own mind churches founded by others, becomes a financial agent for the poor at Jerusalem, and even in his death gives to the Church Timothy, Titus, and Clemens Romanus, who, undismayed by his fate, carried on his work. From Paul sprang a whole race of founders. John's place in this group rests upon equally sufficient though different facts. In the Acts of the Apostles his name does not occur as often as the other two, but the occasions on which he is mentioned show that he played an important part. Not elsewhere, however, is he overshadowed by Peter and effaced by Paul. From the peculiar appreciation he showed of the visit of certain Greeks to Christ in passion week we conclude that he was eminently successful in carrying the Gospel to men of the highest speculative thought. He is historically connected with the church at Ephesus and organized the seven churches addressed in the Apocalypse. He stands before us in the sunset of the apostolic age as the head of Christendom, and his evidence of the resurrection of Christ, passed on through Polycarp and Irenæus, reaches well into the third century. Christianity's three great capitals, Jerusalem, Antioch, and Ephesus, are made illustrious by Peter, Paul, and John. So long as John lived men looked to Ephesus, not to Rome, for the primate of Christianity.

Further considerations accentuate their claims as founders of the Church. Each contributed largely to the documentary history of Christianity. The Church would be poor indeed without their gospels and letters. Without them the New Testament would be reduced to the gospels by Matthew and the letters of James and Jude. The first section of the New Testament, small, and yet illustrative of his work, is associated with Peter. All of the traditions and much of the critical comment favor the opinion that the gospel by Mark owes its fullness and graphic narrative, if not its entire existence, to conversations with Peter. The gospel of Mark and the letters of Peter make up the first and oldest segment of the circle of Christian literature. The Pauline contribution is much more full and distinct. One of the quickest ways to gather the history of New Testament Christianity is to begin with the gospel of Luke, whose sponsor Paul was, and then continue with the Acts of the Apostles, inserting in that volume the side lights that can only be gained from the Pauline letters. It is natural also to group together the writings attached by long tradition to St. John's name. Here again we have a beginning gospel, a series of brief letters, and the Revelation of St. John.

Again, they were the founders of Christian institutions. Ecclesiastical organizations and many theological beliefs are traceable to them. We shall not discuss their theologies, but a brief estimate as to the ecclesiastical outcome of their ministries may be in order. At the beginning of the Church there was no organization. The founders of the Church were messengers with a message, but all of this great triumvirate tarried long enough to see the differentiation of function and office well advanced. As the Church grew in magnitude and complexity it took on several forms of administration, varying in different places and at different times in the same place. Three great systems were finally developed, according to the apostle who took the initiative and conformable to the people among whom he labored, and thus it happens that we have apostolic presbyterian, episcopalian, and congregational churches—each with equal authority because with no authority at all save the advantage of the work. Peter labored for the most part in Jewish communities, and on account

of this fact and the personal bent of his mind we have a form of church government in which the elders, practically an oligarchy, bear rule. By and by the Western Church seized upon Peter as their patron saint, and traded off the real framer of church monarchy for the organizer of the presbyterial system. Paul is the founder of the papal and episcopal form of church government. Rome dominated the world, and Paul's labors threw him into cities where the Roman influence predominated. Naturally and necessarily the churches which he founded assumed a form of government conformable to the Roman type. The whole tendency of his fields of labor, such as Antioch, Philippi, Thessalonica, and Rome, was to create bishops, archbishops, and metropolitans. As the centuries went by the metropolitan of Rome rooted his episcopal claims on the supremacy of Peter and his residence in Rome. For the most part John labored in Greek communities. Though all were under the dominion of Rome, so various were the forms of life in the different cities to which the Church addressed itself that one distinctively Greek must be recognized. For such work John was peculiarly fitted. The Greeks were politically, before anything else, democrats. The churches at Ephesus, Smyrna, and Thyatira were full of Greeks, and what more natural than that they should become congregational? From these churches we get apostolic congregationalism.

These three were at one in what they taught and in what they opposed, and they visited intermittently, if not regularly, the scenes of each other's labors. These three great figures are still in the Church. Rugged, forward Peter has his counterpart in plain John Williams, who won in Erromanga undying fame as a founder of the Church. It is written in the epitaph, "When he came there were no Christians; when he left there were no heathen." Few will deny to Wesley a place among the founders of the Church. He looms across the century the most Pauline figure since St. Paul. Here, too, may be named William Carey, who sowed India with tracts and Bibles in forty languages and dialects. His motto, "Attempt great things for God," is written underneath the map of every heathen land.

Along with the task of thinking out and organizing the Gospel

there was an evangelistic service and quality which we credit especially to Andrew, Nathanael, and James the Less. The apostolic age led all others in the vigor of individual effort to scatter the Kingdom. It was not a time of leaders of organizations and widely concentrated plans. Pioneering was then, as now, the province of the lesser known and humble believers. Of these there was a continually increasing number. New converts, whether tradesmen, soldiers, travelers, workmen, wherever they went, whether in the Legion, in the galleys, whether on business or driven by persecution, told the story of the Cross. Andrew, Nathanael, and James the Less are the three types of evangelist in all ages: Andrew the evangelist of personal work, Nathanael of a high-souled life consecrated to winning others, and James the Less one who for years prosecuted his work in a single city. Of all our Lord's apostles St. Andrew has the honor of being the first evangelist. If nothing but his seeking Peter were written about him he would be of the greatest interest to us. He had spent a day with Jesus, and becoming convinced that he was the long-looked-for Redeemer, and following the dictates of the love awakened in his breast, he hastened to share the pleasure and confidence with his brother. He thus increased his own joy by imparting it to another—the joy of evangelism. Nathanael, the second in the group, rightfully belongs with the simple-hearted unheralded evangelists. He had that moral excellence which wins others. He was one of John's disciples and had already formed habits of devotion and meditation before he came to Jesus. His gentleness, candor, and honesty are strikingly exhibited in his interview with Philip. He was impressed with the idea, common in his day, that no prophet, much less Messiah, could come out of Nazareth, and he frankly stated his objection. Instead of arguing the matter Philip said, "Come and see;" and Nathanael, perceiving the justice of the appeal, went at once, determined to put his prejudice to the only proper test of experiment. Jesus was lovingly drawn to him. Here was a soul white enough to mirror forth the divine teachings of our Lord. Utterly subdued to the will of Christ, a man with unveiled heart, to whom the mystery of the ages had been disclosed, with a soul of fire and a commission of

love, he presses by his character the evangelistic function upon our attention. In James the Less we have illustrated one other essential in the evangelistic type. This St. James, whom Paul calls "the Lord's brother" and whom he reckons with Peter and John as a pillar of the Church, appears to have resided constantly at Jerusalem and to have been the head of the Church there. When Peter was delivered from prison the believing family were to "show these things unto James and the brethren." He was the presiding member of the council at Jerusalem, and though Peter spoke first James spoke last and gave the decision. When Paul and his company reached Jerusalem "the brethren received us gladly. And the day following Paul went in with us unto James." James is the pastoral evangelist. Andrew and Nathanael are itinerants—the one with ability for personal work accentuated, the other with the drawing power and gravity of a holy life. James, though in less degree, has the personal drawing of the one and the resplendent character of the other, but subjoins to those qualities the power to prolong his work in the same community through a term of years and evangelize, reprove, and rebuke, with all long-suffering. The itinerant evangelist, after his personal or public efforts at arousing the unconverted, takes his departure, rejoicing in his success or burdened by his failure. But James was the type of evangelist who year after year labors on in a great community, preaches repentance, exhorts against covetousness, denounces sin, calls upon men to confess their faults, and asserts that luminous truth the Church never ought to forget with which his epistle closes: "He which converteth the sinner from the error of his ways shall save a soul from death, and hide a multitude of sins."

The history of the Christian Church furnishes the names of no two greater itinerant evangelists than Francis Xavier and William Taylor. The evangelistic influence of Xavier was marvelous. Appointed apostolic nuncio to India, he preached along its coast through an interpreter for three years. He next visited Malacca, and labored with equal success in Japan. He fell with his face toward China, having secured the profession of faith by more than one hundred thousand converts. It is not presumption

to put William Taylor alongside Xavier. As an evangelist in the crowded cities of America, on the California coast, in South Africa, in India, and in South America none have exceeded the wide reach of his personal appeals, and not even Xavier left a permanent influence more enduring than his. Finney, like James the Less, was a pastoral evangelist. For almost twenty years he kept the revival flame brightly burning in a great university of which he was the head. None have more deeply stirred the moral convictions of a single community. Messages of the insanity of sin, its wages, and God's love for a sinning race fell from his lips as from an archangel's.

Pastor-teachers, whether understood as referring to different classes of workers or to the same class of workers with different names, are plainly separated from the preceding groups, described as founders and evangelists. From the first they are differentiated by affording religious occupation to a much larger number and because they succeed to places in an organization arranged by others, and expound and perpetuate doctrines once for all delivered to predecessors. In Da Vinci's Supper they are on the left of Christ. In the case of the apostolic group of pastor-teachers they were undoubtedly the equal of the group on the right of Jesus. But even in the Twelve there are distinctions in the temperament and character of the men observable in all after-generations of religious workers. The interdependence of all spiritual functions needs to be kept constantly in mind, but the relationship of evangelist and pastor-teacher needs additional reiteration. They are distinct and consecutive steps in the same process. The neglect of either weakens the complementary character of the other. Herein is the necessity for winning to the ranks of the Christian ministry men broad enough in their training and intense enough in their consecration to comprehend in themselves capacity for both offices. To the true evangelist every revival brings the immediate and overwhelming burden of the teaching office. The only way to determine which shall have precedence is to analyze the opportunity. If, for example, in the foreign community many unbelievers can be persuaded to study the English language, and while willing to learn the industrial and mechanical methods of

Western civilization will not listen to evangelists nor respond to their appeals, education is thereby fixed as the initial step. If great throngs will listen to a Gospel song and a short sermon, on a certain street corner, then the Christian Church must furnish a street evangelist for every such corner. If we cannot begin where we prefer, we must begin where we can. Our century has magnified the teaching office. Founders of the Church pass, or recur only by centuries. Evangelism, like John the Baptist, will decrease. Teaching, like the Greater than John, must increase. Roman Catholic missions have been a comparative failure for the lack of it. All permanent results from evangelistic efforts are dependent upon it. James major is easily first in the great group of apostolic teachers. He had in the school of Christ a special preparation for his office. He was favored with the confidence of Jesus and belonged to the inner group that marked the closest circle of affection and confidence. He was present at the raising of Jairus's daughter and heard the conversation between the three worthies of three dispensations in the transfiguration scene. He was moreover one of the watchers in Gethsemane. The transfiguring and didactic power of such moments must have left upon James, as upon the others, an abiding impression. The ambitious application for high position in the Kingdom and the forbearance of Christ when he proposed to call fire down to destroy the Samaritans are other links in the chain of St. James's preparation. In the book of Acts we have mention of St. James but once after his name is given with the eleven, and then it is to tell of his death. Herod entering upon his government, and desiring to please the Jewish populace by persecuting the infant Church, selected James as his principal victim. He plainly had already obtained eminence and was a shining mark. That the province of teacher would quickest win him the honor of Jewish hate is an easy induction. He obtruded himself into the jealously guarded preserve of the scribes and worsted traditional opinion to their logical discomfiture. He gave an entirely new and sane interpretation to the national scriptures and perhaps had the readiness "to turn every adverse text to the Christian advantage, new point every prophecy, and explain every type." That James was a great teacher of the new

faith, eloquent enough to attract attention, and thus won his martyr's crown, explains traditions and chronicles otherwise meaningless. Philip is the fifth name in all the catalogue. Da Vinci painted him a beardless youth, in harmony with the tradition which represented him as a young doctor of the law. The traits of a school-teacher, calculation and liberalism, are written in the two gospel incidents reported of Philip. Before the feeding of the five thousand Jesus asked Philip how and where bread enough could be obtained to feed the multitude. Philip, forgetting the miraculous power of his Master, immediately entered into a calculation and determined that they only had two hundred pence, which would not buy bread enough for so many; besides there was no place to buy it. Again, at the last supper, Jesus discoursing to his disciples said that if they knew him they knew his Father. Philip, utterly unconscious of his meaning and blind to everything but his bodily presence, said, "Show us the Father, and it sufficeth us." Disappointed in his spiritual capacity Jesus returned the sad answer, containing the reproach upon all intellectual believers, formalists, and ritualists, "Have I been so long time with you, and yet hast thou not known me?" In Thomas we discern the moral courage absolutely requisite to a great teacher. When Jesus had escaped from the hands of the Jews and turned back to Judea again for the raising of Lazarus the apostles hesitated; but Thomas —faithful and bold, determined to make the journey at all hazards —breaks out with the exhortation, "Let us also go, that we may die with him." Rather than forsake Christ he would walk straight into the jaws of death with him. Such utmost sacrifice truth has often required of its teachers. A teacher is never a coward. Thomas, by virtue of his calling a debater and thinker, shows his argumentative proclivity at the last supper by saying, "Lord, we know not whither thou goest; and how can we know the way?" Christ is in the midst of a new revelation, yet Thomas, like many a rationalist, in the sunlight of spiritual illumination was searching for the dimmer luminaries of cause and relation with which to direct his steps. The strong tendencies of a character like his, which showed itself when Christ appeared to the apostles on the second Sabbath evening, are too frequently discussed to need men-

tion here. There was on that occasion a dogmatic narrowness on the rules of evidence which would satisfy him that is too common among teachers.

Great representatives of this apostolic group have been numerous in our century. Farrar and Spurgeon are fit successors to Pope Benedict XIV and John Bunyan. Neither justice nor affection will permit me to pass in silence the name of James M. Thoburn, who, as a preacher to a handful of white English soldiers, or stammering in broken words the glad story of salvation to Hindus contaminated by the very attention he commanded, or by rousing his native land to missionary teaching, has built himself a garlanded pillar in the temple of God.

Of all the offices of the Church the diaconate was the oldest, the most important, and subject to the most extreme change. It took its rise in the opposition between the Jewish and Hellenist converts in the primitive Church and has the only warrant for its existence that any Church office can have, namely, the pressure of circumstances. To extraordinary gifts as preachers, illustrated by both Stephen and Philip, the first deacons added executive and administrative qualities. The diaconate is the first of the holy orders, and though later it becomes subordinate to the office of presbyter yet in all its history the fundamental principle of its institution and the name remained. In administrative and temporal matters the deacon has always been the superior officer, and in its lowest estate the deacon was second only to the bishop. The diaconate was filled by men like Laurentius, Athanasius, and Hildebrand, all the equals of their bishops. The diaconate underlies all the modern ideas of service as distinguished from religious experience. Laymen have obtruded themselves into this office, among them St. Francis. His work, like that of Wesley, gives social questions a prominent place with which religious instruction has to deal. Political economy is a part of knowledge. Trade, tariff, commerce, and communication all concern the religion of Christ. The study of their laws, the proclamation of their influence, and the declaration of their spheres rest largely with the deacons or stewards. The office of deacon also is concerned with the financial support and endowment of all the ministries which

have so multiplied under the genius of Christianity. It is not always agreeable to turn solicitor for even a religious enterprise, and devote time, strength, and prayer to raising money, but the advancement of the Kingdom requires that somebody shall do it. University endowments, hospital benefactions, missionary and temperance reform agencies wait upon the penetrating, enthusiastic, charitable appeals of the deacons who sound out the message of the Church to men of wealth. Of the three members who represent finance, administration, and the sociology of Christianity in the apostolic cabinet, Matthew and Simon will at once come to the mind of the Bible student. The rightfulness of placing Thaddeus in the group is not so evident, though consideration will show conclusively that this is the only place to which he can be assigned. We know little of him. It is to this group that Judas Iscariot would be assigned. We long ago gave the traitor's place to St. Paul, but by native endowment and influence among the twelve Judas was fully the equal of the foremost in the diaconate. Matthew is an ideal man for such a position. Da Vinci pictures him as young, with refinement and culture indicated in the contour of his face as though he belonged to a better educated class. Following the tradition that Thaddeus and Simon were the sons of Joseph by a former marriage, Da Vinci pictured these latter as old men, and put them alongside of each other at the last supper. One fourth of the whole apostolic band seem to have been called into the circle of Christ because of their business aptitude. Matthew, by virtue of his preeminent ability, is chief of these three, and under cover of his name all the financial responsibilities which belong to the ministry may be enumerated. He stands in the diaconate for that large class of men so essential to the well-being of the Church. As the centuries pass by they become the constructors of the most solid and enduring institutions of Christianity, namely, its agencies of charity and beneficence. They bear a great burden for the Church, and if their services are not always appreciated—as plainly they were not among the twelve—it may stand chargeable to pride, prejudice, or jealousy, each of which it often seems impossible for grace to exorcise. It is vain to attempt to learn anything about Thaddeus from the fathers.

From their contradictory stories it is evident they knew next to nothing about him. There is a passage in Hegesippus, as quoted by Eusebius, from which it appears he may have been a peasant farmer. He appears as one of the interlocutors in the farewell conversation between Jesus and his disciples; and there pains is taken to distinguish him from Judas Iscariot. Besides this incident we have the Epistle which bears his name and which has been so generally ascribed to him that it was admitted into the canon of the New Testament. His question put to Jesus was prompted by the views he entertained in common with the others about the great pomp and secular power of the Kingdom, and the letter may be interpreted to show the same spirit. "Earnestly contend for the faith," shows the temper of the deacons from Thaddeus to Hildebrand. Luke calls Simon a zealot. This connects him with a famous party that rose in rebellion under another Judas against the payment of taxes, some twenty years before the ministry of Jesus. There is a tradition that it was he who persuaded Peter to question Christ about paying tribute to Cæsar. The supposition is easily credible of this fiery, untamed zealot. It is almost unpleasant to those who follow the injunction of St. Paul and pay taxes to the civil power to find Simon among the twelve. Matthew is welcome, whose business it was to collect taxes, but Simon, who evaded their payment even to the point of rebellion, must embody another lesson. We would now call his one of the "dangerous classes." Extremes meet in the Church of Christ. But Simon is needed still. That fiery, wrathful German, Luther by name, who flung down the challenge of financial sin to Tetzel was the Simon Zelotes of the Reformation. All who chafe at the ease that finds its way into Zion, at the appointments of an elegant worship which serve only to turn from their doors the common people who cannot afford to attend, all church edifices ostentatiously built and burdened by debt rouse the spirit of Simon the deacon.

Edwin A. Schell

Art. III.—THE INDIVIDUAL IN A SOCIAL AGE.

That our age is social is assumed. The increased enlargement of social interests and activities has gone on until "the parliament of man" is not wholly a poet's happy phrase. In contrast, too, with the rudimentary social life of the generations next preceding our own, the present is a social age. The tendency is practically to force us to think of the many rather than of the one, and to regard the many as one. It is not strange, therefore, that the passion for magnitudes is strong. Big systems, big combinations—industrial and commercial—big expositions, big conventions, are the order of the day. Synthesis is in the ascendant. A late citizen of Connecticut professed to have "the biggest show on earth," and he made money and reputation out of his claim. He was a pioneer in the loud assertion of size and exclusiveness, and he has had a host of imitators. Certain political and religious leaders, even, as well as the industrial, systematically trade upon the prevalent craze for bulk, and so the big convention, now happily regarded with less favor than formerly, has bestrode America like a Colossus. Railroad systems have been reduced in number and increased in power. Combinations and mergers are the staple of newspaper reports of business and form the texts of magazine homilies on the industrial situation. Federations of labor organizations, of churches, and of women's clubs are constantly forming, department stores are more numerous and more complete, and even the university listens to the clamorous demand that everything known and unknowable be included in its courses of study.

One result of this widespread and perhaps desirable tendency has been to leave the impression that the individual is a safely negligible quantity; that the mass has a certain intelligence, power of initiative and self-direction, beside which that of the individual is unimportant. So it has come to pass that if one is somewhat disposed to stand upon his own feet, to do his own thinking, and to some extent to live his own life, he is dubbed an individualist, as though that were the sum of all villainies. Much

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is said about "social consciousness," and "the social conscience," and some of it is well said, but not all. Because the old individualistic order did many things that it ought not to have done, and left undone many things it ought to have done, we forthwith assume that the new collectivist order will do everything, whether it ought or not. *Laissez faire* and personal initiative could not bring in the social and industrial millennium, so we revile them and turn them out of doors, forgetful of their past service, and often deny that they rendered any service. If you would excite the modern devotee of "the many" just mention individualism to him: it is the synonym of all that is benighted in theory, depraved in sentiment, selfish and cruel in practice. Those who feel the social instinct and claim most deeply, but who also know that the individual should never be even apparently ignored, have too often concurred by their silence in the extravagant claims of collectivists, for they have allowed individualism to be identified with "the tendency to hold," as Professor Royce says, "that the ideal of life is the separate happy man." Its popular, concrete expression is that vigorous unreflecting and unfeeling nature which already has much of the physical good of life. In short, the attainment of low self-will, in any form, is commonly regarded as the purest type of individualism. Moreover, it has been identified with self-realization, in which the first element is self-preservation. Self-realization, we are told, is the implicit aim of both Law and Gospel. Thus some of the more offensive failures of individualism are taken away for the convenience of the ethically fastidious. It sounds better, it even takes on the heroic, to say that our highest aim must always be "the development of the real self." And if still any suspicion of selfishness clings to the notion it is excluded by the assurance that our noblest desire is to be "inwardly complete." In other words, two types of individualism are offered us: one, the rough, brutal, outward type which requires that men fight till they get what they wish and then keep what they get; the other, the refined, egoistic, inward type that forever prates about self-realization as though it must be the conscious aim of every one who would fill his place in the human world. It is not strange that individualism has a bad reputation.

However, I am not to plead for individualism, save in so far as the cause of the individual is identical with the best in individualism; but I wish to recall the truth which all believe, and nearly all tend to forget, that, whether we profess individualism or collectivism as our social law, the individual must be our first and greatest interest. My thesis is that the present struggle between individualists and collectivists is not to be settled by a victory for either, but only by a fusion of the truth in one with that of the other; and that the tendency to socialize men must be accompanied by a successful effort to individualize them. Some collectivists, like Mr. Spencer and Mr. Buckle, juggle with terms. They say much about "man" and "the social aggregate." Mr. Spencer thinks there is a very close parallel between society and the animal organism. Because he is composed of living elements the animal is regarded as a society. What the cell is to the human body, that the individual is to human society. Likewise Mr. Buckle claims that the moral actions of men are "the product, not of their volition, but of their antecedents." Some German and French sociologists profess the same sociological theory. Comparisons are made between man and nature, as though "man" were not a part of nature, and this, so far as Mr. Buckle is concerned, in the interest of reducing history to exact and determinable laws, like physical science. "Even the number of marriages annually contracted," says Mr. Buckle, "is determined, not by the temper and wishes of individuals, but by large general facts over which individuals can exercise no authority. It is now known that marriages bear a fixed and definite relation to the price of corn; and in England the experience of a century has proved that, instead of having any connection with personal feelings, they are simply regulated by the average earnings of the great mass of the people; so that this immense social and religious institution is not only swayed, but is completely controlled, by the price of food and by the rate of wages."* We generously allow that "corn," at least in its generic sense, has some relation to matrimony, but we had supposed that "the temper and wishes of individuals" played some part, however slight, in the transaction.

* *History of Civilization in England*, vol. 1, p. 32.

We of the clergy are profoundly grateful to Mr. Buckle for giving us a rule whereby we may approximately know our annual income from the uncertain source of wedding fees, though experience shows that most of the weddings come before the corn is grown.

In all these illustrations about "man," conditions, etc., the fallacy is double: (1) In making the discrete homogeneous, and (2) in eliminating personality. In his suggestive work, *Aristocracy and Evolution,* Mr. Mallock says that, while social science on its speculative side has been a great success because it has followed physical science in applying the law of development to human aggregates, on its practical side it has failed because it has dealt with the parts of the social whole as though it were one; strangely forgetting that the practical questions arise, not out of the aggregate, but out of the conflict between the individuals who compose the aggregate. That the Eskimos are short and swarthy, that they live in huts, dress in fur, and eat blubber, or that a group of workers in a given industry receive a maximum wage of one dollar and a half per day of nine hours' length and turn out a given product as a daily average, may be very interesting; but what of it? The real sociological question is not even approached by giving us tons of such information, however perfectly classified. Not until these workers' lives on the personal and domestic sides are understood, with all their natural and acquired inequalities which no economic order can reduce to likeness, is it possible to get at the genesis of their social question, much less to know its results. Not a little sociological theory is rightly suspected of being an attempt to diminish individuals in its own interest. Because, from every point of view, we are more alike than unlike, because, too, we exhibit so much of the manner of the herd, some speculative sociologists bunch us all together and talk about us as the ranchmen talk about the denizens of their corrals, and by the aid of a few skillful analogies society becomes everything and the individual practically nothing. We are told that there are lower orders of invertebrates, like the compound corals and sponges, in which the individuals are so linked together that the group has its individual life in which that of the single creature is lost. Much of our current sociology is an adaptation of this fact to the

human world. Schaeffle's idea of the "social body," Comte's glorification of humankind as "the supreme being" and even Mulford's conception of the nation as "a moral organism" are conscious or unconscious theoretic efforts to get rid of the individual by merging him into the mass, and they are all as abstract and futile as they are specious and common.

The practical methods of getting rid of the individual are well known. In politics it is the machine, in industry it is the trust and the labor union, in education it is the school, in religion it is the church. I am not inveighing against these institutions or the terms that describe them, but let us know what we mean by our language, or think we mean by it, and let us not charge terms with a burden of functions they cannot carry. Even the family—that most sacred institution—is sometimes used to efface and sometimes to aggrandize the individual member. Does one rise conspicuously above the general average?—his family is credited with the glory. Does he fall far below the average, either in character or in efficiency?—again the family is visited with the result. If this treatment doesn't suit the whim of these interpreters, then his neighborhood, his companions, his occupation—in short, anything that may serve as an explanation when an explanation is wanted—is made to do duty as an eraser of individual responsibility. Such common devices are so well known that the slightest reference to a few of them is all that is needed to show that in an age like ours the individual barely escapes absorption. In view of the present encroachments upon the individual we need to see the practical reasons for his conservation. These are personal and social, and they are most evident in the industrial and moral orders.

First of all, his inherent and abiding dignity and worth must be affirmed. Once it was much easier than it is now for the many consciously to keep their faith in the enduring significance of the individual. Slavery and serfdom dramatically set forth both the worth of the one and the worthlessness of the many. The dead kings whose sepulchers were built by the unrequited labor of a multitude of slaves, and the feudal barons whose power and magnificence depended upon the loyalty of a host of the unknown

who lived for their lords, alike declared their own social greatness and the social insignificance of the vast majority. The expansion of the modern world has likewise obscured the individual. Only the human whole is thought of, and not even that when systems, trade balances, and revolutionary discoveries and inventions are subjects of public comment. We have just celebrated the centenary of Ralph Waldo Emerson's birth. With all his obscurities, partialisms, and exaggerations we need a revival of the gospel of the individual, of which Mr. Emerson was our greatest exponent; not exactly in the form in which he put it, nor to the degree he demanded, but we shall always need the truth about the individual —which was his chief message. On the ecclesiastical side of our American religious life, especially in New England, a wave of ritualism is going over us. Let us hope that it will soon be gone. Something more than an enriched "order of service" is asked. We must all use the words and the postures, the times and the seasons. If this means anything it means that God spoke, and that he no longer speaks save in the ancient phrase, and that when men wish to pray to-day they must find a mold for their thought in the forms of the past. No wonder some are saying, "Once the Church prayed, now it says its prayers." Even our hymn books, most of which sadly need expurgating, give little evidence of the inspiration of to-day. What we are producing is not, mainly, the offspring of the highest spiritual reinforcement. This is not because we are morally worse than our fathers, but it is because each one doubts that God speaks to him and to every other. When we recall these conditions it is refreshing to believe that the Quaker's "inner light" is not darkness, and to read again the old truth of the worth of human personality as expounded by Mr. Emerson in such words as these: "Whoso would be a man must be a nonconformist. . . . Nothing is at last sacred but the integrity of your own mind. Absolve you to yourself and you shall have the suffrage of the world. . . . A man is to carry himself, in the presence of all opposition, as if everything were titular and ephemeral but him. I am ashamed to think how easily we capitulate to badges and names, to large societies and dead institutions." Plato is one of the few fruitful minds of the ages, but

we haven't quite forgiven the "divine Plato" for his weak surrender of the individual to the state. In contrast it is stimulating to hear Emerson say, "An institution is the lengthened shadow of one man." Our great townsman was nearer than Plato to the spirit of Him to whom the one, whether sheep, coin, or son, was sacred, and who had the divine courage to leave this world without formally organizing his Church, against which organized evil could not prevail.

Again, the individual must be conserved because he has limitless social significance. He is socially indispensable in preserving the prevalent order. A poor order is better than anarchy. Our common law recognizes this fact, for it is largely engaged in maintaining the present status. Its first attempt is to prevent one from diminishing another. A reign of terror is possible only when the violent class, always in a minority in civilized society, becomes large enough to infringe with impunity upon the accepted rights of others. In maintaining the *status quo* it is usually believed that "the great common people," as they are rather patronizingly called, is the one creature who has achieved all gains. But "the great common people" is a multitude of persons each of whom contributes something, by what he is and wills, to the social well-being. There can be no public opinion until there is a clear and imperative private opinion. Rights are always safe when guarded by the conservative temper of individuals united in a common spirit, and these rights are in jeopardy whenever any considerable number of forceful individuals sympathize with revolution or violence. In a time of popular unrest, in any direction, the individual—especially the great individual—is socially most significant. This is especially true in those modern governments in which representation has been carried farthest. No intelligent man need be told to-day that legislatures have relatively declined in power and judiciaries and executives similarly increased. Representative bodies spend too much time in wrangling, and too often prove themselves inefficient. The people feel that something must be done, and they are too often unwilling to await the slow and uncertain movements of the representative body. Then the resolute judge or executive brings things to pass. The people

acquiesce, not because they relish one-man power, but because in sympathy and purpose they find the judge or executive nearer than the legislature to themselves. The charters of great cities in America are being constantly amended in the direction of increase of executive power. Why? Because a city council or board of aldermen that does nothing or does evil cannot be dealt with as can a mayor, into whose hands power has been put. In several of our State governments the governor has practically told the Legislature what bills he desired to have passed, and not infrequently he has been obeyed. This doubtless is not in harmony with our theories of democracy, but representative bodies have brought about this condition by their misdeeds and lack of good deeds. Theoretically in this may be involved a grave menace, but when the people are assured of the character, intelligence, and courage of their executive they will not readily believe their liberties are in danger.

It is only a few months ago that, according to the daily press, Herr Richter, a radical leader in the German Reichstag, said that harm resulted to the country and crown by the too frequent utterances of the emperor without consultation with the ministers. Chancellor Von Bülow replied that "in a constitutional state the leading statesmen must reckon with the individuality of the monarch. The stronger that individuality all the more is he inclined to influence the state's affairs, which does not always facilitate the statesman's official duties, but the strongly marked individuality of a ruler is a great advantage that cannot be underestimated." All this means that to-day the intelligent, strong, high-minded individual is socially indispensable in government. It is so everywhere!

Another social service of the individual is that he is the first and great agent of progress. This is true of all kinds of social advance; I refer to two only: industrial and moral. Mr. Spencer and some other speculative sociologists try to explain human progress by the aggregate of conditions and tendencies, both "internal" and "external." In their wild haste to overthrow "the great-man theory of history" they eliminate the individual and get on with "the mass," "society," and "man," aided, of course,

by the aforesaid conditions and tendencies. In industry, James Watt, Bessemer, or any other of a score of men who have made some original discovery, has promoted industrial progress rather than the abstractions blindly grouped as conditions and tendencies. Mr. Spencer's "external" and "internal" factors, however indispensable, are as powerless to make industrial advance as spring is without the farmer to make a wheat harvest. Professor James reports the wise remark of a carpenter of his acquaintance who said that the difference between one man and another was slight but very important. It is just this slight difference that makes progress possible. Just now the average man has much admiration. Much of it is deserved, I trust that all of it is sincere. It is the outcome of the free interchange of modern life, with the opportunity thus afforded of seeing the little fidelities of obscure people. No one can withhold appreciation without belittling himself; but progress of any kind is not made by registering an army of such instances. Let us see how this is true on the industrial side of life. Karl Marx and his followers contend that all wealth is the product of average labor and the standard of reward is the wage of the average producer. Every industrial mountain is brought low, and every valley is exalted in the interest of those abstractions—"man" and "the masses." By some industrial theorists the name of the Carpenter of Nazareth is invoked in approval of this *régime,* which means that, for the sake of giving what is assumed to be justice to the average, far less than justice shall be given to the exceptional and far more than justice to the mediocre. Equality of this artificial type, produced as it is with no regard to congenital inequalities, will never afford a basis of industrial harmony. Popular socialism gets much of its present power from the academic and the discontented. Under any economic arrangement the irresolute and inefficient must be carried along by the body of average and exceptional persons who have always done the world's work and who will continue to do it; but it will be a sorry day for the progress of our kind when no unusual and widely coveted reward shall be accorded to leaders whose skill in any useful direction is rare. Mr. Mallock quotes Mr. Bellamy as saying, "Nine hundred and ninety-nine parts out

of the thousand of every man's produce are the result of his social inheritance and environments," and refers to Mr. Sidney Webb's deliverance as to paying all kinds of workers an equal wage: "This equality has an abstract justification, as the special ability or energy with which some persons are born is an unearned increment due to the effect of the struggle for existence upon their ancestors, and consequently, having been produced by society, is as much due to society as the unearned increment of rent."* Much folly concentrated into few words. The "justification" of which Mr. Webb speaks is very "abstract." These socialists say that this unearned increment of physical and spiritual endowment somehow belongs to society, whereas anyone not hopelessly debauched mentally by speculative sociology would see that these inborn, personal qualities are as much one's own as is his sight or hearing. One may be, ought to be, eyes to the blind, ears to the deaf, and feet to the lame, but that doesn't mean that these powers belong in the same sense to the abnormal man who has them not as they do to the normal man who has them. We may rest assured that if the radical socialist *régime* were instituted to-day, with all which that means of the effacement of the individual, many advocates of this theory would abandon it for something personally more satisfactory. No one likes to be a duplicate of anyone else, especially in the same neighborhood. To be a double of everybody else, in estate if not in mind, would be intolerable. Some of our social *savants* do not seem to know how sacred to each one is his own personality.

On the moral side of life progress equally depends upon the individual. The history of every race and nation shows that moral advance depends upon the moral leader. Some one sees more perfectly than others the condition, the need and method of improvement. These he formulates and urges upon his people. Moses, Amos, Isaiah, and Jeremiah kept the mind and conscience of the Hebrew people from death. Solon, Aristides, Socrates, and Plato rendered a similar service for Greece. Cato, the Gracchi, and Marcus Aurelius, however deficient personally, made possible the moral progress of the Roman people. Savonarola and

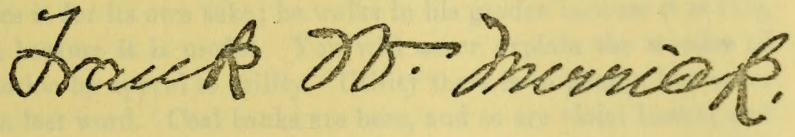
* *Aristocracy and Evolution*, p. 65.

Garibaldi stirred to life the dormant moral forces of Italy; Alfred, Wyclif, Cromwell, Selden, Wesley, and Wilberforce quickened the spiritual advance of England. In America, however responsive the people at last may have proved, men of thought and conscience, at first unappreciated and stoned after the age-long manner, led, forced, or shamed the people into moral progress. It is proverbial that the men of one generation kill their prophets while those of the next build these prophets' sepulchers.

To think, to lead, and to command are apparently not everyone's business; but rather to repeat, to follow, and to obey. Moral advance is possible, therefore, because a few vary enough from the type, and express their variation positively and frequently enough, to get the idea of decency and duty into the minds of the larger social group. Then personal conduct begins to be influenced, and the end is the conformity of social custom and legal enactment to the higher standards of the individual moral leader. The abolition of slavery and the crusade against intemperance—the chief result of which has been to make drunkenness socially disgraceful—are examples of moral progress in the social world under the leadership of the few. The suppression of child labor, the inequalities attending the distribution of the products of industry, and the artificial closure of the door of opportunity to many, are some of the changes that must be at least begun by the few in the interest of all. We are influenced by the concrete, the limited, the individual; and for this reason the individual sufferer and the individual reformer are necessary to change the conditions which the many endure. When the newspaper would make an impression upon what we call "the public mind" it never dispenses merely public or general wrongs, it always becomes concrete and individual. The starvation of the low-caste peoples of India or of the noncombatants in Cuba did not impress us half so vividly as did the story and the picture of the one who had been quite miraculously saved from a horrible death.

If we would keep society moral more attention must be paid to the individual. The evils that are yours and mine must not be shuffled off upon "the people," or "all of us," and you and I allowed to go free. Lose individuality and responsibility is lost;

and responsibility is primarily personal and individual. The sense of responsibility is the basis of character. Wherever the individual is effaced there efficiency and character are lost. We have been reminded that an occasional Indian student at such institutions as Hampton and Carlisle tends, on returning to his old haunts, to revert to savagery. If so, is this as reprehensible as it is for some adult representatives of civilized society so far to forget themselves as to allow the crowd to efface their individuality and character? The tribe on the plains or in the metropolis is not an unqualified good. Communism, even with a Brook Farm constituency, cannot long hold together because the personal spirit naturally protests against its own effacement, while communism of the unselected type fails because it makes the honest and efficient a prey of the dishonest and useless.



Art. IV.—THE LITERATURE OF NATURE.

God must be glad in seeing how the citizens of his earth are coming, though only inch by inch, to the enjoyment of his earth and theirs. Nobody told man the world was lovely; he was left to find that out for himself—a thing, as the event shows, he was slow to do. Love of nature has been the tardiest of century plants to come to flower. Sixty centuries is a long while for anybody but God to wait, and he has waited—and not in vain. We begin to see. Day dawn is on the soul. The first thing made was the out of doors, and this was the last thing seen. We are not precocious. We are like children who rub their eyes open when they wake. God's love for nature is something stranger than any fiction. He loves it for its own sake; he walks in his garden because it is fair, not because it is useful. You will never explain the wonder of creation by appeal to utility. Utility there is in plenty, but never as a last word. Coal banks are here, and so are violet banks; and as between the two we may not hesitate to name the one God lingers the longer beside. Apple blooms are more to his liking than apple fruit. He makes the blossom precursor of the fruit not as a necessity, but as a courtesy; and the radiancy of apple blossoms and their perfume haunt the air and memory with such witchery as belongs not to the edible fruit. Between winter and fall comes the blossom, a sheer gratuity of God. Birds' nests could have been as crude as where the mourning dove lays its two white eggs; but the oriole's cradle, for winds to rock, is woven with such surpassing skill as makes the nest an adornment for a studio wall, and the vireo builds of dainty grasses a house so dainty that one who has once seen this homestead of the birds always wants to see it again. Beauty for its own sake is a cardinal principle with God. Providence is as fond of adornment as any woman. Prairies and orchards are garbed in flowers; the stars are unlike worlds, but quite like jewels; the skies are not like atmosphere fit for good breathing, but like one huge sapphire hollowed to a dome; and the sea is not a bridge for ships, but a wild plain, bloomed out, at certain moods of light, in lapis lazuli.

Emeralds are rare and costly, but not any emerald ever flashed green lights, sudden and strange, as beautiful as leaves of trees or green of wild grasses. Beauty has been universalized. Men, set into this beauty as a mountain into a plain, were as if the mountain knew not that the plain was there; in such a world, but not of it.

Literature is a record of what hearts have seen, never anything else. What books have said is what men have seen. Literature is a use of eyes, sometimes turned on men, sometimes on manners, sometimes on hearts, sometimes on ranges of gigantic hills or furrowed wastes of malcontent seas; but evermore in letters we are dealing with eyes. "The things we have seen declare we unto you," is the legend writ on the title-page of every volume the world has hazarded to write; so that at some time or other everything will come in for its share of attention. When we see a thing we shall talk of it. Men's slow eyes are blamable for men's slow tongues. Democracy in letters was a tardy appearance solely because our human eyes were so unpardonably slow in seeing that man's value lay in that he was man: any man was tall enough to touch the skies. This once seen, literature has suffered an invasion. Dialect speech from the lips of Burns or Cable or Dickens—what matters from whose lips?—that speech is the answer to the ordinary man among us, "I am here." Men did not see nature and, of course, did not talk about it. This is reason for entire national literatures being almost exempt from any word about the world whose only roofing is the sky and whose only hedgerow is the sky line. The notion that to be a barbarian is to be close to nature is one of those sentimental follies we have at the hands of Rousseau, who, with captivating egotism, thought things were true not because they were facts, but because he thought them. Barbarians did not see nature. They had a lewd freedom far from economy or comfort. They dwelt out of doors as the tramp does, not for love of its odors and freedom, but for lack of energy to build a shelter. To be in things does not argue that such things become a constituent of our frame. We have no justifying reason for saying that the early world that lived out of doors saw the outdoors. To march bareheaded is not to get close

to nature. To chip flint into arrow points is not to become collector of flesh-colored flints. The arrow maker never saw the color of the stone he contrived. He hewed to get a point to stab a bird or antelope to death. Let us have done with this untruthful talk of how the savage loved his savage world. He never saw the stars save to guide his march, nor the moss on the north side of tree trunks except to help his goings when the stars were hid. And what was true of the savage was in large measure true of the older civilizations of mankind. The Roman was no nature lover. The Greek was no nature lover. He worshiped symmetry, physical beauty, whether in temple column, beast body, or the naked strength of man. He loved such things as marched in the pan-Athenaic procession. But a flower for its own sake—that was not a Greek. Any truthful word about the Greek will assert this, but such word is not always procurable. We have a fateful way of reading into such races or persons as we love such characteristics as we think they should have had. It is the world-old lover fashion. The culturist can hardly persuade himself to tell plain truth about the Greek mind and genius. Maybe he does not know it. Infatuees are admirable panegyrists, but sorry historians. That a shepherd may have about him the freedom of his hills and the Greek a full-chested power of breathing sea air and shore air are doubtless true, but that the air was a conscious delight to him we are not, in my opinion, qualified to remark. Greek literature is a literature of humanity. Man interests Homer and Plato. With some sudden crush of spears dispeople the "Iliad" of battles and warriors, and your plain between Simois and Scamander will be strewn with empty tents. Now and then Homer will drop a word about the "wine-colored deep," but an anthology of his references to nature would be a mere booklet; and when, in a passage become famous centuries ago, reference is made to the stars it is as a flash-light on the tents and hosts of Agamemnon. In the "Odyssey," so often called the epic of the sea, the sea is simple angry background for Ulysses, in other words, the sea is present as a matter of course, and not as in itself a glory unspeakable. It was scorpion lash to Ulysses, that was all. The sea and a man pitted against each other to show how big the man was—

that is the sea's province in the "Odyssey." To come to the ocean with the drunken delight of Conrad is beyond the Greek. In other words, we have grown to a vision the classic writers did not possess. This utterance of a visible fact is not belittling them nor exalting ourselves. The much-talked-of pastoral beauty of Theocritus dwindles away when we read what Theocritus wrote instead of reading what devotees of his have said. He wrote engrossed with the shepherd and shepherdess. The sheep were around somewhere, to be sure; else how have a shepherd? and the sheep were on the meadow; else how could lambs gambol and sheep feed? But to anyone coming with open mind to Theocritus to find a real zest in nature, and a radiant pleasure in being out of doors because it is out of doors, Theocritus will prove a disappointment. My belief, or possibly it were wiser to say my feeling, is that the "Philoctetes" of Sophocles is possessed of more nature love than any other work of Greek literature. I feel the open plain and sky and sea more in him. The Greek idyl and the pastoral were more in name than in fact, and were always more concerned with man than with nature. They are of value principally as indicating a dissent from the crowd in favor (theoretical, mainly) of comparative solitude. Thus much the Greek idyl suggested. A landscape without a human figure in it, like Van Elten's "In the Meadow" or one of Weber's sunsets, is a pastoral effect for which the Greek temper had no affinity.

The pastoral idea had more complete access to the Hebrew mind than to any other of antiquity. The Bible in its entirety has more outdoors in it than all Greek and Latin literature combined. If this statement appear at first sight an exaggeration an appeal to the books will suffice to disclose its sober truthfulness. Roman Horace, with his villa in the Sabine hills, cannot compare in rustic spirit with any one of the Hebrew prophets or poets. They were not playing lovers of nature; they were working at it. The shepherd of Tekoa had nothing of Horace's lack of seriousness about him. The desert was in his blood and breath. I once made an anthology of the Bible references to the sea, and, for adequacy, I would not hesitate to declare them most satisfactory of all that has been said to date—not forgetting Wordsworth's "The trampling

waves" and Blackmore's "The great unvintaged ocean," or Tennyson's "Stormy crests that smote against the skies." Lovers of nature cannot do better than give a loving reading to the Holy Scriptures. Bleak mountain, wide plain, houseless night, hosts of stars, wicked sea, fading flowers, the withering vine, shorn meadows, stately palm, spreading cedar, brawny oak, opening rose, flaunting lily, dry waterbrook, rushing stream, still Galilee, longed-for dawn, sky red with sunset, wash of sea wave, sag of tempestuous water, perfume from the wheat-fields—all these are here and landscapes besides. "The Epistle of James"—that has been thought, and is, a harsh book—has more nature sensing than Theocritus—a hard saying, but a true. And "Solomon's Song" is the loveliest idyl ever penned. You feel the dewy night; you scent the blossoming grapes; you catch the flash-light of the gentle stars; the northern hills rise through the fog banks of the night; flowers exhale perfume; and palace and king are forgotten utterly in the quiet and comfort of that country where, "far from enemies," love loves and sings and sighs for its beloved. "Ruth" is the country brought to your heart. We walk barefoot along the stubble field and hear the ringing of the sickle and the laughter of harvesters, and the hot smell of the sunny wheat fills the nostrils. Nor need mention be made of this: that He who made the field and sowed it to wild flowers was so awake to things out of doors that his words were of them ere he was aware and he spake of them "as never man spake." The Bible is not less the book of outdoors because it is the book of the hid places of the soul. The Pleiades are there and the brown desert smoking to the feet of running beasts or echoing to the lion's roar.

Here for ages the matter rested. The oaten pipe was forgotten. The world was citified. Army and palace occupy every tent along the field of letters. The country was a place to grow crops and to ride through. "London" might be written of by Dr. Johnson. That *was* poetry. Poets stayed in town. They found nothing much to see out of town. So poetry died; for poetry is not city-bred. The poetasters wrote about nilities and inanities, imitating classic models save in that the classic writers said something; their imitators generally made a good out at not saying

much of anything. Euphues swaggered with his silly lisp and constant leer. Everything was store made. Homemade things were disdained. Then Goldsmith came and held his flute tight, in bumpkin style, and played desultory airs, and men forgot the city and the court and went a-gypsying with him. He helped the world to get out of town. And Burns came, with the dirt of plowing on his shoes and a plowed-up daisy in his dirty hand and a song of the uprooted flower on his lips, and men stayed them and listened and thought they heard the larks at song. All Burns has said worth listening to was country-said; when he tries to be "citified" we laugh at him and canna help it, but when he walks among "The rigs o' barley" or "On Cessnock banks," or talks of "A winter night," or hoots at the owl, or mutters big words against such as destroy the woods near Drumlangrig, or has his word with "Ye hills! near neibors o' the starns," or barks at "The twa dogs," or wags his pow about "The brigs of Ayr," then is he poet spelled in capitals. His was the resort to nature because he knew nothing else. His shoes are hobnailed, and his voice has the guffaw of the countryside; but when he sings or talks the world will "mind it" of the blooming daisy and the flowing Afton and will call to him to wait a minute till it may lay its work aside and go with him adoun the glen where the cushat calls and the waters romp like twa dogs at play. And Wordsworth shut the house door, and latched it, and went to live beneath stars and daylight, unafraid. We shall not, because we cannot, exaggerate Wordsworth's worth. He walked, wondered, mused, dreamed sensitive dreams, had far excursions, took the world with him by the hand as he went, sauntered, walked rather than rode—as knowing how things to be seen where God grew them must be seen afoot; entertained no flattering opinion of Peter Bell, for

> A cowslip by the river's brim
> A yellow cowslip was to him,
> And it was nothing more;

knew "There was a boy," and

> Many a time
> At evening, when the earliest stars began
> To move along the edges of the hills,

> Rising or setting, would he stand alone
> Beneath the trees or by the glimmering lake,
> And there with fingers interwoven, both hands
> Pressed closely palm to palm and to his mouth
> Uplifted, he as through an instrument
> Blew mimic hootings to the silent owls
> That they might answer him. And they would shout
> Across the watery vale, and shout again,
> Responsive to his call, with quivering peals,
> And long halloos, and screams, and echoes loud
> Redoubled and redoubled.

He loved the night, sat beneath the yew tree as if he sat in a king's presence, heard the skylark with ecstasy, wrote love lyrics to the daisy, heard and loved the redbreast, was pricked by the thorn into singing, visited and revisited Yarrow, wrote a sonnet series to the river Duddon as other poets had written to their mistresses, made madrigals to the sea and to the moon and the seashore, kissed with poet lips the small celandine. His grave is as it should be—out of doors, under the skies, by Windermere. Wordsworth we cannot over-laud who were helped by him to love the things he so truly loved.

To omit Thomson from these instaurators of nature-love might savor of ingratitude; therefore this word: We are his debtors because he wrote "The Seasons" and so turned face from the street to the field. To think on the outdoors was a service of unusual order, and to affect that such might be high enough theme for poetry was super-service. This is the totality of Thomson's contribution, as I think. Reading his "Seasons," one is impressed how little there really was in them of nature. Thomson's models of pastorals plainly were the classic idyls of which a former remark gives the essence; "The Seasons" are talks about people rather than seasons and things; but we will not underrate his value who had temerity and insight enough to return to the hills, whence cometh help. To set people out of the town into the shadows of the woods, "far from the madding crowd," was enough to give this poet an immortality. Only as he helped a renaissance is Thomson a man of caliber.

The nature folk named so far have been poets not through this writer's fault. Poets run ahead of nearly every procession leading up-hill into the wide open, reaching out to God. Now is

time to name a prose writer who, using prose as vehicle for his expression, was to all wise intents not prose writer nor seer, but poet. His name is Ruskin. Save in his essays on political economy he never wrote save in poetry. He had the poet's eyes. How happy a possession! He had the poet's touch. How full of suggestion and thrill! He had the poet's voice, tense with music and lyric in its tone. And Ruskin was an outdoors man. He did more in his generation to make the clouds and mountains and streams and seas visible than any other, and possibly than all others. He became a fad, and only some fads pay. This was of positive service. It was thought "the thing" to read Ruskin; and so, through this unworthy mood even, his beauties became the more prevalent. Woman and men read him and began to wink in the sun's face. Mountains began looming from the mists. Alps became accessible. Nature became less a name and more a force. This was Ruskin's contribution to literature and life, which was incalculable. We cannot love him enough therefor. We began to see. Nature became the expression of an idea. Some things Ruskin did not notice. Prairies were not attractive to him; because, maybe, he had never seen veritable prairies. They belong to America. But what himself calls Turner's "pathetic interest in the sea" we may change to Ruskin's. Running water, whether in river or ocean, set Ruskin's eye "in a fine frenzy rolling." We can never look on water in motion since Ruskin's day without having him in heart. That etcher's study of the lines of a swollen flood—how jubilant it makes the heart and how mountain shapes bulk on our thought through him! How severe and grand and heaven-born they are seen to be! And the tree-shapes, with their nature curves remote from conventionality, we are become cognizant of through him. This is a case of double borrowing, reminding us of our debt to Plato-Socrates. Ruskin told us; but Turner saw and he told Ruskin. Ruskin was Turner's Plato, rehearsing his thoughts. So of the clouds. Did anybody ever see clouds till Turner came? God waited so very long for him. I very often gloat over two old volumes in my library. I love them much. They can only leave these shelves by theft. They cannot be given away or sold. The thief is the one gentleman who can

lay violent hands on them. They are Rogers's *Poems* and *Italy* illustrated by Turner. Peace to friend Rogers! If I love him less I love his illustrator more. This is the original imprint. What clouds! *What* clouds! They transport me what time I look at them—be it day or dark, winter or spring, clouded or cloudless—those wondrous mists from which he has squeezed not rain, but poetry. Bless you, Turner, forever! And bless you, Ruskin, likewise forever, that you knew enough to see when things were pointed out to you! The rest of us were less wise, but you have helped us. You drubbed us and were shrewish betimes, but your provocation *was* great. We do not fault you. We love you. We have learned to see in part. "Now we see in part," but then—!

These writers named have inaugurated the nature literature. They bring us to to-day. And it is common knowledge how in the last ten years more heed has been given to nature things than in all the ages of this world put together. How good it is to hear those words! We are learning to see. Book writers are telling us because we want to know. Think of the spring freshet of nature books on birds, beasties, ferns, butterflies, trees, mushrooms, hunting, loitering, fishing, sea gazing, sea rapture, roving, climbing inaccessible peaks, challenging the ice gorge of Alp and Himalaya. We *are* out of doors. Nobody can deny it. Bookstores have shelf or case yclept "Nature books." The sign is woodsy. We have a pouring rain of nature literature; but let us be wet to the skin by it. So shall we be blest. Study books, purely informational, are such as Britton and Brown's *Illustrated Flora of the Northern States and Canada,* Neltje Blanchan's *Bird Neighbors* and *Nature's Garden* and *Birds that Hunt and are Hunted;* Dugmore's *Bird Homes,* Going's *With the Wild Flowers,* Huntington's *Studies of Trees in Winter* (recent), Clute's *Our Ferns in Their Haunts,* Allen's *Flashlights on Nature,* Holland's *The Butterfly Book.* These are, each in its way, knowing and knowledge-giving for such as are nosing about trying to find out things about the world-house and its inhabitants. These are rather text-books than books, but are worth having around and are necessary. Then come books about nature's doings, sayings,

and folks of varying sorts. Torrey's *Footing it in Franconia* and others of the same temper are bird notes all but entirely. John Burroughs's books—read all save when he wanders over to Walt Whitman; then be excused. But Burroughs is probably the most dainty and natural of the veritable nature writers, has the love of outdoors soaking him as balsam pines soak the air, has the alert eye and ear, cares for things in the wild. He has caught nature's gait and swings along the wood path like a good woodsman. He is easily superior to Richard Jefferies, who in turn is easily superior to all English nature writers. Grant Allen would be good but that his mania for evolution runs wild. He is funnier than the end man in the minstrels in his accrediting to a sea wort more sense than the average man is owner of. His hobby rides him to death. This subtracts from the worth of an otherwise valuable book, *Colin Clout's Calendar*. To use the phrase of Hosea Biglow, his theory "noses around arter him" too much, but in *Red Deer* and *Wood Magic,* and specially in *Field and Hedgerow,* is English nature-writing at the happiest. Jefferies loved things that grew green and wild, and wondered what they would do for a chronicler when he was gone. Such love is pathetic, but winsome. His *Walks in the Wheatfields* is high-water mark with him and makes us love him. Thoreau is not to be omitted. Strange, unsocial human that he was, his kindred was the wild. The man to whose breast the hunted squirrel ran for safety and to whose shoulder flew the hunted bird cannot be ignored as a woodsman. *The Maine Woods* and *Walden* are best, but read all. He is worth it. *Cape Cod* and *Concord and Merrimac Rivers* are too good to let slip from the hand unread; and the diaries on winter, summer, spring, and autumn, though containing much repetition and platitude, may still be read by such as care to track this curious spirit through the fields of his vagabond life. Burroughs is probably right in insisting that Thoreau did not see much, was not an acute observer, added little to our actual knowledge; yet is this aside from the mark. We are not asking a man to see so much more than we as to teach us science; we want him to see enough to show us things. That is farther reaching. This Thoreau did. He lived on the outlands. He was near the earth,

where the rootlets of jeweled flowers ramify. He loved solitude rudely startled by the hoarse voice of the north wind blowing wild and the clamor of pines in their fierce contention with tempests. He stayed where things in nature were wrought, and his chill blood grew tepid when he watched the listless constellation of Altair light her unflickering lamps. Thoreau is in the literature of nature to stay. John C. van Dyke's *Nature for its Own Sake* has a didactic value. Joseph Jackson's *Through Glade and Mead* is worth while. Charles C. Abbott, while not particularly illuminating, is out looking around. Foster's *In the Forest* makes of us all hunters of big game, and we stalk the moose as being Indians born. White's *The Forest* has the lover of the wilderness in it and the swish of the stream, and does not try to inoculate you with anything in particular, but everything in general. He is a good man to camp with, and *The Blazed Trail* has the swaying of the pines in its breath and the romp of the swollen stream in its movement. Wild life has a good exponent in Charles G. D. Roberts, who as a poet is skilled to get the essence of the wild north land and hand it back to us. *The Kindred of the Wild* and *Nature's Enigmas* have this fearless, haunting quality of wildness which ally them with a book which will be read with avidity—London's *The Call of the Wild.* Reading that, burning points stare at you in the darkness, "but always two by two, two by two." I account that weird and wonderful in its effect on the mind. Gilbert Parker's *Pierre and His People* and *An Adventurer of the North* give the atmosphere of that wide land which neighbors with the pole and make you feel its vastness as no other books of my knowledge know to do. They are magical. Thompson-Seton's studies of animal life are fascinating.

Now come nature studies by the way, where in the house or under the trees faces are all the while turned toward the sky and woods. Mabie's *Under the Trees* and Henry van Dyke's delicious *Little Rivers* and *Fisherman's Luck* and Daniel A. Goodsell's *Nature and Character at Granite Bay,* a book to be happy over, and Buckham's *Where Town and Country Meet* (it will be a short day when one goes wandering with him), and Emerson—ho! we have leaped into a rapids. Emerson catches our skiff in rapid

torrents. Whatever variation of estimate may be prevalent regarding Emerson, we may feel sure that he who knows him at all is sure he is a lover of nature. In poetry or prose he walks out toward the sky. Spaces fascinate his spirit. He loves stars. The sun is so much to him he might readily become Parsee. Nature is always encroaching on him. He feels when he does not see. I can forgive a score of vagaries and contradictions when I find him always turning toward sunsets and the rising moon and the ponderance of the dewdrop and the wonder of gravitations. His essays on poet or beauty or nature or whatnot are certain to furnish room for a detour till he finds some sociable fact of the open world. Then he feels at home. Then that quaint, radiant smile flashes across his face like warm sunshine. When his thought can be put in terms of nature he feels pleased with the thought and speaks, like the oracle, with neither hesitation nor impediment. Truly Emerson is among the high functionaries in the literature of nature. He is radiant like a sun, and spring comes with him.

Men are bending to the task of interpreting the sea. Let them have room. Two volumes by T. Jenkins Hains, *The Wind Jammers* and *The Strife of the Sea,* are practical efforts in a new latitude—the life of the sea; its denizens, penguin, and albicore, and the loggerhead, and the doughty folk who traffic in those fierce latitudes where life is ever neighboring with death and for a trifle fling life overboard, to toss a moment on the crest of storm and then plunge out of sight forever. He helps the great sea to get at us. I think his interpretations more salt with the sea than Bullen's *The Cruise of the Cachelot.* Duncan's *The Strife of the Sea* is gloomy as the Labrador coasts and fierce as the ice crush in the night. The glooms of the ocean are here, and we may fairly feel the darkness settle down on sea and sullen coast and us. But in my belief no author has approached Conrad in power of interpretation of furious seas. Loti has caught the northern nights upon the waters, but Conrad has twisted fingers into the tossing mane of the leonine sea when storm worked its hugest tragedies and direst, and would not be shaken loose. *Youth* is aromatic with the ocean and its perils, and *The Children of the Sea* is away beyond the maddest, mightiest, most effective effort

ever made by man to catch the triumphal fury of the angry deep. The effort is so gigantic and terrible and formidable, so crushing and compelling, as to set a seal of silence on the lips that would coin admiration into words. The waves crush, thunder, applaud their own fury, drench, build green precipices, lurch like drunken devils, stammer as if affecting the oratory of eternity, blur the sky with their skirts of spray—well, read the book; and be confounded by its tumult and sublimity and be proud that a man has so far matched oceanic moods.

And then there is *Lorna Doone.* Is there a nature book its equal? Can Ruskin, with all his delicacy of touch, like the coming of the dusk, quite stand alongside of Blackmore? Can anybody so worm nature's secrets out as "gert Jan Ridd"? That hand, so ponderous that it can wrench from its socket the oak limb as if it were a grass blade, can caress the flowers that dapple the meadows of the Lynn. He is all but incomparable, this Jan, with his heart tender as a child's and his eyes seeing and knowing what he sees and his words flitting into poems, though he thinks them crude. In weary winter days I have read this nature story through, to beckon spring into my sky, and it has not failed me yet. The atmosphere of nature is here, and it never quits us any more than it does Plover's Barrows farm, where the Ridds dwell in gentle quiet whatever the Doones may do. They are so much a part of the landscape that, like forests when storms are spent, they sink back into somnolence and great peace. "Here are trees and bright green grass and orchards full of contentment, and a man may scarce espy the brook though he hears it everywhere. And, indeed, a stout good piece of it comes through our farmyard and swells sometimes to a rush of waves when the clouds are on the hilltops. But all below, where the valley bends and the Lynn stream goes along with it, pretty meadows slope their breast and the sun spreads on the water." Here is a book which touches our hearts "with a sudden delight, like a cowslip blossom and the sweetest flowers of spring," and is "like a wood rayed through with sunset." A body cannot read *Lorna Doone* through and not be converted into a lover of nature.

And in our days the poets are dwellers in tents in the fields.

Whittier and Bryant and Lowell and Lanier may always be looked for where dawns touch mountain top or prairie or sea. The hills are a rapture to staid Whittier; flowers and willows and Indian summers haunt Lowell; prairie and stream follow Bryant like his shadow; the marshes of the sea run silver rivulets fresh from the far deep among the nodding grasses where Lanier stands meditant; Riley is "knee deep in June" or "Over to Old Aunt Mary's;" Walt Whitman swaggers out in the open road; Longfellow slips from his beloved books long enough to listen with little Hiawatha "to the lapping of the water" or wade into the black shadows of "the forest primeval;" Tennyson is never out of sight and hearing of the sea; John Davidson, though in London town, is out where

> Rivers high-hearted run;
> And hedges mantle with a flush of green.
> The curlew calls me where the salt winds blow;
> His troubled note dwells mournfully and dies;
> Then the long echo cries
> Deep in my heart. Ah, surely I must go!
> For there the tides, moon-haunted, ebb and flow;
> And there the sea board murmurs resonant;
> The waves their interwoven fugue repeat
> And brooding surges beat
> A slow, melodious, continual chant;

and Archibald Lampman strays where September haunts the windy hills. We are out of doors. For this mercy bless Him who made the waste places. We are out in the waste places and feel at home.

W. A. Hayden.

Art. V.—THE ENDLESS SERMON.

All eyes were toward the preacher. His eloquence was magnetic. His grip upon the congregation was wonderful. He swayed the audience for an hour with the mastery of mind. He reached the climax with a few drawn to their feet, many wiping their eyes, while the clergy at his side bowed their heads for the concluding prayer. There was a solemn pause, which had its dramatic effect. But, to the surprise of all, the speaker began, in a low tone, to draw inferences which consumed twenty-five minutes, then closed with a fatigued pulpit and pew. An old man was overheard to say, "The preacher this morning wounded the cords of love tightly round his audience in the fust hour but unwound them agen in the last part of the business. If he'd only sot down when he was through he'd 'a had 'em sure!" At the dinner table my hostess, a very intelligent lady, said, "Please do not say a word against the press," to one who was inclined to criticise it, "for the press is often wiser and mightier than the pulpit." "What do you mean?" was the quick inquiry. "I mean that an editor, when he prepares an article for publication, knows how, when, and where to end. Doctor Simeon this morning showed that he understood the art of public speech in all but that of sitting down when the discourse had reached its natural conclusion." All at the table felt the criticism to be just. Knowing that this kindly Christian lady had made a special study of the arts of reading, writing, and speaking, I sought an opportunity to draw out her views on the art of public speech. "It is not my place to instruct preachers," she began, "but since you are one of the younger men I may give you a suggestion or two which may prove helpful. For thirty years I have been favored with the opportunity to hear the ablest speakers of England and America, and those who appeared to make the most lasting impression had a natural end for their discourse and sat down when they came to it. I once made a classification of the preachers who failed in this art of sitting down as the perverts, the padders, the faggers, and the flounderers.

"I have found that the preacher usually desires to do his best

and leave an influence for good, but he often *perverts* that purpose by taking valuable time to inform his auditors that he has almost finished, when he should really be getting through. Here are a few of the expressions which I have heard from the pulpit this season, from men who ought to be wiser: 'I must hasten;' 'The clock is going too fast;' 'Finally;' 'Bear with me a moment or two more;' 'Just this one point and I am through;' 'Now I am going to close;' 'I know it is hot, but if I can stand it you can.' Without an exception, the speakers continued for ten or fifteen minutes after making such statements. One of the preachers began: 'My dear friends, I know it is very warm to-night and I am not going to detain you long.' He preached an hour and twenty minutes.

"On one occasion I listened to one of the ablest of our younger men. He made an excellent speech; had a brilliant climax. The people were delighted and all expected him to sit down; but he began to *pad* the conclusion. When asked why he continued after making such a climax he replied, 'I thought I did not make it quite clear.' He was like an artist completing a picture with all the qualities of its art, then daubing it over and spoiling the perspective, proportion, and expression. The public speaker must early learn the art of a properly prepared end for his speech. To know what not to do and what not to say, at the close of a discourse, is vitally important. The end should be so constructed in the study that it requires no fixing up on the platform. The *faggers* usually begin on a high key, ring, roar, gleam, and sparkle for a time, then, like a piece of variegated fireworks, lose their glaring beauty, fall and die. At times its vigor, vim, and vitality tend to slumbering, and both the instructor and the instructed have lost their grip and glow of soul.

"I was once at sea when the fog was so dense and the fog horn blowing so constantly that the passengers were alarmed. The captain seemed to have lost his bearings; for when a fishing smack drew near he shouted, 'Where are we at?' I have listened to so many men who were certainly *floundering* in a mental, moral, and religious fog; they were at their wits' end to know when to sit down. They had no end. Embarrassed? That would express it; there was alarm with the preacher and distress with the con-

gregation. I have found such—perverters, padders, faggers, and flounderers—are trouble breeders; empty pews, careless listeners, fault-finders follow in their track."

I listened with deep attention. I was concerned; my interest was aroused; for my lifework was connected with the greatest question of life. I was dealing in the relations to the Infinite, which meant weal or woe to a misdirected mass of infinite humanity. "You have shown me the conditions," I said, "but have you a cure for the fault you have found?" She smiled, and then said, "I think I have." "Proceed," said I.

"It is better to know where to end a speech than to know where to begin," she suggested. "If you are to neglect any part of your discourse never let it be the last part. M. Bautain, in his book, *The Art of Extempore Speaking,* says, 'It is difficult to begin an extemporary discourse, it is still more difficult to finish well.' John Bright always prepared the close of his speeches with much care. Lord Brougham said that his celebrated speech before the House of Lords in defense of Queen Caroline was composed twenty times over, at least. Horace declares, 'He who has begun well has half done his work.' But the facts of to-day show that he only completes his work who knows when to sit down." Here she excused herself for a moment, then returned with a book and read this paragraph to me:

> You must acquire another art, much more difficult than you would think it to be, the Art of Sitting Down. How few speakers have mastered this! How few know when to stop—or how to stop! How often do those who have spoken well mar the whole effect by an unhappy ending! They wind up feebly, or, worse, they do not wind up at all. They appear to be coming to a close, but just when we expect to see them sit down they start off again upon some new path and wander about drearily; perhaps repeating this process many times, to the sore trial of the patience of the audience, and are withal further from the end which they seek. Strive to avoid such a calamity. Better any defect at the close than a protracted ending. If you have not got up a formal climax content yourself with stopping when you have said what you have to say, even though it may not be with a flourish. If you do not win a burst of applause you will at least give no offense. You will obtain credit for good sense, if not for eloquence; and certainly the former is the more useful faculty for the vast majority of purposes for which the Art of Speaking is required to be exercised in the business of life.

"That sounds like good counsel," I said. "I should like to hear it again." "Since I find you deeply concerned in this vital subject I will leave with you three I's which I trust you will never forget in your public discourse. The first I stands for Interest; you must interest an audience if you ever expect to help them."

This reminds me of a story which the Rev. Sam Jones is said to have related: "After one of my sermons, which held the attention of a large congregation to the close, a serious-minded minister, who could preach an hour and a quarter to fifty people, came to me, and said, 'Jones, if I preached like you I should lose my religion.' I looked at him with a smile and said, 'That might be so, but if I preached like you I should lose my congregation; and I would rather lose my religion than my congregation, for I could get my religion again to-morrow, but my congregation never.'"

"The second I," she continued, "stands for Information. If you will only watch an audience when a bit of real information is being dealt out you will see its influence and grow to know its value. The simplest facts of life will hold the attention of the most refined and will be pleasing to the less educated. The third I is for Inspiration. Put fire into your speech or put your speech into the fire. Send the auditors home so deeply wrought upon that they will have a living desire for the truth to shine out in their daily walks.

"All that I have to say in conclusion is that the speaker who desires to be effective must understand the Art of the Preparation of the End of the Discourse and sit down when he has reached it. He must master it with his mind, he must warm it at the glowing altars of the heart, he must steep it in tears and in prayers, he must fasten it upon his own soul; then with hooks of steel grip the souls of those before him and hold them to the last. The speech that is endless is the one with an end."

S. Teresa Jackson

Art. VI.—A MESSAGE FROM THE PAST TO THE PRESENT.

Too many modern studies in the Old Testament are accompanied by controversial discussions which tend to obscure the real, permanent significance of the Old Testament revelation. It is my purpose to point out in the following pages, by a concrete example rather than by abstract discussion, the permanent significance of the Old Testament and the perfect adaptability of its messages to the conditions that confront the minister of the Gospel to-day. As illustration I shall use the activity and teaching of the prophets of Jehovah during the eighth century B. C.

Four great prophets arose during this period: Amos and Hosea in Israel, Isaiah and Micah in Judah. Before considering the application of the message to present conditions it will be necessary to study the conditions to which the prophets addressed themselves and to secure a clear idea of the contents of their message.

I. The period in which the first of the eighth century prophets was called to his office was one of singular external prosperity for both Israel and Judah. About 783 B. C. there had ascended the throne of Israel Jeroboam II; by his hand, in the words of 2 Kings xiv, 27, Jehovah "saved" Israel. He was a soldier, assumed the aggressive, and recovered the territory which Israel had lost to Damascus under Jehoahaz, the son and successor of Jehu. As a result of Jeroboam's victories the territory of Israel extended from Hamath, in the valley of the Orontes in the north, to the lower end of the Dead Sea. During the same period the territory of Judah was correspondingly expanded. Commerce also sprang up, bringing into the country wealth unheard of since the days of the queen of Sheba. The natural resources of the country were for the first time allowed to assert themselves; and thus the two kingdoms rose to a pitch of power and prosperity greater than they had enjoyed since the days of Solomon. But prosperity, as it so often has done, brought great evils in its train. A class of wealthy nobles arose who swept the smaller holdings

together into vast estates, and who used their power to oppress the masses that had sunk into a condition of slavery. Palaces of hewn stone, furnished with beds of ivory, rose on the wrongfully acquired property. Within their walls luxury, revelry, vices of all kinds were enthroned. Even the wives of the nobles, from whom mercy might have been expected, only oppressed the poor and crushed the needy by urging their husbands to greater violence in order to satisfy their unholy appetites. The public tribunals were made the instruments by which the rulers exacted bribes and perverted the cause of the fatherless and of the widow. The merchants were anxious for the holy days to pass that they might continue their greedy trade. Honesty was unknown to them; small measures, exorbitant prices, "doctored" scales, grain mixed with chaff, are all condemned by the prophets. Such is the picture drawn by Amos. Hosea brought a still more sweeping indictment: "There is no truth, nor kindness, nor knowledge of God in the land; there is naught but swearing and breaking faith, and killing, and stealing, and committing adultery; they break out, and deeds of bloodshed touch deeds of bloodshed." Theft and highway robbery were common. Rulers, false prophets, and priests, the guardians of the people, conspired together to spoil them. The young women gave themselves up to the licentious practices connected with the cult of Baal. That the same forces which brought about this state of things in the northern kingdom were at work in Judah is obvious from the early public addresses of Isaiah; for example, chapter v. After a general denunciation of evil and wrongdoing he proceeds to point out the most heinous crimes: "Woe unto them that join house to house, that lay field to field till there be no room, and you be made to dwell alone in the midst of the land. . . . Woe to them that rise up early in the morning, that they may follow strong drink; that tarry late into the night, till wine inflame them. . . . Woe unto them that call evil good and good evil. . . . Woe unto them that are wise in their own eyes, and prudent in their own sight. . . . Woe unto them that are mighty to drink wine, and men of strength to mix strong drink; which justify the wicked for a reward, and take away the innocence of the guiltless from him." Micah, a few years later,

echoed the same protest: "Woe to them that devise iniquity and work evil upon their beds! when the morning is light, they practice it, because it is in the power of their hand. And they covet fields, and seize them; and houses, and take them away: and they oppress a man and his house, even a man and his heritage." The rulers were chiefly to blame for the awful social corruption. Micah, who regarded them from the point of view of the common people, declares that they are cannibals "who tear the flesh of the people from their bones and devour it." Isaiah does not spare them: "They that lead Judah cause it to err, they spoil the poor in their houses and crush my people . . . the princes are companions of thieves, every one loveth bribes and chaseth after gifts, but hath no regard for the cause of the widow and of the fatherless." This picture of the social and moral condition of Judah and Israel could hardly be darker. In the midst of all this moral depravity the people still claimed to be the chosen people of Jehovah, and imagined themselves entitled to his favor. "Jehovah, the God of hosts, is with us," was their favorite watchword. The outward ordinances of worship were zealously observed; sacrifices and burnt offerings and meal offerings and thank offerings and freewill offerings were brought in abundance. New moons and sabbaths and feast days were observed; the joyous songs of the worshipers resounded at the sanctuaries. Ceremonial observances were thought to cover all the religious requirements.

II. Such were conditions in Israel when Amos and Hosea delivered their messages; such were conditions in Judah when Isaiah and Micah were raised up by God to preach righteousness. The severest condemnation fell upon the heartless external worship: "I hate your pilgrimages, and I take no delight in your solemn assemblies. . . . Take thou away from me the noise of your songs, for I will not hear the melody of your harps. But let judgment roll down as waters, and righteousness as a perennial stream." Isaiah, a few years later, speaks in the same strain: "To what purpose is to me the multitude of your sacrifices? said Jehovah: I am satiated with burnt offerings of rams, and the fat of calves; and I delight not in the blood of bullocks, or of lambs, or of he-goats. When ye come to appear before me, who hath

required this at your hand, to trample my courts? . . . Your new moons and appointed feasts my very soul hates; they are a burden to me; I am weary to bear them." And his younger contemporary, having represented the people as asking, "Wherewith shall I come before Jehovah, and bow myself before the high God? Shall I come before him with burnt offerings, with calves a year old? Will Jehovah be pleased with thousands of rams, or with ten thousands of rivers of oil? Shall I give my firstborn for my transgression, the fruit of my body for the sin of my soul?" meets their question with the humiliating reply, "He hath shewed thee, O man, what is good; and what doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?" Nothing but condemnation for the ceremonial observances. The immoral practices also found no favor with the prophets. Listen to the words of Amos: "Seek good and not evil; hate the evil and love the good, and establish judgment in the gates. . . . Let judgment roll down as waters, and righteousness as a perennial stream." Or read the sixth chapter of Hosea: "O Ephraim, what shall I do unto thee? O Judah, what shall I do unto thee? for your goodness is as a morning cloud, yea, as the dew that goeth early away; therefore have I hewed them by the prophets, I have slain them by the words of my mouth. . . . In the house of Israel I see a horrible thing, there whoredom is found in Ephraim, Israel is defiled." Or those burning words of Isaiah: "Wash ye, make ye clean; put away your evil doings from before my eyes; cease to do evil, learn to do well; be anxious about right doing, set right the oppressor, help to his right the fatherless, take the part of the widow." Micah also made himself heard in the same spirit: "Woe to them that devise iniquity and work evil upon their beds! when the morning is light, they practice it, because it is in the power of their hand." Here we find these prophets taking an intense interest in their surroundings. They condemned the gross crimes and vices of the day, they denounced the hypocritical worship, and they exhorted the people to repentance. They deal, however, not merely with the actions, but also with the influences behind the actions. What was back of all the sins of the people, and how could new life be implanted? In general it may be said

that, according to the prophets, the cause of the apostasy was a lack of the knowledge of God. This thought is expressed very forcibly in the words of Hosea: "My people perish for lack of knowledge. . . . There is no truth, no kindness, nor knowledge of God in the land. . . . They have not known Jehovah."

But while the prophets were anxious that the people should know God, and seemed convinced that a knowledge of God in his true character would drive away the awful wickedness, they each emphasized a different phase of God's character—certainly not to the absolute exclusion of all others. Amos recognized that the source of the deplorable conditions of the nation lay in two fundamental misapprehensions of the character of Jehovah: the people thought of him too exclusively as interested solely in the affairs of Israel, and they neglected entirely the ethical character of God. Both these misapprehensions Amos set himself to rectify. To the first he opposes the truth that Jehovah is the God of the whole world, and not of Israel alone. Jehovah cannot be thought of as having no interest or purpose beyond Israel. If he brought Israel out of Egypt he in similar manner brought the Philistines from Caphtor and the Syrians from Kir. It is he also that raises up the Assyrian power; and the real question is not what he will do on behalf of Israel alone, but how he will use his power in the government of the world at large. To the second misapprehension he opposes the truth that Jehovah's use of this power depends upon ethical grounds. He deals with the nations of the earth according to their attitude toward the principles of truth and righteousness, and punishes their sins without partiality. Israel he judges on the same principles. With Amos Jehovah is primarily the God of righteousness. Hosea has an equally clear conception of Israel's shortcomings and of Jehovah's claim, and he applies himself with equal earnestness to the correction of the wrongs, but his message is tinged throughout with a deep vein of sympathy and emotion. To him Jehovah is preeminently the God of love; he thinks of Jehovah as the husband and father of Israel, with a love such as a husband may feel for his wife, such as a father may treasure for his son. The sin of Israel is represented as faithlessness to Jehovah: "She said, I will go after my

lovers that give me my bread and my water, my wool and my flax, my oil and my drink; for she did not know that it was I who gave her the corn and the wine and the oil, and multiplied unto her silver and gold." Yet God has not forsaken his people. He loves the faithless wife as much as ever: "I will betroth thee unto me forever; yea, I will betroth thee unto me in righteousness and in judgment, and in loving-kindness and in mercy. I will even betroth thee unto me in faithfulness, and thou shalt know Jehovah." The second part of the book of Hosea presents a different picture of the same yearning love. Jehovah is the father, Israel the prodigal son; the loving father seeks earnestly to save the wandering child: "Israel is my son, my firstborn. . . . How shall I give thee up, Ephraim? how surrender thee, Israel? . . . My heart is turned within me, my compassions are kindled together." And he will bring the prodigal back, though it be through affliction and suffering. "I will go," says Jehovah, "and return to my place, till they acknowledge their offense and seek my face. In their affliction they will seek me earnestly, saying, Come, let us return unto Jehovah, for he has torn and he will heal us; he has smitten and he will bind us up, and we shall live in his sight. And let us know, press on to know, Jehovah." Indeed, the fundamental thought of Hosea is "God is love." Isaiah towers above the prophets before and after him. The vision in which he received his call was a revelation of the glory of Jehovah, exhibiting the supreme attributes of majesty and holiness. An overwhelming sense of these attributes was burned into his inmost soul. It shaped his view of Jehovah's relation to Israel, and of Israel's behavior to Jehovah, and formed the inspiration and dominating idea of his teaching. "Those vast estates made by dispossessing small holders from their ancestral holdings, those splendid palaces with their sumptuous banquets and riotous revels, those extravagant wardrobes and costly jewels with which the grand ladies of Jerusalem adorned themselves, those horses and chariots, those forts and towers, those fleets and armies, of which the statesmen boasted as impregnable defenses, those private chapels with their gold and silver images, those secret rites performed by cunning soothsayers from Philistia and the East, that reckless indifference

to truth and right and justice which seemed compatible with the most profuse outward ceremonies of worship—what were all these but a deification of wealth, and power, and selfish pleasure, and reckless ambition, an insolent defiance of the supreme majesty of Jehovah of hosts?" Man seemed to have forgotten his Maker. The indictment against Israel is summed up in these words: "Their tongue and their doings are against Jehovah, to provoke the eyes of his glory." Had Israel recognized the majesty of Jehovah the excesses would have been impossible; but now Jehovah must vindicate his character, and he will do so by a terrible manifestation of his majesty: "Enter into the rock, and hide thyself in the earth from before the terror of Jehovah and from the glory of his majesty; the lofty looks of man shall be brought low, and the haughtiness of man shall be bowed down, and Jehovah alone shall be exalted in that day." In that day he will prove to the trembling and astonished people his paramount supremacy; he will demonstrate that he is a jealous God who can tolerate no rival, who cannot be satisfied with a half-hearted allegiance. Still loftier and more comprehensive than the idea of Jehovah's majesty is the idea of his holiness. "Holy, holy, holy," was the cry which Isaiah heard from the lips of the adoring seraphim, and he chooses the title, "The Holy One of Israel," to describe the relation of Jehovah to his people. What, then, is the content of the divine attribute of holiness as Isaiah conceived it? Primarily the Hebrew root from which the word is derived seems to express the idea of separation. It represents God as separate, distinct from his creatures. Then, since all created things are limited, since man in his fallen state is imperfect and sinful, the term comes to be used to indicate the separation of God from everything that is limited, imperfect, and sinful. But it does not rest in a mere negative conception; it expands so as to include the positive moral attributes of God, his purity and his righteousness, his faithfulness and his truth, his mercy and his loving-kindness, nay, even his jealousy and his wrath, his zeal and his indignation: "these are the different rays which combine to make up the perfect light of holiness. It is the moral nature of God, which man's dull soul can but dimly imagine; for what does he know of absolute

truth and righteousness and love? what of the consuming indignation the sight of sin must stir in him whose nature is an intense zeal for truth and righteousness? what of the reconciliation of apparently opposing attributes in perfect unity of will and purpose?" This is the conception of Jehovah emphasized by Isaiah; and he believed that, if the people could be impressed strongly enough with a clear conception of the majesty and holiness of their God, they would cease their rebellion, for with the knowledge there would come the power to live a life that, in a measure at least, would reflect the holiness of God. Micah differed from his predecessors in that he emphasized no special phase of the character of Jehovah, yet his message also was, above everything else, an attempt to lead his hearers to meditate upon the character of his God. All the prophets announced the impending judgment as the result of sin; Micah's message is primarily a message of judgment. Jehovah comes forth out of his place amid awful convulsions of nature which express the terror of his advent. It is the transgression of Jacob and the sin of Israel that have called him forth. Samaria and Jerusalem are, as it were, the impersonation of the nation's guilt. On them the punishment must fall. Samaria must be utterly destroyed. With wild shrieks and piteous lamentations he bewails its fall. But the calamity does not stop there. It sweeps onward to the very gates of Jerusalem. The prediction of impending judgment is followed by an exposition of its causes. This exposition takes the form of a strong denunciation of the offenses that call forth this judgment: offenses against the fundamental laws of social ethics, breaches of elementary principles of justice and mercy.

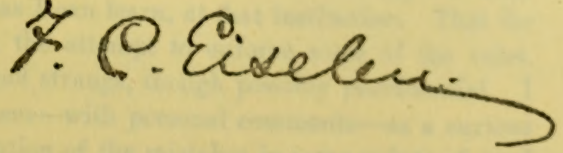
Micah brings us to the opening of the seventh century. The message of the eighth century is before us, and for more than one reason is this message of peculiar value to-day. That "history repeats itself" is a trite saying, yet it is true that the twentieth century A. D. in America is not free from some of the dangers which threatened Israel and Judah in the eighth century B. C. For instance, in, first, territorial expansion. Never had the borders of the two kingdoms extended so far; never in the history of the United States have the stars and stripes been unfurled over

so large an area as to-day. Second, in commercial development. The commercial activity in Israel and Judah during the eighth century was without parallel in the nation's history, and the commercial activity in America at the opening of the twentieth century has never been equaled. Wherever there is an open door, or the possibility of securing an opening, there products of American industries may be seen. Third, in development of natural resources. The heavens above and the earth beneath, the waters under the earth and the very bowels of the earth give up their resources, their forces, and their treasures, in order that, in very deed, man may become the lord of creation. Fourth, the resulting material prosperity of our country has startled the world during the past few years. Panics have been predicted, yet prosperity still abides with us. But these material advances have had other results, one of them the accumulation of unprecedented wealth, resources, power, and influence in the hands of a few. Such a condition tends to luxury, extravagance, arrogance; to oppression, impoverishment, and cruelty toward those who assist in the accumulation of multiplied millions. Surely in this the twentieth century sees, only in an intensified form, the evils of the eighth century B. C. Nor in the effect of this process of accumulation on government and on the administration of justice are the conditions met by the prophets of God to-day essentially different from the conditions denounced by Amos and his successors. Religious conditions, too, are not altogether dissimilar. True, we have left behind the old covenant and are now under a covenant of grace; but that advance has not yet succeeded in driving from this world a cold, heartless formalism and in enthroning, once and forever, a deep, pure, spiritual heart religion. Other gods are still being worshiped with the greatest devotion even in our own land, while the God of heaven and earth must be satisfied with less than belongs to him.

This incomplete list may suffice to indicate a similarity in the social, moral, and religious conditions between the time of Jeroboam II and that of Theodore Roosevelt, and a message meeting the necessities of the former period should certainly contain some truths adapted to the latter. The religious and ethical teachings

of the prophets are again coming to be understood, and their value in the attempt to solve social problems is being recognized. Some there are who investigate modern conditions of life and attempt to solve these problems and to lift humanity nearer to the lofty ideals of a Christian civilization. In questioning the theorist and the socialist, the economist and the philosopher, the historian and the theologian, the educator and the preacher, in the pursuit of our investigation, let us not forget to question the ancient prophets of God; for they too have words of wisdom and life. Let us strive to know God as the prophets knew him, in his majesty and sovereignty, in his righteousness and justice, in his holiness and purity, and, above all, in his mercy and love. Such knowledge will in itself supply a constant motive to manifest, in a measure, at least, the same divine virtues; and if we add to this ancient message the revelation in Jesus the Christ, with its life-giving power, we will be in a position to meet present-day problems and solve them in a manner that will establish peace upon earth and good will among men.

In conclusion: Israel failed to listen to the words of the prophets, the judgment came, the people were dragged into exile, their crown of glory was taken from their brow. The America of the twentieth century may disregard the message of truth and righteousness, but her hour of reckoning shall surely come; if she fails to meet her opportunities her candlestick may be removed, and the glory of which at present she may be justly proud may pass to a nation more ready to do the bidding of her God. If, on the other hand, we acknowledge the Lord and follow his truth, then it may be said of our nation, as of Zion of old, "Look upon Zion, the city of our festal season: thine eyes shall see Jerusalem a quiet habitation, a tent that shall not be removed, the stakes whereof shall never be plucked up, neither shall any of the cords thereof be broken."



Art. VII.—AN OLD SCHOOL UNDER RULES AND DISCIPLINE.

In a work published by the Book Concern in 1874, called *History of the Revisions of the Disicipline of the Methodist Episcopal Church,* by David Sherman, may be found as rare a collection of curios in Methodist evolution as might be desired by the most painstaking mental anatomist. It is a work that must have cost the writer much labor, and that of a Sisyphean order, and its perusal might well be set as a task for the driest plodder. Its value, however, is real, as enabling one to see by what tortuous mazes minds may be led in a search for possible cure-alls for the ills of men, and especially of those in the lands of ecclesiastical discipline.

Under Part IV, treating of the Educational and Benevolent Institutions of the Church, a section covering ten pages was devoted to the cause of Education, and contains a history of the first Methodist school in America, that at Abingdon in Maryland, near Baltimore, opened in 1787, with a dedicatory sermon by Bishop Asbury on Sunday, December 10, from 2 Kings iv, 40: "O thou man of God, there is death in the pot." That Asbury thought this an appropriate theme suggests some grave apprehensions on that good and great man's part touching the wisdom of Methodists engaging in educational work. And when it had twice been burned to the ground, after prodigious efforts for its maintenance, one is not surprised that the bishop felt confirmed in his first misgivings, and that the fate of Cokesbury College seemed to him a warning that too much attention to learning on the part of the Church might prove a rather dangerous thing. This view is more easily upheld after reading in this same book the "General Rules prepared for the Methodist Seminaries of Learning," notably and only tried, so far as I can learn, at that institution. That the college caught fire on the attempt to enforce some of the rules, not once but twice, is not strange, though possibly providential. I will here transcribe them—with personal comments—as a curious and instructive illustration of the mistakes in some points of good

men when they lean more on discipline than on common sense, and also as a tribute to their noteworthy wisdom at other points:

RULES FOR THE ECONOMY OF THE COLLEGE AND STUDENTS OF COKESBURY COLLEGE.

1. The students shall rise at five o'clock in the morning, summer and winter, at the ringing of the college bell. [No doubt that bell was much on the tongue, and never needed to be blessed as our Romish friends' pleasant custom allows.]

2. All the students, whether they lodge in or out of the college, shall assemble together in the college at six o'clock for public prayer, except in cases of sickness, and on any omission shall be responsible to the president. [Rather an early chapel hour, but far better than none, or one little observed. The Yale seniors of 1902 voted almost unanimously for compulsory chapel. So do we, and for chapel exercises attended by the faculty and students alike, as in Amherst and at Oxford, with a full and churchly service.]

3. From morning prayer till seven they shall be allowed to recreate themselves, as is hereafter directed.

4. At seven they shall breakfast. [A good hour.]

5. From eight to twelve they are to be kept to their respective studies.

6. From twelve to three they are to employ themselves in recreation and dining—dinner to be ready at one o'clock. [The boys must have been ready too. Let us believe the provender excellent.]

7. From three to six they are again to be kept closely to their studies.

8. At six they shall sup.

9. At seven there shall be public prayer. [Good, if as once at old Cazenovia.]

10. From evening prayer until bedtime they shall be allowed recreation. [How was Cokesbury lighted? A good rule to avoid expense and save eyesight.]

11. They shall all be in bed at nine o'clock without fail. [All right when one must rise at five.]

12. Their recreations shall be gardening, walking, riding, and bathing, without doors; and the carpenter's, joiner's, cabinetmaker's, or turner's business within doors. [A good program, but needing addition.]

13. A large plot of land, of at least three acres, shall be appropriated for a garden, and a person skilled in gardening be appointed to overlook the students when employed in that recreation. [The ministers' boys (and most of them were such) would appreciate that now.]

14. A convenient bath shall be made for bathing. [Up-to-date.]

15. A master, or some proper person by him appointed, shall be always present at the time of bathing. Only one shall bathe at a time, and no one shall remain in the water above a minute. [Here is the beginning of a gymnasium, but on too limited a scale.]

16. No student shall be allowed to bathe in the river.

17. A *Taberna Lignaria*, a place for working in wood, shall be pro-

vided on the premises, with all proper instruments and materials, and a skillful person be employed to overlook the students at this recreation. [Here is provision for a department in modern sloyd work—a kind of manual training that ought to become more and more general and displace much of modern head cramming. Good for Cokesbury on this line!]

18. The students [nearly all of whom were young lads] shall be indulged with nothing which the world calls play. Let this rule be observed with the strictest nicety, for those who play when they are young will play when they are old. [A sage reflection.]

19. Each student shall have a bed to himself, whether he boards in or out of the college. [Excellent, and recommended to all who entertain an Annual Conference.]

20. The students shall lie on mattresses, not on feather beds, because we believe the mattresses to be more healthy. [Good, if the springs are.]

21. The president and tutors shall strictly examine, from time to time, whether our friends who board the students comply with these rules as far as concern them. [Here is room for some interesting experiences for a college president, not without material for an autobiography.]

22. A skillful physician shall be engaged to attend the students on every emergency, that the parents may be fully assured that proper care shall be taken of the health of their children, without any expense to them. [Rather hard for a Doweyite or Christian Science patron, but sensible and on the same principle as the Sage Infirmary for sick students at Cornell, Ithaca.]

23. The Bishops shall examine by themselves or their delegates into the progress of all the students in learning every half year, or oftener, if possible. [Certainly a truly episcopal prerogative.]

24. The Elders, Deacons, and Preachers, as often as they visit Abingdon, shall examine the students concerning their knoweledge of God and religion. [This rule is a good one for training boys in the art of observation of strangers.]

25. The students shall be divided into proper classes for that purpose.

26. A pupil who has a total incapacity to attain learning shall, after sufficient trial, be returned to his parents. [A fearful suggestion here. As now amended, "provided who the parents are."]

27. If a student be convicted of any open sin he shall, for the first offense, be reproved in private; for the second offense he shall be reproved in public; and for the third offense he shall be punished at the discretion of the president; if incorrigible he shall be expelled.

28. But if the sin be exceedingly gross, and a Bishop see it necessary, he may be expelled for the first, second, or third offense.

29. Idleness, or any other fault, may be punished with confinement, according to the discretion of the president. [Chiefly for "specials" and "electives."]

30. A convenient room shall be set apart as a place of confinement. [I suspect that here is where the fire started.]

"31. The president shall be the judge of all crimes and punishments in the absence of the Bishops.

"32. But the president shall have no power to expel a student without the advice and consent of three of the trustees; but the Bishop shall have that power;" [the boys' awe of the episcopacy hereby augmented] changed, 1792, to

"31. The president shall be the judge of all crimes and punishments in the absence of the Bishops and the Presiding Elder, and, with the concurrence of two of the tutors, shall have power to dismiss a student, if he judge it highly necessary, for any criminal conduct or for refusing to submit to the discipline of the college, or to such punishment as the president and tutors judge he deserves. [Cumbrous for criminals.]

"32. A committee of five respectable friends, entitled 'The Committee of Safety,' shall be appointed, who shall meet once in every fortnight. Three of these meeting at the appointed time shall be sufficient to enter upon business, and shall have full power to inspect and regulate the whole economy of the college, and to examine the character and conduct of all the servants, and to fix their wages, and change them as they may think proper. The committee shall determine everything by a majority."

Where could the sight of *Finis* be more welcome than at Abingdon, after this list? Yet here are thirty-two rules for running a seminary or college, and intended for every such school in Methodism at the time they were made, and well worth scanning. They suggest, painfully at some points, that a school was thought to be largely a place for checks and restraints which, if duly used, would break in some one for good service. They were copied closely in some quarters, and added to notably after the girls were let in. But all is changing in these days. Boys and girls are trusted rather than suspected, and the result is quite as good.

The same trend is in the discipline of the Church. It is seen that men and women are not to be treated as orphans under a guardian, or as truant children who must be told what to do or where to go. The humorist and cartoonist make too much hay in this field. Cokesbury Rules will become more and more themes for the antiquarian as the Church advances in maturity.

Arthur Copeland

Art. VIII.—SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE, A RELIGIOUS TEACHER.

Samuel Taylor Coleridge was born at Ottery St. Mary, in Devonshire, England, October 21, 1772, where his father was master of the grammar school and afterward vicar. He died when Samuel was nine years old. The boy was then sent to Christ's Hospital, and at nineteen years of age to Cambridge. The child life of the future philosopher was not a happy one; he describes it by saying he was "depressed, friendless, a poor orphan half starved." Later he was usually overwhelmed by debt and not on the best terms with his relatives. With a nature that was restless, a mind that was constantly instituting the most unreasonable projects, he was easily susceptible to the influences that immediately surrounded him. He was always planning to do great things but never doing them. His business adventures were as vacillating as his mental moods, and his life to 1816 was "disappointing to sadness." In that year, conscious that he must take violent measures in his struggle against the opium habit, he put himself under the care of Dr. Gillman, in whose home at Highgate he remained until his death in 1834.

Coleridge's mental powers were such that his friends had reason to expect much of him. His contemporaries recognized his transcendent ability. Hazlitt, Southey, Scott, Wordsworth, and De Quincey are almost extravagant in their expressions. That he was a man gifted with noble endowments is unquestioned, but it is as true that he was unable to unfold these powers. He had a subtle intellect, keenly sensitive to the good and beautiful, but it was imbedded in a weak and lax character; an eye to discern the divinity of heaven's splendors, and an insatiable desire to revel in their radiance, but not the heart to confront their frowning rage. The years spent at Highgate are his most fruitful ones. While there he produced the "Lay Sermons," "Biographia Literaria," "The Friend," and "Aids to Reflection." In these are found the aim and purpose of the man: to put the spiritual life of man on a philosophical basis, to defend the spiritual in man, to create an

opposition to utilitarian ethics and put the system of transcendentalism in metaphysics on a permanent footing in the English mind. In fact, to set over against the outward and material in man the spiritual and immortal forces that are found in the soul.

It took a lifetime to bring this weird poet and philosopher to anything like settled convictions. His opinions changed as the years changed, but he was none the less sincere. Was he any less so when he wrote the "Ode to France" than when he wrote the "Ode to the Departing Year"? At one time he asserted that he was an infidel, and in the close of life he could not doubt the tenets of the Christian religion. In his mental struggles for the light he passed through all stages of philosophy. At one time a disciple of Hartley, he says of him:

> He of mortal kind
> Wisest: the first who marked the ideal tribes
> Up the fine fibers through the sentient brain.

Hartley was a materialist and yet professed belief in Christianity. His philosophy was built upon the idea of Association, the "great weaving power of the mental fabric." Locke had designated it as Reflection. Hartley made Coleridge a Unitarian—such as he was, for he acknowledged that it was more nominal than real. Somewhat ashamed of it, he wrote: "I can truly say that I never falsified the Scriptures. I told the Unitarians that their interpretations of the Scripture were intolerable upon any basis of criticism; that if they were to offer to construe the will of a neighbor as they did that of the Master they would be scouted out of society. I said plainly and openly that it was clear that neither John nor Paul was a Unitarian. "In the struggles with the teachings of Hartley he found many complexities, and he awoke and broke from it only as he confessed he had a deeper insight into his own heart and experience. This break was the first step taken toward evangelical Christianity. His mind became confused when the Trinity and Logos were clearly presented to him, and he found it impossible to reconcile them with the Hartleian philosophy. We next find him under the influence of Locke and Berkeley. Locke had swept away all intuitive ideas; he reduced everything to sensation and attributed all knowledge to outward objects. This was also a

material philosophy, leaving no room for cause and effect or time and space. It drove God from the universe which he had himself created. Berkeley attempted to establish the idea of sensation on a theistic basis, asserting that things are real and have a continuous existence in the thought of a divine and omniscient mind. From it all turned Coleridge at last, almost despairing of getting any relief or satisfaction in philosophy. But it was only characteristic of the day in which he lived and the thought with which he was surrounded. In a note written in 1798 he says, "My philosophical opinions and refinements and all my metaphysical theories lay by me in the hour of anguish as toys by the bedside of a child deadly sick." To him the sensuous philosophy of the day was incompatible with the sense of moral weakness and the consciousness of sin that so thoroughly possessed him. The feeling of great need and the experience that the redemption which is in Christ met that need were entirely irreconcilable with such philosophy, and he could not abide under even the shadow of its influence. These experiences were real to him and became the vital center of his entire system of Christian interpretation.

As much as Coleridge reasoned on the various phases of religion, he never departed from the point that faith, the faith that gives life, was not to be obtained through argument. "'Evidences of Christianity!' I am weary of the word," he says. "Make a man feel the need of it, rouse him if you can to the self-knowledge of the need of it, and you may trust to his own evidences." Coleridge's philosophy carved the way for him through the wilderness of doubt and unbelief, while his religion became to him his life and not his knowledge. He attained this viewpoint only after severe mental and spiritual struggles. In beautiful figures he expresses the struggle and triumph: "Doubts rushed in, broke upon me from the fountains of the great deep, and fell from the windows of heaven. The fontal truths of natural religion alike contributed to the flood, and it was long before the ark of my faith rested upon Ararat."

While in Germany he came under the influence of Kant. Here he felt the power of an original genius the most important since the days of the Reformation. There was a novelty and subtlety

about his thoughts, together with a strength in his distinctions, that took hold of him with a giant's chain. Coleridge owes to Kant his fundamental distinctions between the understanding and the reason, between nature and spirit, the validity of the ideas of God, immortality and freedom, the supremacy of the moral over the speculative, that became in large measure the basis of his entire religious teaching and the key to his effort to spiritualize religion and philosophy. While tracing these influences that made Coleridge the religious teacher we must not lose sight of the fact that the mysticism of Tauler, Law, Böhler, and Fox also affected him, preventing his mind from being imprisoned within the outline of a single dogmatic system. Of them he says: "They continued to keep alive the heart in the head; gave to me a distinct, yet stirring and working, presentiment that all the products of the mere reflective faculties partook of death and were as the rattling twigs and sprays in winter, into which a sap was to flow propelled from some root to which I had not yet penetrated. If they were too often a moving cloud of smoke by day, yet they were a pillar of fire throughout the night of my wanderings in the wilderness of doubt, and enabled me to skirt, without crossing, the sandy deserts of unbelief."

Coleridge never systematized his thoughts. When Green, his disciple, undertook to do it he succeeded only in presenting the idealistic side of his teachings. In trying to make metaphysics the ground of demonstration of the truths of Christianity he took the very position that Coleridge had considered impracticable. To Coleridge the experience of conscience was the germ of belief. The intellectual adaptation whereby a large share of ideas received through the senses were adjusted to the constitution of the mind he called the Understanding. It was the "faculty judging by sense." The supersensuous perception, or rather the faculty of the mind by which it is made, he denominated the Reason: "The power of universal and necessary conviction, the source and substance of truth above sense having evidence in themselves." Reason lies beyond the field of the understanding, takes cognizance of a class of truths and originates a set of ideas. Back of both the reason and the understanding is the Ego Ipse, only indirectly

known. Both are attributes of that personality and both essential to man's intrinsic being. The set of ideas originated by the reason have no relation to the senses; it perceives the purely spiritual objects by its direct activities. Understanding can only operate by the help of the senses. Reason is preeminently spiritual. Man, because of that fact, can have communion with the Divine Spirit, and consequently redemption is possible. He becomes a regenerate being when the will of the individual is the will of reason or is subjected to it. Reason may reach its horizon, and then religion is beyond the vision of reason. Then it is that faith has its continuation," even as the day softens away into the sweet twilight, and twilight, hushed and breathless, steals into darkness. Coleridge has thus breathed a new spirit into the principles of all his own masters, and transformed their thoughts from a mere creed into a living thought. Christianity is henceforth to be a development rather than a superadded life.

The spiritual experiences of Coleridge were not mere dreams or imaginations, they were facts which he believed both philosophy and religion should recognize. To his own experiences he applied Christianity and found it satisfactory, as was never the case when he made philosophy the means of righting the disorders of his spiritual life. He recognized reason and revelation as concurrent streams from the same source. He found the vindication of the Christian religion in "restoring the broken harmony between religion and reason" by enlarging the conception of both—especially the latter. He taught that man was essentially a religious being, having a definite religious constitution apart from which the very idea of religion is an impossibility. The philosopher must recognize that fact, and the Christian philosopher will reconcile reason and revelation. Having acknowledged the relation between reason and revelation, his religious philosophy is built upon the will. That man has a will is proof that he is spiritual. Sin and the will are closely allied; the former is possible because the latter is a fact. The will of man is the self-determination in him which stands over against the natural. Through the will as an instrument he can easily get himself out of harmony with God. The will is the volitional power of a rational soul, and acts by its own energy and

independently of all beyond itself. While the reason recognizes moral relations, the will alone has power to act in view of moral relations. Sin is the result, then, of the determination of the will when contrary to truth and in violation of the obligations enjoined by conscience. The will may rise above all extraneous motives, and is required to do so at the suggestion of conscience; yet it is plain that external motives do often decide its actions.

At one time Coleridge was accused of being a Pantheist. Some of his verses warrant such a charge, and there is no question that he believed in the identity of object and subject, but after his own experiences had led him through a long and definite journey of reasoning, while at Highgate, there ceases to be any ground for such a statement. It was but a temporary stage in his religious experience, and had no more place in its consummation than a scaffolding has in a building. His mature and scientific views are a profound and powerful refutation of these teachings, against which his moral and spiritual consciousness was one long and solemn protest. Pantheism in the time of Coleridge was one of theories "the most stupendous for its logical consistency" and the "most fascinating for the imagination" that had ever been created. Yet through those speculations the mind of Coleridge made its way and grounded itself on thoroughly theistic grounds. In later years many who were passing through similar struggles resorted to him and found the help they needed, himself invulnerable to all its attacks. Professor Shedd says, "There is reason to believe that many minds were strengthened and armed by him, and that the philosophy and theology of England at this time was very different from what it would be had not the thinking of Coleridge been acting as a leaven in it."

His teachings henceforth are in entire accord with the evangelical spirit of Christianity. Hear him: "A man may pray night and day and yet deceive himself, but no man can be assured of his sincerity who does not pray." "Prayer is faith passing into act." In an interview with De Quincey he says, "Prayer with the whole soul is the highest energy of which the human heart is capable." To his nephew just before his death: "I have no difficulty in forgiveness. . . . Neither do I find or reckon the most solemn faith

in God, as a real object, the most arduous act of reason and will. O no! It is to pray as God would have us; to pray with all the heart and strength, with the reason and the will, to believe vividly that God will listen to your voice through Christ and verily do the things he pleaseth thereupon—this is the last, the greatest achievement of Christian warfare on earth." How clear his expression of the divinity of Jesus: "There is no use in trying to make merit for ourselves either by self-brooding or by self-condemnation. We are to look to Christ, and him crucified. Linger not in the justice court listening to thy indictment. Loiter not in waiting for thy sentence! Appeal to Cæsar! Haste to the King for a pardon! Struggle thither in fetters and cry aloud, and collect the whole remaining strength of thy will in the outcry, 'I believe; Lord, help my unbelief!' By what other means is it possible for us to stand in the presence of the Holy One? With what mind would you come into his presence if not in the mind of Him in whom God alone loveth the world?" Is it strange, then, to think of him as believing in the immortality of the soul?

Coleridge surveyed every field before him with a mind bold in speculation—bordering on temerity—but with a candor that does credit to the heart and with a power of deliberation that bespeaks the force of the intellect. He "touched being at almost every point, and wherever he touched it he opened up some new shaft of truth." He could not address to-day the same class of hearers, "but all the more his voice will sound in harmony with that of the invisible choir who have striven to lift the gaze of men above the limits of the earth and to enlarge their hopes to an infinite future." The curtain may drop on this soul drama, and with the words of his own Epitaph:

> Stop, Christian passer-by! Stop, child of God!
> And read with aching heart. Beneath this sod
> A poet lies—or that which once seemed he.
> O lift one thought in prayer for S. T. C.,
> That he who many a year with toil of breath
> Found death in life may here find life in death!
> Mercy for praise, to be forgiven for fame
> He asked, and hoped, through Christ. Do thou the same.

Geo. M. Hughes

Art. IX.—WALPOLE AND CHESTERFIELD.

In the early day of his literary struggles Oliver Goldsmith wrote for the *Public Ledger* a series of letters to which he gave the general title of "The Citizen of the World." They purported to be the work of a shrewd, humorous Chinese traveler who came to London to study phases of English civilization. He goes about the great city accompanied by a character known as The Man in Black. Their conversations are most entertaining. The Chinese traveler discovers that London contains not only professional authors, but certain noblemen who now and then condescend to write a book. And he is amazed to find that the nobleman's books sell better than those of the man of letters. He writes to his friend in China: "A nobleman has but to take a pen, ink, and paper, write away through three large volumes, and then sign his name to the title-page." The book may be a wretched performance, but what matter so long as a nobleman's name is attached to it? The appellation of "lord" is equivalent to genius. And thus it comes about that in England, as soon as a book is published, people begin to ask if the author keeps a coach, has an estate, and dines on turtle. If they are satisfied on these points they at once buy and praise his books. On the other hand, if he is only a poor devil of an author, it makes no odds how much he knows or how well his book is written. Through the phrases of his pretended Chinese traveler Goldsmith voiced the feeling that many a struggling man of genius must have had when he saw how easily social distinction cleared the path to literary renown. He spoke not for himself alone but for many about him who were in the same plight. This was one of the petty annoyances of English literary life in the eighteenth century. The aristocrats would persist in entering the arena with professed men of letters and, what was worse, they would carry off many of the prizes. To-day it is impossible for a man to make any name in letters by virtue of his equipage or his titles. A man of rank may have a literary gift as well as a commoner. Many of the aristocrats could write well, and not a few could write superbly. Walpole and Chesterfield were among these.

I have called these men "the aristocrats," for that is exactly what they were. They thought themselves better than the rank and file of humanity. In a technical sense they were better. Society in the days of Walpole and Chesterfield was divided into strata, just as it is now, but at that time the lines of demarcation were more sharply drawn than they are to-day. Some men looked down and others looked up. Neither class thought there was anything odd about this arrangement. The upper classes more or less pitied the lower, the lower more or less envied the upper. There were sturdy members of the lower stratum who preserved a fierce personal independence while they perfectly acquiesced in the established order of the world. They sometimes came into collision with their social betters, but this did not mean that they had democratic ideas. They had no wish to drag noblemen down to their commonplace sphere, they merely wished to teach noblemen the wisdom of keeping in their own sphere and the virtue of minding their own business. Many of these assaults came from the world of letters. Writers and students have in all ages constituted a republic of their own, a little independent state inside the great monarchy, the members of which, forever quarreling, quickly unite against a common enemy. The aristocrats, albeit they made books themselves, despised professional authors. The feeling that it is degrading to write books for a living is very ancient. "I am not an author," Congreve testily remarked to Voltaire; "I am not an author, I am a gentleman." This was Horace Walpole's idea; he was not an author, he was a gentleman. For men of letters he had only a sneer. He wrote a novel, but he was a gentleman in spite of it. He compiled his *Anecdotes of Painters in England,* his *Catalogue of Noble and Royal Authors,* his *Historic Doubts on the Life and Reign of Richard III,* but these books were all done—as a gentleman should do such work—for pleasure, and not for the sake of competing with the vulgar mob that writes for a living. Walpole had a good-natured contempt for accurate scholarship; accuracy was inconsistent with the character of a gentleman. There are many things one would better not know; leave horrid details to the poor drudges in Grub Street! With this conception of authorship it is not surprising that Walpole

should put a low estimate on men who to-day stand in the first ranks for literary skill or profound scholarship. Imagine Walpole patronizing Gibbon; the author of the *Historic Doubts on Richard III* patronizing the author of the *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire!* It was a fearful mistake to make, but possibly Walpole was all unconscious of it. A still greater mistake was his attitude toward Fielding. It is grotesque to think that the man whose idea of fiction was *The Castle of Otranto* should have given two fingers instead of his whole hand to the author of *Tom Jones.* Walpole went through life making blunders of this sort, trying to apply the social measuring rod to men of genius. Hence his attitude toward Johnson, Richardson, Hume, and Goldsmith. No one of them was a gentleman by Horace Walpole's standard.

Now what kind of a life did an aristocrat like Horace Walpole lead? Let us get at some of the conditions of existence as he understood them.

In the first place, he was entirely exempt from the conditions laid upon Adam at the time Adam was expelled from the garden of Eden. Horace Walpole never knew what it was to earn his bread in the sweat of his brow. He was cut off from the most exacting penalty of human existence—the necessity of maintaining that life which has come to each of us unsought. He looked about him and saw men struggling for daily bread. The spectacle diverted him as would the spectacle of street arabs scrambling for pennies. He not only took no part in it, he could not even conceive of such a thing, any more than he could conceive of jumping out of his chariot to scramble after pennies in the dust with the street arabs. A man in this situation cannot help feeling superior. All the facts of life testify to his superiority. He is not as other men, and he knows it. Contrast Walpole with Richard Savage. Without a groat in his pocket, hardly a shirt to his back, too proud to ask his friends for help, Savage wanders through the London streets and when darkness comes on curls up in a doorway and falls asleep. Presently Floyd, another indigent author, passes along, recognizes Savage, and wakes him up. Savage springs to his feet and exclaims, "My dear Floyd, I'm shocked to

find you in this destitute condition! Will you go home with me to my lodgings?" These men had wit, but their wit and their desperate courage were not always sufficient; not a few Grub Street authors took refuge in suicide. The story of Goldsmith's struggles, Johnson's hardships, Christopher Smart's impecuniosities, is very picturesque, but the life these men led was cruelly exacting. 'Your literary Bohemian of to-day is a prince in comparison with the literary Bohemians of the eighteenth century. Freedom from the necessity of work encourages a man to throw off other responsibilities. Walpole was essentially the critic and the mocker. He took no share in the conduct of affairs. While other men bore the heat and burden of the day he sat under a sunshade and looked on. For a wonder, nobody threw stones at him; England is accustomed to its leisure class, believes in it and wouldn't know what to do without it. Walpole took his seat in Parliament in 1741 at the age of twenty-four years. He made two or three speeches, but for the most part he was content to be a listener. There is nothing to show that he ever espoused an unpopular cause or sacrificed an hour of ease for the good of the people at large. He was not vulgarly selfish, scheming, a plotter. In a corrupt state of society he was remarkably free from the grosser traits. We shall find some amusement in studying the life of this polite idler who in his nonchalant way was the busiest man alive. A man of intelligence and taste who has nothing to do will devise something to suit his whim or his genius. If he have a coarse vein he will indulge in coarse pleasures and people will call him a brute; if he be a man of delicate fancy he will go in for delicate delights and people will call him effeminate. Walpole became a virtuoso. He built himself a gingerbread Gothic mansion on the banks of the Thames at Twickenham. He set up a press for his private satisfaction and made limited editions of curious books to give away to his friends. And he became an indefatigable collector of paintings, statuary, engravings, relics, and oddities of all sorts. He set the fashion for this sort of thing in his day. It is owing to Walpole's influence, no doubt, that thousands of priceless treasures have been preserved which might otherwise have found their way to the junkshop. His own collection became so

renowned that he began to feel like the keeper of a museum. People applied in throngs; it became necessary to regulate by stringent rule the number who should be admitted each week. Walpole was pleased to have his collection so honored, but he laughingly admitted the inconvenience of the reputation he had acquired. "His whole time," says one of his biographers, "was passed in giving tickets to his gallery and hiding himself when it was on view." He used to declare that he kept an inn—the Sign of the Gothic Castle. In one of his letters to Montagu he says, serio-comically, "Take my advice: never build a charming house for yourself between London and Hampton Court. Everybody will live in it but you."

Walpole's mansion, while it was neither one of the greatest nor one of the noblest of England's stately homes, may well be accounted one of the most famous and interesting. It has become historic under the name of "Strawberry Hill," a name which Walpole found in one of the old title deeds. This cottage or villa, which began as a toy, became in the course of twenty-five years a castle, a palace; for nearly a quarter of a century elapsed between the time when Walpole made the original purchase and the moment when he was putting the last touches to what he called the Round Tower and the apartment known as the State Bedchamber. In Walpole's day building was a stately and dignified process. The great mass rose slowly from the ground. A deal of thought went into the laying of every stone. When finished the house partook of the builder's nature; it was an embodiment of his genius. On this principle it is easy to explain the fantastic and bizarre character of Strawberry Hill. The house was like its owner. Goldwin Smith says that Thomas Jefferson invented that type of residence which displayed the front of a Grecian temple with culinary appurtenances in the rear. Horace Walpole invented that type of residence which looked like a Gothic castle of the Middle Ages but was intended to be a comfortable home for a gouty and finical English bachelor of modern times. One plainly sees that the Gothic idea must undergo considerable modification to make it fit the requirements. Strawberry Hill was not a complete success. The parts conceived in the true Gothic spirit

were too gloomy and constrained. The other parts were open to the criticism of "paltriness." Its owner loved it in spite of its defects. He was not blind to the incongruities in which the place abounded. Though not wholly successful in his architecture Walpole could take a firm stand when it came to his collections. He was a skillful virtuoso. He knew what to seek and where to seek for it. Curios were cheap in that golden time. Things were then to be had for a song which are not likely ever again to come upon the market. To enumerate even the chief items in the cabinets of Strawberry Hill is impossible. They cannot be passed by in silence; Horace Walpole and his collections were one and inseparable. The treasures of art and the relics were the most nearly perfect expression of the man's self. "Love me, love my dog," is a superficial proverb. "Love me and admire my pictures and bric-a-brac" goes a good deal deeper. There was much in Walpole's museum to admire and more to wonder at. We may guess at the profusion of prints, miniatures, intaglios, rings, coins, and vases with which his rooms and cabinets abounded. Many of these things were within the reach of other wealthy men. They gave the place distinction, but the distinction was not supreme. Walpole had a touch of the Barnum about him. He must have curiosities to make the people stare. In his library was a clock given by Henry VIII to Anne Boleyn. A cabinet in the same room contained rare coins, including the silver medal which Pope Gregory XIII had struck off to commemorate the Massacre of St. Bartholomew. In the room known as the Holbein Chamber were two relics of sufficient importance to make the reputation of any less splendid collection: one was "a tortoise-shell comb, set with silver hearts and roses," which had belonged to Mary Queen of Scots; the other was "the red hat of Cardinal Wolsey." The carpet in this Holbein Chamber was worked by Kitty Clive, the famous actress, who was Walpole's admirer. In the Gallery were really notable pieces of ancient sculpture. In the square room, called the Tribune, were Cellini's silver bell, a missal decorated with miniatures by Raphael, a dagger which had belonged to Henry VIII, and a mourning ring given at the funeral of Charles I. Not far away hung the warrant for beheading the

Martyr King. The paintings were everywhere in profusion. Here was the original portrait of Catherine of Braganza, sent from Portugal prior to her marriage with Charles II. The interest of such a picture was as much historical as artistic. If one wanted the purely artistic he might turn to the head of Niobe by Guido Reni, which used to hang in the master's bedroom. Or by way of total contrast with these one might look at Hogarth's original sketch of the *Beggar's Opera,* acquired by Walpole directly from the collection of Rich, the fortunate manager who had produced that lively and original piece. The place contained enough fully to justify its great contemporary reputation. It is not to be supposed that the owner's taste was impeccable or that there were not times when he failed completely. Walpole, like other men, had friends who gave him things, and his judgment was biased by his affection. Having still plenty of leisure, Horace Walpole set up a printing press, hired a printer, and began to make fine editions of books. This was an innovation and created much talk. It became the fashion to go and see a poem printed under the direction of this elegant disciple of Gutenberg and Fust. The productions of the Strawberry Hill Press have grown famous and are eagerly sought for by those who collect rare books.

With every reasonable wish granted, and some quite unreasonable, the production of literature becomes a very simple matter. Horace Walpole was as industrious and productive as many a man who slaves with the pen for daily bread. Putting to one side his historical essays and memoirs, his plays and his verses, let us remind ourselves that this man was the author of a curious romance called *The Castle of Otranto.* As a story it pushes the heroic and mysterious to the last point of absurdity. It might almost be intended for a satire, so ridiculously improbable is it. And yet that foolish piece has the flavor of real literature in it, and keeps right along being printed and read in spite of all the efforts of critics to laugh it down. *The Castle of Otranto* is the literary parent of all blood-and-thunder romances, like *The Mysteries of Udolpho* and a hundred others. All the terrors of the imagination which present themselves with an accompaniment of mediævalism may be traced back to the master of the Strawberry

Hill Mansion. The greatest of Walpole's services to literature was rendered in his incomparable letters. We can afford to be very grateful to this man, we who live in an age so hostile to the epistolary art. There were many good letter writers in Horace Walpole's day, but none so skillful as he. To be sure, his opportunities were great. He lived in the center of the fashionable and not far from the heart of the political world. He knew everybody worth knowing in London and the surrounding country. He was at home in Paris, where he had friends in the high circles of wit and fashion. He was an incomparable story-teller, and he knew how to give his stories that not too perceptible dash of malice which we all enjoy when the story is not told about us. Above all, Walpole was willing to take pains with his letters, and that is one point in which the eighteenth century gentleman completely outclasses the gentleman of our day. We have begun to give some time to the function of dining; it is to be hoped that we shall presently begin to write letters worthy of the name. Probably Walpole did not suspect how high an estimate later generations were to place upon his incomparable gift, but he must have known that his epistles were worth reading the third and fourth time. He had a superb model, though one would not imply that he consciously imitated his model. Walpole entertained almost passionate devotion for the memory of Madame de Sévigné. Among his treasures was "the individual ebony cabinet in which Madame de Sévigné kept her pens and paper for writing her matchless letters." Walpole calls it a "sacred relic" and exults in his acquisition. He says he would like "to inclose and conceal it in a shrine of gold and jewels." He not only wrote well, he also wrote voluminously. From his youth up to the time when his fingers, stiffened and cramped with gout, could hardly move across the page he was adding line upon line to one of the most valuable literary and social records of the eighteenth century. Just forty-four years ago an attempt was made to collect these scattered leaves, and the result was nine printed octavo volumes. Many leaves have been discovered since. At the present moment there are not less than three thousand of Horace Walpole's letters in print. The amateur of literature may not feel that he has time to

read them all; but he may rest assured that every one of the three thousand is worth reading. If he wants a complete picture of the times, political, artistic, social; if he wants hours of the most unalloyed amusement, many a hearty laugh, and, above all, that happy inward mirth to which delicate satire and pungent characterization give rise, he will not fail to read the letters of Horace Walpole.

Now we come to the second of the aristocrats, a man whose literary fame, like Walpole's, rests chiefly upon his letters. But these letters are not addressed to charming ladies in the highest realm of polite society, or to poets, artists, virtuosos, and men of fashion. They are the letters of a worldly but affectionate father who, having attained high position in social and diplomatic circles, is anxious that his son shall profit by what he has himself experienced. These letters of Lord Chesterfield are very practical and touch upon a variety of topics, from care of the teeth to diplomatic history. They were not intended for publication. The writer would have been astonished had he been told what was to be their fate. There are certain able men whom it is customary to abuse. No one knows why, except that it is customary. As the staid old Englishman said to the inquisitive young American, "God bless you, sir, it's always been so." The fact that a thing *is* seems to make it unnecessary to explain *why* it is. Everyone speaks ill of certain literary and historical characters, and we idly repeat the damaging gossip. Among the eminent men whom it is customary to abuse is my Lord Chesterfield. His name, to be sure, has passed into current speech, into proverb. We say of a very polished man that he is a "Chesterfield." We often use the adjective Chesterfieldian. When the women of New York city, a few months ago, sent a petition to a high official of the street-car system begging that something be done to reform the manners of the street-car conductors, the high official replied that he could not undertake to equip the system with Chesterfields—which was very true. Probably the women of New York only asked that the street cars should not be equipped with banditti. I do not imagine that the superintendent of the Metropolitan traction company spends much time in reading Chesterfield's *Letters to his*

Son, but when it comes to using the right adjective at the right time and in the right way he can do it like a professional critic of books. Here, then, is an anomaly. A man whose name is a synonym for what is polished, elegant, urbane, is perpetually held up for malediction. How do we account for it? If to be polite is to be wicked, my Lord Chesterfield was the most eminent sinner of his day. Is it wrong to be polite? Is politeness generally more or less of a sham? We all hate brutal people, but, on the other hand, we cannot help being suspicious of the man who is too suave, too highly mannered, too ready to please, too ostentatious with his bows and his smiles. We feel by instinct that there is virtue in plain speech. We think that the highest type of sincerity is sincerity unadorned. We are of like mind with Alceste in the play of "The Misanthrope." Alceste belonged to the highest society of his time, he hated the insincere manners of his own class, the bowings and scrapings, the meaningless protestations, the frivolous salutes, the phrases compounded of verbal nothings, all that ammunition of compliment which overpolite people discharge at one another's heads. "By the laws of the social world," says Alceste, "real merit goes undistinguished. We accord the same empty honor to the gentleman and the fool." Here is a part of the explanation why the world is so unanimously hostile to Lord Chesterfield. The world feels that this nobleman was too polite to be honest. There is yet another reason. Many good people honestly think that excessive politeness is a cloak which covers mental weakness. Strength of intellect and fine manners are popularly supposed to be incompatible. In the country village where part of my boyhood was passed a man who wore kid gloves was laughed at. I have seen in print within the past year an article the author of which sneers at Lowell because he was photographed with a pair of kid gloves on. That shows how deep-rooted the prejudice is against fine clothes or fine manners.

Lord Chesterfield's excessive attention to the little things of life is supposed to cover a want of mental force. He has been called a Turveydrop, a fribble. His passion for "the graces" was thought to be more becoming to a teacher of etiquette than to a statesman. The criticism is almost wholly erroneous. Lord Ches-

terfield held sound views "as to the distribution of functions between knives and forks" and he also held very sound views about matters of the highest import. Almost every page of his writing is saturated with strong common sense. Had he been Franklin composing his "Poor Richard" maxims he could not have uttered more wholesome advice. Let a person entirely prejudiced against Lord Chesterfield pick up the first volume of his famous *Letters* and begin to read. He will have a most singular experience. Before he has gone through twenty pages he will have come upon a half hundred judgments of which he absolutely approves. He will be astonished at the clarity, precision, and humor of the expressions. He will be flattered to find not only that he agrees with Lord Chesterfield but that Lord Chesterfield perfectly agrees with him. Prejudice begins to dissolve like morning mist. What greater proof do we need of a man's ability than that he agrees with us? "He is an intelligent being," we exclaim; "he thinks exactly as we do!" And Lord Chesterfield has this habit of thinking our inmost thoughts for us and expressing them in simple but faultless English. It is impossible not to be charmed with him. I will give the most prejudiced person one volume of Chesterfield's *Letters* to read, and then ask him whether three quarters of his antagonism has not been removed. But, as we all know, popular judgment is too often a mere rehash of other men's opinions. We are apt to think whatever the manual of English literature tells us to think. Lord Chesterfield has suffered most from his collision with Dr. Johnson. Had the unfortunate episode of the dictionary not taken place we should hear less about this polished nobleman's bad qualities. It is human to side with the downtrodden man of genius against the rich and supercilious patron. It is human to give all the virtues to the one man and all the vices to the other. But Johnson had his weaknesses, and Chesterfield was not without virtue. It is an odd fact that the best defense of Chesterfield should have come from the most learned and sympathetic Johnsonian scholar of our time, Dr. Birkbeck Hill.

The public balks at two things in making its estimate of Chesterfield. The first is the code of morality set forth in the letters. Perhaps there were people who approved in the eight-

eenth century, but certainly not in the twentieth. We are grown more decent; the fabric of society is healthier. Dr. Johnson himself summed up the verdict of posterity in words which our prudish age does not willingly suffer. The public also balks at the fact that the letters were addressed to an illegitimate son. Here, however, we cannot appeal to Dr. Johnson to sympathize with us in our disgust. The sturdy moralist numbered among his intimate friends a young gentleman of fashion by the name of Topham Beauclerk. Beauclerk was a wit and a dandy. The alliance between him and Johnson is one of the oddest to be met with in literary history. The old philosopher loved this youth as he loved few men. He who had no manners for three quarters of the time, and almost none the remaining one quarter, reveled in the unspeakably high-bred bearing of his young friend from the West End of London. That drop of royal blood in Beauclerk's veins, sinister though it was, meant everything to Dr. Johnson. The good man loved a king, and of kings in general he dearly loved a Stuart. We shall not find any antagonism on Johnson's part for the chance fact that young Philip Stanhope was born out of wedlock. Here, I believe, are the chief reasons why Lord Chesterfield has been the recipient of long-continued if not violent abuse: first, his excessive urbanity, which the world regards as a mark of hollowness; second, that same urbanity, which is supposed to conceal a want of mental force; third, the circumstances of young Philip Stanhope's birth, which appear to symbolize the rottenness of high society in the eighteenth century. On this last point the world is in error. The corruption in the peasant class was notorious. It was Chesterfield's misfortune to have his portrait painted by two of his most implacable enemies; I am, of course, speaking of verbal portraits. No man excelled Horace Walpole in the art of using the pen, that delicate and destructive instrument, and Walpole hated Lord Chesterfield as he hated few men. It was a case of "revenge for a father." Sir Robert Walpole, who did not suffer easily, had often writhed under Chesterfield's sarcasms in the days when they were pitted against each other in the political arena. Young Walpole repaid the debt with interest. In reading his references to the courtly earl we must

keep this point in mind. The portrait may be in the main accurate, but the color is overcharged, the lines are exaggerated. The other portrait painter was Lord Hervey, who did not even make a pretense of being delicate. Every stroke was brutal. He says Chesterfield "had a person as disagreeable as it was possible for a human being to be without being deformed, and a broad rough-featured ugly face with black teeth, and a head big enough for a Polyphemus." This is certainly uncompromising. Had his lordship been large of stature, like Mirabeau, for example, his height and his bulk would have carried off some of his defects. To be big and ugly is impressive; to be small and ugly is pitiful. A man who is positively ill-looking must make up for it by cleverness of wit and charm of manner. It is wonderful how much people will forgive in a handsome man or a beautiful woman. With good looks half the battle of life is won. Add to good looks some grace of carriage and address, some brightness of intelligence, and every door flies open. But ugly people should pray Heaven for the largest possible allotment of brains; they will need them. And when they have secured the brains let them cultivate grace of manner. I believe that Chesterfield's perfect command of all the niceties of deportment was in part due to a consciousness that neither face nor figure had anything to recommend them. May not some praise be given to a man who, without a line in countenance or form that was grateful to the eye, made his name the symbol of the graces? There are yet other reasons why Lord Chesterfield laid such stress upon deportment. He lived in an age when the democratic spirit had not reduced us so nearly to a dead level. The distinctions of class had not been lost. The democratic spirit was honeycombing society, but the fabric, the structure, was to all appearance good for a thousand years to come. It was a formal and a picturesque age. Men rustled in silk and were bedecked with ribbons and lace. The costume of women was fully as mysterious as it is to-day and twenty times more ornate. Great stress was laid upon the little things. The bows were profound, the compliments were excessive, the sense of propriety was very delicate and very French. The age was fitted to breed Chesterfields, though as yet but one had appeared

whose name was to become proverbial. Every few years such a man makes his entry. It was Chesterfield then; it was Beau Brummell in George IV's time; it was Count d'Orsay in the early Victorian period. Every age must have its pattern of the social graces.

Besides being the *arbiter elegantiarum* of his time Lord Chesterfield was for years in the diplomatic service. He held important posts. He attended to affairs requiring the utmost finesse. European politics was a game of chess in the eighteenth century; and anyone who has played chess knows that it is one of the most complicated and delicate of all operations which masquerade under the name of amusement. A single false move spoils everything. Lord Chesterfield played the political chess game with wonderful adroitness. We have an illustration of his tact in the history of his Irish career. He interrupted his diplomatic work for a little time to serve as lord-lieutenant of Ireland. He was there just eight months; he handled the affairs with consummate skill—and he made the Irish love him. That is the miraculous point. An Englishman who can win the love of the Irish would be worth taking a journey to see. The time of Chesterfield's lord-lieutenancy coincided with the attempt of the Young Pretender in 1745—the period so brilliantly described by Scott in *Waverley*. All Great Britain was in an uproar. The Irish had their opportunity. But, thanks to the wise and adroit administration of Lord Chesterfield, in that part of the kingdom where most trouble was anticipated the least was realized. This man was no mere dandy. He was adroit, supple, diplomatic, but he was a man of character. The vices cannot wholly neutralize the virtues. Above all, we must not forget that he was a man of plain speech. He could be affable and complimentary when it suited his purpose, but also he could use the most withering sarcasm, the most scathing innuendo. Nay, more, he could be as blunt as Dr. Johnson; for it was Chesterfield who described the House of Lords as a Hospital for Incurables. Being a diplomat by practice and self-training Chesterfield wished to fit his son for a diplomatic career. The letters have that object in view. They are also a complete manual of politeness. The book of etiquette

does not exist which does not owe something to Chesterfield. Much of the advice is elementary, as is natural. Young Philip Stanhope was but five years of age when his father began to pen those worldly-wise epistles. A boy requires much homely advice between the ages of five and eighteen. Let me illustrate: some people think that if your heart is all right it doesn't make any difference how you carve a duck. But is not that youth better equipped whose heart is all right and who can carve a duck too? Chesterfield thought so. I open the *Letters* at random and come upon this paragraph—Chesterfield is speaking of little things, and among others of carving: "Do you use yourself to carve adroitly and genteelly, without hacking half an hour across a bone, without bespattering the company with the sauce, and without overturning the glasses into your neighbors' pockets. . . . How trifling soever these things may seem, or really be in themselves, they are no longer so when above half the world thinks them otherwise." No advice could be plainer or more plainly expressed. This is the rough-and-tumble part of a boy's education. It is on the same plane with that maxim which says: "On entering a drawing-room take particular pains not to fall over the rug." Young Stanhope was all his life more or less in need of such advice. He was an awkward youth. It took a deal of hard polishing to fit him for that gay world where he never really shone. Hundreds of pages are given to this stock advice in which all books of etiquette abound. Chesterfield was anxious that the boy should get rid of his "English crust of awkward bashfulness, shyness, and roughness." He explains at great length that "those lesser talents, of an engaging, insinuating manner, an easy good breeding, a genteel behavior and address, are of infinitely more advantage than they are generally thought to be." But I fail to see that he teaches anywhere that these things are of prime importance. To be sure, all men cannot be intelligent, but they can at least be well-bred. Something is gained. The following sentences are worth anyone's consideration. Says Chesterfield: "Virtue and learning, like gold, have their intrinsic value; but if they are not polished they certainly lose a great deal of their luster: and even polished brass will pass upon more people than rough gold." No

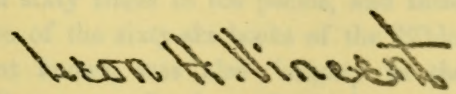
better or more reasonable defense of what are called "the graces" can be given than Chesterfield here gives. This English nobleman greatly admired the French because of the infinite pains they bestow upon the little amenities of life. When reading the innuendoes which English writers constantly throw at the French people, a practice we Americans too often copy, it is well to remember that Lord Chesterfield said: "A Frenchman, who, with a fund of virtue, learning, and good sense, has the manners and good breeding of his country, is the perfection of human nature." He puts "virtue, learning, and good sense" first. What more could Isaac Watts or Samuel Johnson do? But the world remembers that Lord Chesterfield was a rake, a gambler, and a cynic, and therefore will have none of him. The world would distrust the Ten Commandments if it thought Lord Chesterfield had spoken well of them. So deeply rooted is prejudice!

In advice relating to the employment of time and the choice of pleasures neither Smiles's *Self-Help* nor Mason's *Self-Knowledge* is more orthodox than Chesterfield's *Letters*. Says the worldly nobleman to his son: "Do you employ your whole time in the most useful manner? I do not mean, do you study all day long? nor do I require it. But I mean do you make the most of the respective allotments of your time? While you study is it with attention? When you divert yourself is it with spirit? Your diversions may, if you please, employ some part of your time very usefully. It depends entirely upon the nature of them. If they are futile and frivolous it is time worse than lost, for they will give you a habit of futility. . . . The pleasures of a man of parts either flatter the senses or improve the mind. I hope, at least, that there is not one minute of the day in which you do nothing at all. Inaction at your age is unpardonable." Here again we find that core of common sense which is contained in nearly all of Lord Chesterfield's maxims and observations. Take out the cynicism, the low estimate of woman, and the easy morality, which was due to the times in which he lived quite as much as to the man's self, and Lord Chesterfield's letters are a very good mentor for young people.

Do you want sound advice upon books and reading? You

can find it in Chesterfield. Let us remind ourselves in passing that he lived in an age when a knowledge of the Greek and Latin classics was thought becoming to a gentleman. We call those people old fogies because we know more about electricity than they. They were not old fogies, and many of them had a culture we entirely lack. One would not wish material civilization to go back to that time, but he might well wish that the best ideals of that time were also the ideals of ours. And prominent among these ideals he would place a feeling for the literary glories of Greece and Rome. Something of this sort Chesterfield has in mind when he says to his son, "Can you open Demosthenes at a venture? Can you get through an oration of Cicero or a satire of Horace without difficulty?" To be solicitous about these masters is surely to set a high standard in the art of reading. On the other hand, Chesterfield could give advice as homely as that contained in an almanac or a copybook, as when he says, "Read only useful books, and never quit a subject until you are thoroughly master of it."

Whatever his life was, he never made the theoretical mistake of regarding fine manners as paramount. His philosophy is very well summed up in this last quotation: "For my own part I really think that, next to the consciousness of doing a good action, that of doing a civil one is the most pleasing; and the epithet which I shall covet the most, next to that of Aristides, would be that of well-bred."



Art. X.—THE BIBLE IN "EVANGELINE."

The Bible is the oxygen of our Anglo-Saxon atmosphere. Its spirit, thought, and imagery have been incorporated in our best English and American literature. Like gold, it is found in the quartz of our earliest literary formations and in the sands of the seething streams of our book-loving to-day. Our literature began with the translation of the Scriptures. Cædmon's paraphrase and the work of the Venerable Bede, who rendered portions of the Bible into English in the early part of the eighth century, are the golden milestones from which we take our historic bearings. Wyclif, the first great English reformer and translator of the Bible, had for his contemporary Geoffrey Chaucer, the "Father of English Poetry," whose poems are replete with allusions which show his familiarity with the Old Testament and the Apocrypha as well as with the New Testament. Spenser's "Faerie Queene" is as aromatic with the religious spirit as a censer in the hand of an Aaron. Milton's "Paradise Lost," based on the Mosaic account of the fall, still stands as the great epic. And Bunyan's "Pilgrim," with his scroll in his bosom, lives on through the years, an inspiration to each new generation of wayfaring men. This beneficent influence is no less in the writings of Tennyson, Browning, and Ruskin. Tennyson quoted or alluded to Scripture four hundred and sixty times in his poems, and these references are from fifty-two of the sixty-six books of the Bible. Browning, as every student knows, was also "mighty in the Scriptures," while texts fell as naturally from Ruskin's pen as raindrops from an April cloud. These facts are so patent that Professor Huxley has acknowledged that "It is an unquestionable fact that for the last three centuries this Book has been woven into all that is best in English literature and history."

When we examine American literature we observe that all our great poets have been dominated by a reverent religious spirit, and none more so than Longfellow. "The poetry of Longfellow furnishes a most signal proof of the benefits conferred by poets upon mankind. It is a gospel of good will set to music. It has

carried sweetness and light to thousands of homes. It is blended with our holiest affections and immortal hopes." He has been the favorite interpreter of life and the teacher of the common people in English-speaking lands for the last half century, and is read more to-day than any other poet except David. An Oxford professor is quoted as declaring that Longfellow had a hundred readers in England where Browning had one. He, "as the priest with his hyssop sprinkles the congregation," has scattered biblical thoughts, familiar to the common mind, through some of his finest verses. Christian ideals drew him with stronger cords than worldly philosophies and heathen mythologies. He heard the "Footsteps of Angels" as well as the whisperings of the Muses. He finds a theme in "The Sifting of Peter" as well as in "The Masque of Pandora." The fountain opened for sin and uncleanness sparkled brighter before his eyes than the fabled rills of Helicon. He did not sing, as so many poets have done, too far above our heads; but, like the robin, he built his nest in the orchards near our doors. Elizabeth Barrett Browning's desire was realized in him; for, said she, "We want the touch of Christ's hand upon our literature as it touched other dead things; we want the sense of the saturation of Christ's blood upon the souls of our poets, that it may cry through them in answer to the ceaseless wail of the sphinx of our humanity expounding agony into renovation." "Evangeline" beautifully illustrates Longfellow's power in the use of the Bible. While in this exquisite poem we find some classic references, such as, "like Druids of eld," "Titan-like," "the revel of frenzied Bacchantes," "the Fates," "like a god of Olympus," and "the Dryads whose haunts they molested," and a few similes founded on historical incidents, like a reference to Xerxes in "the plane-tree the Persian adored;" yet his most striking pictures and rhetorical figures originated in nature and the Scriptures. In the view of Benedict Bellefontaine's barns and farmyards we find that

> there, in his feathered seraglio,
> Strutted the lordly turkey, and crowed the cock, with the selfsame
> Voice that in ages of old had startled the penitent Peter.

Fall has come to those Acadian shores. The harvests have

been gathered. All signs foretell the winter, for "with the wild winds of September wrestled the trees of the forests, as Jacob of old with the angel." What is more delightfully descriptive than the portrait of Evangeline framed in her chamber window? She is thinking of Gabriel, who, at the ringing of the curfew, had just bidden his sweetheart many a fond good night. Thoughts of sadness steal upon her as the clouds drift over the moon and leave their shadows on the floor.

> And, as she gazed from the window, she saw serenely the moon pass
> Forth from the folds of a cloud, and one star follow her footsteps,
> As out of Abraham's tent young Ishmael wandered with Hagar!

When the men of Grand-Prè have gathered in the village church, and the announcement is made by the English officer that they are to be torn, like worthless briers, from their soil and thrown in some out-of-the-way place, Basil the blacksmith, the father of Gabriel, cries out in his red-hot anger, "Down with the tyrants of England!" In the midst of the tumult Father Felician enters through the door in the chancel. He raises his hand and hushes the throng. His words are worthy of an apostle:

> "What is this that ye do, my children? what madness has seized you?
> Forty years of my life have I labored among you, and taught you,
> Not in word alone, but in deed, to love one another!
> Is this the fruit of my toils, of my vigils and prayers and privations?
> Have you so soon forgotten all lessons of love and forgiveness?
> This is the house of the Prince of Peace, and would you profane it
> Thus with violent deeds and hearts overflowing with hatred?
> Lo! where the crucified Christ from his cross is gazing upon you!
> See! in those sorrowful eyes what meekness and holy compassion!
> Hark! how those lips still repeat the prayer, 'O Father, forgive them!'
> Let us repeat that prayer in the hour when the wicked assail us,
> Let us repeat it now, and say, 'O Father, forgive them!'"

At the evening service that night, as they sang the "Ave Maria," they "fell on their knees, and their souls, with devotion translated, rose on the ardor of prayer, like Elijah ascending to heaven."

Father Felician is sketched in that last drear night on the Acadian coast in his ministrations among his wronged people as "consoling and blessing and cheering, like unto shipwrecked Paul on Melita's desolate seashore."

In a glimpse along a Southern bayou there is this delicate fancy concerning a cedar:

Swinging from its great arms, the trumpet-flower and the grapevine
Hung their ladder of ropes aloft like the ladder of Jacob,
On whose pendulous stairs the angels ascending, descending,
Were the swift humming birds, that flitted from blossom to blossom.

As Evangeline, from the edge of a Louisiana prairie one night, in her melancholy search after Gabriel, looks up into the sky the poet thus sadly moralizes:

Over her head the stars, the thoughts of God in the heavens,
Shone on the eyes of man, who had ceased to marvel and worship,
Save when a blazing comet was seen on the walls of that temple,
As if a hand had appeared and written upon them, "Upharsin."

The anointing of the Master's feet at the Pharisee's house is made the basis of a morning scene:

Bright rose the sun next day; and all the flowers of the garden
Bathed his shining feet with their tears, and anointed his tresses
With the delicious balm that they bore in their vases of crystal.

Touching indeed is the picture where Evangeline, for long years now a Sister of Mercy, finds the aged and dying Gabriel at last in a Philadelphia hospital:

Hot and red on his lips still burned the flush of the fever,
As if life, like the Hebrew, with blood had besprinkled its portals,
That the Angel of Death might see the sign, and pass over.

Besides these beautiful passages cited, we find references to the "Eden of Louisiana," "the prodigal son," "the foolish virgin, who slept when the bridegroom was coming," "Mary and Jesus," and "the sacred feet of her Saviour," and the words of Christ, "The poor always ye have with you." The Indians are called "Ishmael's children." As Evangeline holds the head of the dying Gabriel in her arms she uses the words of Jesus in his prayer at the tomb of Lazarus, "Father, I thank thee." Those American litterateurs who fail to find a wealth of inspiration and helpfulness in our own poets are like those travelers who, never having gone up the Hudson or seen Niagara or the Yellowstone Park, come back from Switzerland with commiseration for our home-loving patriots. Ali Hafed, the Persian, after years of fruitless wandering, found at last that the Golconda diamond mines had been discovered by another in his own garden.

Schuyler E. Sears.

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENTS.

NOTES AND DISCUSSIONS.

A WORD ABOUT THE TRADITIONAL.

THERE are various reasons which should make Christian individuals and bodies rather stubborn in the face of any demand that views be changed, positions vacated, interpretations altered, or teachings reversed. Innovators ought not to be surprised at finding the Church exasperatingly slow to give up on the request of one generation doctrines or principles, customs or laws, which are venerable and holy—ay, holy, with the credence and sanction of the wise, the studious, and the godly of many generations. On general grounds it is probable that the purely held convictions of the Church are valid and correct. A large amount of probability favors the correctness and authority of whatever doctrine, institution, or custom has endured the test of time, inspection, and experience, and been long established in the confidence, approval, and use of the intelligent, the judicious, and the upright. The traditional has been handed down to us by our intellectual progenitors because in their day it was able to hold its ground against all comers. And it stands not because it was never attacked; it was in fact often and variously attacked; it stands, not by its own inertia nor by the sleepy sufferance of indolent opponents, but by virtue of its historic ability to repel repeated attacks. It has acquired a settled habit of standing stoutly against assault. Nothing else can reasonably be expected of it than that it shall continue its apparently obstinate reluctance to surrender to any new demand. And the Innovational can hardly expect to be ranked as an equal against the Traditional until it has come successfully through probational tests as searching, if not as long continued, as those endured by the views it seeks to supplant. The Innovational has the enticing charm of novelty, but real prestige and distinction belong to the long established. The Traditional ought not to be sneered at nor disrespectfully spoken of by any beardless and bumptious young theory still in its minority, for some deference is due to age and long-maintained influence and rooted reputation. And those who refuse such deference do not commend themselves to the confidence of the judicious. The utter irreverence and even insolence

of some revolutionary innovators toward things long accepted properly deprives them of what influence they might otherwise exert.

This does not mean that an attentive and patient hearing shall not be given to new views; much less that new views, or restatements of old views, shall not be broached; nor to suggest that the propounder of new views shall be stigmatized and boycotted. The intellectual explorer should neither be gagged nor denounced. If the new views seem objectionable, let them be answered fairly and fully and kindly. Denunciation of those who differ with us is easy to unsanctified human nature, and is possible to any man who has a tongue and a temper, however spacious his ignorance and enormous his incapacity. Capable and valid argument and effectual exposure of fallaciousness and "factlessness" are not so easy, because they require brains, education, scholarship, and logic. That sagacious veteran, Dr. Cuyler, showed his usual practical wisdom in saying, "It is better to sink the ship than to shoot the captain;" by which he meant that if you leave the injurious or objectionable theory afloat, the killing of its captain does no good; the theory will get a new captain and keep sailing around and making trouble. But if you demolish and sink the theory, then the captain and all the crew will have to abandon it or go down with it. Any other policy is as unwise as it is ineffectual, and as disreputable as it is futile. Heavy beyond estimate is the discredit, nay, the disgrace, of executing a man whom the executioners cannot adequately answer. Sometimes in the past a deplorable air of violence and wicked cruelty has been given to procedures by which official or numerical power triumphed over what seemed to impartial spectators like greater intellectual ability, ampler scholarship, and fuller knowledge of the subject, so that the superior man was cast out or discredited by those who did not show themselves his equals. Time past should suffice for the arbitrary procedures of mediæval Romanism; of which even Romanism itself is seldom guilty in these gentler, less intolerant, and more truly Christian times. It ought not to be possible for freedom of thought to be stifled or abridged anywhere in Protestant Christendom. An evil day indeed will it be which sees freer thinkers and more untrammeled seekers after truth outside the Church than in it. We owe it to God's Son, who came to liberate from all manner of bondages, to make sure that such a day of dark eclipse and stagnant air and intellectual suffocation shall never come to our communion. There is no reason to fear that our doctrines will ever be discredited by any new fact which

science can discover, or any new explanation which philosophy may formulate, or any new light and truth which may break forth from God's word. Methodism has "a consistent and symmetrical system of theology, strikingly accordant with the intuitions of the human soul, and dictated by the most obvious meaning of Scripture;" and the words of Daniel D. Whedon, "We are marching to our second centennial without a nail of the old Wesleyan platform changed, sprung, or rusty," are as true to-day as when they appeared in these editorial pages thirty years ago.

A LESSON IN TRUST.

If one should say the apostle Paul was a confidence man it might not be thought complimentary or respectful, since the term has acquired, in modern parlance, an evil meaning. But Paul's confidence or trust—together with those closely allied virtues, courage and contentment—was so marked and manifest that it might well be used as an adjective to designate him. Not Paul alone, but all who have done great deeds, have had a similar stamp. On the beadroll of earth's chosen heroes, those who have stood alone for truth and right and shown a genuine nobility, we find only the men of faith. They have believed in themselves, in their fellows, and in God. They have had a well-grounded assurance, a firm persuasion, that a work was given them, and to this work they dedicated their powers with exultation. They have seen their duty, a dead-sure thing, to use, slightly modified, the unconventional language of John Hay, and gone for it then and there. It is by these men, of robust and positive convictions, that the world's main tasks are done. They are the men of power, of definite and notable achievements. Faith is the essential principle of success in all enterprises. It is the mainspring of human progress. It brings an abiding enthusiasm. It says within the soul, whatever ought to be can be.

It is easy to dilate on the fundamental importance, in almost all directions, of faith, the faculty divine, that by which we see the invisible and realize the eternal. But we have set before us just now a simpler task. Of the many manifestations or developments of faith none has closer connection with our daily life, none ministers more abundantly to our joy and peace, than what we call trust. And he who would compass the secret of true happiness cannot do better than to strive to master, in all its length and breadth, the lesson of trust. He will have much help in so doing; for all the great teachers

in holy things have given no little attention to this matter, well persuaded of its high significance, and there is no theme on which sacred poetry has been more profuse. He who searches any standard hymnal or lesser collection of spiritual songs, with a view to cull such lines as may assist him in repose of soul, will find himself almost embarrassed by the riches there uncovered. There is scarce an assemblage of verse having any seriousness whatever, whether designed for the sanctuary, the closet, or even the drawing-room table, but has more or less to say on this prolific subject. It lends itself, apparently, with more readiness than most other topics, to presentation in condensed metrical form, and the audience to which it applies is so large, the feelings which it stirs are so profound as well as so universal, that every writer is drawn to touch upon it. The aspects under which it may be presented are very numerous, and the expressions struck out by one and another in moments of lofty vision, deep emotion, and happy composition are very significant. We think we shall be conferring a favor on our readers if we bring together here for their edification and delectation, with a few notes of comment, some of the choice quotations on this topic which have fallen under our eye.

Miss Adelaide Anne Procter, in the volume called *A Chaplet of Verses,* most of them strongly Roman Catholic, she being herself of that faith, under the title, *Confido et Conquiesco,* and with the simple sententious motto from St. Ignatius, *"Scit; potest; vult: quid est quod timeasmus?"* writes five glowing, pointed stanzas of which the two following are the last and best:

> Desire not: self-love is strong
> Within thy breast;
> And yet He loves thee better still,
> So let him do his loving will,
> And trust and rest.
>
> What doest thou fear? His wisdom reigns
> Supreme confessed;
> His power is infinite; his love
> Thy deepest, fondest dreams above;
> So trust and rest.

This covers the ground with great completeness. At the very beginning it strikes a note both profound and comprehensive. He only can have peace who desires nothing but the accomplishment of God's will. To shut out self-centered desires, those which spring from the corrupt cravings of the natural heart, those which have not been halted and made to pass the inspection of conscience, those

which clamor for gratification irrespective of right—this is the first dictate of godly prudence. As George Macdonald well says in one of his pithy sentences, "The soil for the harvest of pain is brought down from the peaks of pride by the torrents of desire." Let there be no such torrents, and, even though the peaks be not wholly leveled, the pain will be wondrously lessened or entirely removed. The right regulation of the desires, so that there be no quiver of longing for anything but what he appoints, no wish for preferment, usefulness, appreciation, emolument, except as it seems good to God, is absolutely essential to settled satisfaction of soul. All the highest masters in saintliness so assert, and the position commends itself to common sense. In order to "trust and rest," one must have "nothing to wish or to fear." And why should these troublesome visitants be harbored if his wisdom, power, and love are all that we profess to believe them to be? The matter is in a nutshell, so far as theory goes, but it takes most of us a very long time to work out the practice. Containing the same thought we find a strong Scotch stanza quoted in that wonderful little book by J. M. Barrie, where under the name of Margaret Ogilvie he pays so rich a tribute to his mother:

Art thou afraid His power shall fail
When comes thy evil day;
And can an all-creating arm
Grow weary or decay?

Against the forebodings and apprehensions which fill so many timid souls with fright as they look into the future why is this not a powerful and sufficient prophylactic? Can anyone answer Yes to the question of the verse? If not, then all solicitude should be summarily dismissed, ruled out of court as an unlawful intruder, whose very presence is an insult to reason, whose ruthless and needless disturbance of joy shall no longer be allowed. As Sir John Bowring (an English evangelical Unitarian, who died in 1872, leaving us "In the cross of Christ I glory," "Watchman, tell us of the night," and many other beautiful hymns) well says:

O Lord, how happy should we be
If we could cast our care on thee;
If we from self could rest,
And feel at heart that One above,
In perfect wisdom, perfect love,
Is working for the best!

Another has voiced the same sentiment with similar felicity and brevity:

Forever in their Lord abiding,
Who can their gladness tell?
Within his love forever hiding,
They feel that all is well.

The Rev. Isaac Williams (an English Churchman, who died in 1865) carries on the same thought in a three-stanzaed hymn, where after citing the example of the little child, and the tiny bird singing to shame forgetful man, he concludes:

The heart that trusts forever sings,
And feels as light as it had wings;
A well of peace within it springs;
Come good or ill,
Whate'er to-day, to-morrow brings,
It is His will.

If this were only thoroughly accepted what a perfect antidote it would be to the devastating hurry and worry and flurry and scurry of modern life, with its perpetual fret and fuss and fluster and bluster wearing out the strongest and cutting short the days of millions. If there is anything absolutely needless and useless, which never has and never can do the least particle of good, a fearful impairment both of physical vitality and mental faculty, it is just this miserable anxiety from which such multitudes are suffering and which they, as a rule, seem powerless to put away; a widespread, insidious, deadly malady, very hard to cure. It is the most fatal of diseases. And it is certainly a sin. Over against it, its direct contradictory, its avowed antagonist, stands trust. Worry is only another name for distrust of God, lack of faith in his promises, forgetfulness of his providence, disbelief in his loving care. Just in proportion as we trust we rest, and do not fret nor feel anxious. A marvelous help to the cultivation of this spirit is the memorizing of a score or two of God's inspiring words and another score or two of well-wrought stanzas whose mellifluous flow and ready rhyme fasten them in the mind, so that they are always available in fighting the fiends of doubt and worry. Jean Ingelow, whose fruitful pen has conferred so large a benefit on the race, added another item to the debt we owe her when she composed the following:

I am glad to think
I am not bound to make the world go right,
But only to discover and to do,
With cheerful heart the work that God appoints.
I will trust in him
That he can hold his own; and I will take
His will above the work he sendeth me
To be my chiefest good.

Surely this puts the matter of our calling in a very simple, sensible light. As soon as we give up trying to "make the world go right," as soon as we relieve ourselves of all responsibility for the weather, which most of us feel a great burden about, as soon as we are content to "let men be men," as the great Fénelon advises, "men, that is to say, weak, vain, inconsistent, unjust, false, presumptuous," to "let the water flow under the bridge," to "let the world be the world still," since we surely cannot prevent it, and content ourselves with doing quietly and gently what it becomes us to do, stopping there, we shall most certainly have an accession of tranquillity that will be most cheering. God's will known and done, perceived and accepted, promptly, heartily, is all-sufficient for bliss. What more can be needed? It is truly our "chiefest good," as Miss Ingelow says, and happy he who so accounts it.

> Build a little fence of trust around to-day;
> Fill the space with loving deeds and therein stay.
> Look not through the sheltering bars upon to-morrow;
> God will help thee bear what comes of joy or sorrow.

John Burroughs, among the many other beautiful things he has given us, has a poem which we have long prized as breathing the very spirit of quiet power and restful contentment. We have room to quote only two of its stanzas, the first and the last:

> Serene I fold my hands and wait,
> Nor care for wind or tide or sea;
> I rave no more 'gainst time or fate,
> For, lo, my own shall come to me.
>
> The stars come nightly to the sky,
> The tidal wave unto the sea;
> Nor time nor space, nor deep nor high
> Can keep my own away from me.

Does anyone dub this feeling apathy, listlessness, indifference, fatalism, Stoicism, or seek to stigmatize it with some other unlovely name? If so it shows that they do not understand it; nor do they comprehend the true philosophy of the best activity. It is a common charge against those who cultivate repose of spirit and develop the contemplative life, against the Marys who choose the good part of sitting at the Master's feet, and the Johns who lean on the Saviour's bosom listening to his whispered words of love, that they are lazy and ineffective, not contributing their due share to the progress of the kingdom and the uplifting of the world. We are persuaded that it

is a false accusation. Let the bustling Marthas and the impetuous Peters serve Christ in their own way, for assuredly it is one way, but let them not impugn the equal usefulness of those who are called with a different vocation. There is such a thing as *holy* indifference, that deliberately neglects much that most count important because it has fixed its eye on something of far higher worth. And it should be distinctly said that God does not so much regard our actions as the motive of love from which they spring and the pliability of our wills to his. It is not the what but the how and the why that chiefly tells. It is well, no doubt, to think highly of the duties that are to be fulfilled, but it is at least as important to think how we may keep close to God while fulfilling them, and so breathe his spirit. The amount of labor is by no means the only thing. If it be done for self, with ostentation, with a subtle pride, with intemperate zeal, it may look great in the eyes of the world, while at the same time very small in the eyes of the Lord. The cup of cold water in his name, or the two mites cast into the treasury with genuine self-sacrifice, bulk larger in his view than the college, the hospital, the library, or the orphanage reared to perpetuate the donor's fame.

We are not to "fold our hands and wait" until we have done what belongs to us to do. That, of course, ought to be borne in mind. No one would teach otherwise. But when our part is accomplished, then proper trust in the Almighty Father bids us take the matter no further into account until he shows us by the event what his will may be, which will we welcome with all our might. That Mr. Burroughs's lines are orthodox may fairly be inferred from the corroboration they gain in that well-known hymn of Charles Wesley's, No. 173 in the Methodist Hymnal, of which the following two stanzas are the core:

> If what I wish is good,
> And suits the will divine,
> By earth and hell in vain withstood,
> I know it shall be mine.
>
> Still let them counsel take
> To frustrate his decree;
> They cannot keep a blessing back,
> By Heaven designed for me.

This is not Calvinism, for it was written by one whose sharpest darts were leveled against that pestilential system. It is Arminianism properly understood. It says nothing against the freedom of man's will, nor does it contain aught to contravene that precious doctrine,

but it does fully recognize, as it ought, the complementary truth that God is sovereign in the realm of matter, in the world of external affairs, and has a thousand ways of bringing about his purposes, in spite of men or devils, without interfering in any way with our moral agency and responsibility. In throwing over the divine decrees, so far as they bind the human will and render any general offer of the Gospel a farce, we need not strip ourselves of the comfort that comes from the stiffest kind of belief in the supremacy of our Father in the working out of the counsels of time as well as eternity.

> Then welcome each rebuff
> That turns earth's smoothness rough,
> Each sting that bids nor sit, nor stand, but go!
> Be our joy three parts pain.
> Strive, and hold cheap the strain:
> Learn, nor account the pang; dare, never grudge the throw!

Robert Browning, whose words, in "Rabbi ben Ezra," these are, is one of the teachers well qualified to impart a lesson in trust and courage, in looking at life sanely, sunnily, hopefully, heartily, in taking things by the right handle and seeing their best side. He held that since "God's in his heaven, all's right with the world," and that "we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better, sleep to wake." Only one with an unfaltering faith in the power above could thus carry himself, and thus pass on unending inspiration to his many followers.

Matthew Arnold had but little of this spirit; his muse took usually a more melancholy tone; he represents "the austerity of poetry," and "the eternal note of sadness" sounds overmuch in his lines, as is natural for one who knew no God, and who speaks of man as "in some unknown power's employ." Yet even Arnold can write:

> Calm soul of all things! make it mine
> To feel, amid the city's jar,
> That there abides a peace of thine,
> Man did not make, and cannot mar.

He is careful to spell soul with a small s, and it is somewhat difficult to know to what or whom he refers, but the Christian heart gives it easily a turn he did not mean, and thinks of God's peace which the world neither supplies nor takes away, amid city's jar and deserts far, equally within our power in response to faith.

> The crowd of cares, the weightiest cross,
> Seem trifles less than light:
> Earth looks so little and so low
> When faith shines full and bright.

Thus sings Frederick William Faber, who, more than any other, deserves to be called the poet of the highest Christian life, and to whom all must resort who would hear the choicest things about the choicest experiences, and receive the strongest stimulus to the very best religious attainments. A modern Roman Catholic (dying in 1863), he has well preserved the holiest traditions of the many eminent saints that this ancient Church in former centuries has given to the world.

Among poetic selections helpful to a trusting faith we can hardly omit the stanza so frequently repeated by John Wesley, and of which he was perhaps the author:

> With patient course thy path of duty run;
> God nothing does or suffers to be done
> But thou wouldst do the same if thou couldst see
> The end of all events as well as he.

Full of meaning also are the anonymous lines:

> I welcome all thy sovereign will,
> For all that will is love;
> And when I know not what thou dost,
> I wait the light above.
>
> I will say it over and over,
> This and every day,
> Whatsoever the Master orders,
> Come what may,
> "It is the Lord's appointment;"
> For only his love can see
> What is wisest, best, and right,
> What is truly good for me.

Other hymns that throb fervently with entire surrender to the will of God, hymns of sublime confidence in the divine goodness, are Henry F. Lyte's "My spirit on thy care, blest Saviour, I recline," John Ryland's "Lord, I delight in thee, and on thy care depend," Schmolke's "My Jesus, as thou wilt," Bonar's "Thy way, not mine, O Lord," and Madame Guyon's "My Lord, how full of sweet content I pass my years of banishment." Our Hymnal is rich in them, and so is every Christian collection. There is no better exercise than to gather, in a small compass, the sweetest and deepest of these, commit them to memory, and sing them when the clouds are thick and the storms are out. They will rise above the fiercest tempest, and scatter the murkiest fogs that ever hung over the bogs of doubt. They will give rise to glorious Hallelujahs, sounding loud in the ear of God, and mingling harmoniously with cherubic anthems.

THE ARENA.

PRESIDENT RAYMOND ON WESLEY'S EXPERIENCE.

In his timely article, "Wesley's Religious Experience," in the January-February *Review*, Dr. Raymond quotes from Overton's *Wesley* the following alleged utterance of Wesley on the subject of "Assurance:" "When, fifty years ago, my brother Charles and I, in the simplicity of our hearts, taught the people that unless they *knew* their sins were forgiven they were under the wrath and curse of God, I marvel they did not stone us. The Methodists, I hope, know better now. We preach assurance, as we always did, as a common privilege of the children of God; but we do not enforce it under pain of damnation denounced on all who enjoy it not." In a footnote Dr. Raymond adds, "I have not been able to verify this quotation." The verification may be found in Southey's *Life of Wesley*, Vol. I, p. 253. The saying is there introduced as follows: "In his old age Wesley said to Mr. Melville Horne these memorable words." The chapter containing this alleged saying is chiefly devoted to what Southey terms the "extravagances of the Methodists," and recounts much of Wesley's ministry in Bristol, in the year 1739. In an earlier chapter, but belonging to the same eventful year, Southey gives the correspondence (somewhat heated) which passed between John and his older brother Samuel—a Churchman of Churchmen—on the subject of "assurance." As Samuel understood it, John was preaching what he denounced as the fanatical and dangerous doctrine of *assured final salvation*. John replies, "To this hour you have pursued an *ignoratio elenchi*. Your *assurance* and mine are as different as light and darkness. I mean an assurance that I am *now* in a state of salvation; you an assurance that I shall *persevere* therein." And in a second reply he seeks to make his views still clearer to his brother's mind by saying, "It is an assurance of *present* salvation only; therefore not necessarily perpetual, neither irreversible."

Coleridge's note on their argumentation is a characteristic mixture of abstruseness and acumen: "Without a previous metaphysical intuition (*aspectus immediatus, sive intellectualis presentia ad rem intellegibilam quae vere est*) together with an insight into the possible or necessary zoo-physical and psychical accompaniments of such a spirituality (*cujus Ens vere ens unum est ac vera ipsius aspectio*, whose Being is one with its being known to be) and, likewise, of its possible counterfeits and substitutes—without these, I say, we are not capable of determining what and how many distinct, perhaps differing, senses may be confounded under the word 'assurance.' Now, as far as I remember, no such preliminary process has been attempted, at all events has led to no fixed or intelligible result. But, taking the term in all the lights in which Wesley and his antagonists have placed it, both the probability and the logic

seem on the side of the Calvinists, that is, appear to favor the doctrine of the perseverance of the assured—a conclusion so perilous in its moral consequences that a wise man would need no other inducement to make him doubt and fearfully reexamine all *premises*, whether they may not be *transcendent*, that is, that which 'passeth all *understanding*,' and the deductions from which are binding as far only as they are *pious*." The American Edition of Southey's *Life of Wesley* (published in 1847 by Harper & Brothers), was edited by Dr. Daniel Curry. Perhaps we should add his comment on this controversy. It is, like all his thinking, clear and strong: "The doctrine of a personal assurance of present acceptance with God was not considered fanatical or dangerous until that of the impossibility of falling from such a state was superinduced. Then, and not before, it became a licentious doctrine, leading directly to Antinomianism. But Wesley properly discarded the new ingredient brought from Geneva, and continued to assert the old catholic doctrine of the witness of the Spirit."

BENJAMIN COPELAND.

Geneseo, N. Y.

THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY ORTHODOXY: A STATEMENT IN HISTORY.*

AT the Drew Alumni Banquet of the year 1899, in the absence of Professor Curtis, who was invited to speak for the faculty, I had the pleasure of saying some words to you. But this is the first time I have had the honor, in response to an invitation coming to me in the first place, to speak for the faculty to the alumni. At that time the subject of biblical criticism was being debated in the Preachers' Meeting, and I allowed my remarks to take their color from that discussion, showing the significance of some very notable opinions and concessions that had just then been published by one of the most eminent scholars in early Church history in the world, these opinions having to do with the New Testament, and being of a character to reassure our faith. Since that time theological education in the Methodist Episcopal Church has been the subject of animated discussion. This has been partly due to the case of an eminent biblical scholar in a sister school, against whom charges were preferred by his students before the trustees, which precipitated an agitation which moved the whole Church. This professor was confirmed in his chair for another term of years, but not without some plain speaking on the part of many, and not without diligent inquiry as to his orthodoxy by the bishops of our Church. Immediately after that a professor in another theological school sent in his resignation as the result of a more or less similar discussion of his case—a resignation which was immediately accepted by his trustees. This has been followed by the publication of tracts and pamphlets on the subject of the loyalty of our theological schools to the faith. These publications are the evidence of a widespread uneasiness as to the soundness of our seminaries, and a

* An address delivered at the annual banquet of the New York Alumni Association of Drew Theological Seminary, 1903.

professor who is called upon to speak before a body of alumni at this juncture can hardly avoid speaking to that uneasiness. Speaking, then, to that question of which all our minds are full—the orthodoxy of our seminaries—it is well known that that matter was guarded by our fathers as well as they could by compelling our professors to sign a statement every year, or every so often, that they would teach nothing contrary to the Methodist faith. I say as well as they could, for one of the pathetic revelations of Church history (I speak historically only) is the futility of all such pledges to conserve purity of doctrine. You know the Church of England compels all her ministers to subscribe to the Thirty-nine Articles, but no Church in the world has exhibited a wider divergence of belief, her ministers running the gamut from the almost Roman Catholicism of Frederick George Lee to the almost Unitarianism of the writers of the *Essays and Reviews*. A notable instance in this country is Andover Theological Seminary, whose professors must every five years pledge consent to a stiff orthodox Calvinistic creed.

Now, when we look at the history of the Methodist movement there are certain facts which reassure us when we are tempted to despair of the sufficiency of creeds to preserve the faith of the Church. For as a matter of fact no Church in the world has had less variations of doctrine than the Methodist, none more fidelity to the faith once delivered to the saints.

The first fact is the intense practical emphasis of Methodism. The Methodist fathers had only one passion—to save men from sin and death and hell. Their doctrines grew out of or were founded on a real inner experience of the saving touch of Jesus in their own souls. They knew by their own experience these three things: (1) The reality of sin; (2) The saving power of Christ—that meant the divinity of Christ; (3) The present witness of the Spirit to their sonship—that meant the personality of the Holy Spirit, conversion, sanctification. Here you have the essence of the Gospel guarded by the very fact that Methodism was itself that essence, or the expression of it.

The second fact is Wesley's method in regard to his preachers. His early conferences were discussions on doctrinal questions, but these were largely practical questions, as to justification, sanctification, good works. Wesley did not formally enforce his own opinions; he simply set forth his views and trusted to the exigency of the work which the preachers had to do to keep them in conformity to them. He knew that any essential variation from any of the great truths on which the revival was founded would inevitably of itself throw the person who held that variation out of the connection. In other words, the preachers were welded or melted into oneness of opinion by the intense heat of the revival.

The third fact is Wesley's method in regard to the Church he founded when his hand was no longer on it. First, England. He made his sermons and notes on the New Testament standards of doctrine, not the great creeds of the past, but the very products of the revival itself. What did that mean? It meant that the emphasis was still upon the fundamental, the practical, the essential things of a living, conquering, revival

Church—the facts of faith, of Christian experience. Second, America. When this Church was organized the Protestant Episcopal Church was not organized, and Wesley wanted to construct the Church so that, while it would still remain Methodist, it would be sufficiently Episcopal to attract the former adherents of the Church of England and would itself become the Church of England of the colonies. For that purpose he sent over a liturgy and a revised Thirty-nine Articles, but did not formally make his own Sermons a standard. Now, in that revised creed—the Twenty-four Articles—what was Wesley's method? This was his method (and it has well been emphasized by Professor Loofs in his great article on "Methodism," just published in Leipzig in the third edition of the German Protestant Encyclopædia, the twelfth volume of which recently reached this country, closing with the article on "Methodism"): To emphasize the important, the essential, the central truths, and to leave out the unimportant, the sectarian, the divisive. Study the articles Wesley omitted, and they are special opinions, or extreme opinions, or opinions associated with some great sect; they are not the main central unifying principles of Christianity.

The fourth and last fact I mention is the history of Drew Theological Seminary. This seminary has been characterized by three things: (1) Earnest spiritual life—in that it has been like Methodism, it has reflected Methodism in its best and finest characteristic. (2) Fidelity to the essential doctrines of Christianity as understood by the Church catholic and by Methodism. What are those doctrines? Ask the Apostles' Creed, the Nicene Creed, the Twenty-four Articles, the fundamental ideas of the Sermons. (3) Freedom of reconstruction within these limits. Theology is a living science; it is not a dead thing laid away on a shelf. If it is living it is progressive, and if it is progressive it is capable of improvement. "I have many things to say to you, but ye cannot bear them now." That is Christ's charter for a living theology. Drew has not been a dead machine repeating old formulas, but has been a living center for growth into larger and more vitalizing apprehensions of truths which are at the core of our Methodist faith. Do you wish illustrations? Compare Watson's *Institutes* with Bishop Foster's *Studies in Theology*—studies which were started in Drew. There is no revolution, there is no contradiction, but there is a growth, a larger view, a deeper view, and a change of emphasis, an actual change in a few teachings. Methodism inherited a vast deal from the old Calvinistic theology of the seventeenth century. She could not immediately adjust her message to all of this. There was the doctrine of the guilt of depravity, held universally in Wesley's time, and still held in many sections of Methodism. Drew, through Dr. Miley, has killed it. There was the doctrine of a vicarious sacrificial penal atonement. Miley substituted a governmental theory. When Drew was founded the verbal inspiration of Scripture was taught very largely, and the text-book for Methodist preachers in the course of study on that subject set forth that view. Dr. Strong riddled that theory and drove it out of the Church. When Drew was founded most Methodists believed in a universal deluge. Strong taught a local deluge. They

received the Ussherian chronology; he threw that chronology out of the window. When Drew was founded it was the universal opinion that the days in Genesis i were indefinite periods of time, an interpretation that was forced by the discoveries of geology. Strong was too good a Hebrew scholar to believe any such gloss of the days in Genesis i, and he repudiated that interpretation, and believed the account of the creation told simply the sequence of appearance of the phenomena in a small section of the East.

It is the fashion in some quarters to represent Drew as mossback, so conservative as to lean backward. These brethren are ignorant of Drew's history. No seminary in the country has meant more for a conservative progressiveness, for a vitalizing reinterpretation of Methodist theology which, while conserving all the essentials, makes that theology at once more consistent with itself and more open to all new truths and to profounder apprehensions of all old truths. So as we stand facing the new century as professors of Drew we say: So far as we are concerned we gladly and from our heart of hearts devote ourselves to the defense and propagation of the old faith of the fathers, the faith that has made the Methodist world what it is, and is behind this magnificent history which we celebrate this year. And, on the other hand, we are not as parrots repeating sentences, but as living students whom the truth makes free we shall endeavor so to understand and explain and apply this faith as to make it a faith for this age, a faith that meets present-day problems, a faith that shall conquer, we trust, the twentieth century, as it did the nineteenth, a faith which in its essential characteristics is like the Master that gave it—the same yesterday, to-day, and forever.

Madison, N. J. JOHN ALFRED FAULKNER.

HERBERT SPENCER'S GREAT MISTAKE.

IN speaking of human consciousness Herbert Spencer, in his last book, entitled *Facts and Comments*, said, "We can only infer that it is a specialized and individualized form of that Infinite and Eternal energy which transcends both our knowledge and our imagination, and that at death its elements lapse into the Infinite and Eternal energy whence they were derived." This was the great scientist's way of saying that the soul of man at death is to be annihilated, that our souls are not immortal, and that no man should expect to exist beyond the grave. It is the doctrine of despair, a doctrine that is without a ray of hope or a gleam of happiness or a spark of kindling zeal.

By what means did Herbert Spencer arrive at his conclusion? He was a great student of science. He was regarded as a master. A more scientific mind has not existed in modern times. He scaled the lofty mountains and explored the deepest valleys and dove into the depths of the mighty oceans of the scientific world. Is it not plausible, then, to believe that Herbert Spencer was right and that we are wrong? If the doctrine of the immortality of the soul is a doctrine that we should expect

science to teach us this is the conclusion that we must come to. But this doctrine is a doctrine that science neither declares nor antagonizes. That great preacher Frederick W. Robertson said: "If the chemist, geologist, physiologist come back from their spheres and say we find in the laws of affinity, in the deposits of past ages, in the structures of the human frame no trace nor token of a God, I simply reply, I never expected you would. Obedience and self-surrender is the sole organ by which we gain a knowledge of that which cannot be seen nor felt" (*Complete Sermons*, p. 305). This accords with the teaching of Jesus Christ, who said, "If any man will do his will, he shall know of the doctrine, whether it be of God, or whether I speak of myself." A study of nature, an acquaintance with science may have a tendency to cause one to believe in the existence of a supreme Intelligence, in a divine Creator, for one of the conclusions that the scholar is bound to reach is that there can be no effect without an adequate cause, but science does not demonstrate the truthfulness of the doctrine of the immortality of the soul or the reality of the religion of the Christ. Consequently, while a majority of the great scholars of the modern world have been believers in the claims of Jesus and in the reality of his religion, there have been some who, like Herbert Spencer and the great Darwin, have rejected the teachings of the Scriptures, refused to accept Christian truth, and plunged headlong into the midnight darkness of agnostic gloom.

The skeptical Pilate asked sarcastically, "What is truth?" The Christ did not attempt to answer the question. The question is not answered in the Scriptures. There is only one way by which man can have the question satisfactorily answered to himself, and that is by coming into harmony with God and following the teachings of the Sermon on the Mount. Had Herbert Spencer endeavored to discover truth in this way the conclusion that he came to regarding the doctrine of the immortality of the soul would have been different than it was. The great mistake of the scientist's life was in looking for spiritual truth where spiritual truth cannot be found.

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A DELAYED CORRECTION.

In the concluding paragraph of Professor Rishell's article in the *Review* of November-December, 1903, is the very puzzling declaration respecting Christ: "He must be preceded as the angel of Bethlehem, that first evangelist, preceded him; as Christ preceded himself; as the apostles and other early Christians preceded him." Now it is intrinsically incredible that the author of the learned and orthodox article intended to make such a bizarre statement as that. A sane application of the canons of textual criticism leads to the conclusion that the professor's manuscript could not have contained, in the given connection, the word *preceded*. It will be noticed that if the word *preached* be put in its place a perfectly intelligible sentence results.

Textual Critic.

THE ITINERANTS' CLUB.

THE EDUCATING POWER OF PASTORAL SERVICE.

THE best type of ministerial education is that which prepares a minister to be a thoroughly good pastor. Other things being equal, a good pastor will be a more effective preacher of the Gospel than a man can be who, however eloquent and gifted in the pulpit, neglects so that he does not and cannot know the individuals of his church and congregation. A preacher must know human nature. He must know the particular types of human nature to whom he preaches. If he can know the individual specimens of it before him when he preaches—their condition, limitations, struggles, sorrows, opportunities—his power must be greatly augmented. The theological seminary at its best cannot give this training. But the wise student supplements his preparatory training in the seminary with a rigid course of self-education in the pastorate. He "graduates," but he does not "finish" his education when the diploma is placed in his hand. He believes in the *Lifelong Educational Endeavor*, and his whole career is embraced in his "course of training." He is always and everywhere a student—in his library, in his pastoral visitations, in his summer vacations, in his Sunday school teachers' meetings, in his official meetings. He may give less attention now than in college and seminary to linguistic studies; he may have outgrown the necessity that subjected him to certain processes and programs of intellectual gymnastics, but he *thinks* and reads and grows and produces as never before. He now develops sympathy—quite as important as intellectual vigor, literary grace, and logical precision. The training of one's heart in the midst of professional labors is a most important part of a minister's education.

And he is a wise man indeed who cares for the training of his heart as well as his head, who continues to be a diligent student long after he has left the "institution," and who becomes a teacher of his people in all things that make for Church power.

Austin Abbott was a young pastor. He had but recently arrived. He was wise, practical, ambitious, and ingenious. He was called an "idealist." That is, he had ideas, and his imagination put them into dreams and pictures. And these were prophecies of what he afterward wrought out into real life. Why should not one's imagination be consecrated to the service of God and man? And although one may not bring statues from marble blocks nor put pictures on canvas he may work out a nobler and more useful life by fostering worthy ideals, and by occasionally bidding his imagination show him how the ends he aims at will appear when

once they become the actual. Austin kept a "memorandum book" into which went the record of a hundred plans, more or less, of which, we must concede, but a small proportion were ever realized.

One thought that came to him was this: I may turn all my official duties as a pastor into opportunities for self-discipline and instruction. He could easily see how sermonizing and prayer-meeting talks and pastoral visitation could render this service. But when the possibility of gaining professional training from an "official board" meeting dawned upon him he smiled, then knitted his brow in thought, and thus gained a hint that proved of value to him and to his church. He made an experiment. He put his inventive powers at work, and the dull meeting was transformed. It became a department of Austin's own theological seminary. The brethren of the board felt the change. The meetings always began on time—"at the tick of the clock," as the pastor said. And they soon learned to feel sorry when the meeting closed. Austin had a program which he always followed. A list of questions was asked by the pastor—the same series at every session—and they elicited information, kindled interest, and sometimes started discussion. "He has a way of getting at the bottom facts," said Brother Ebell. "What a lawyer he would have made!" On the surface the conversation at times seemed to be simply a feeling after information about the Church—an unplanned, drifting talk in reply to formal and comparatively unimportant questions. But it was more than that.

One day young Professor Logan, of the public school, who was a member of the church board, said: "The pastor's conduct of a conversation is a study, really a study in pedagogy. And the best of it is the living, throbbing earnestness of the leader. Take to-night for an example," said the professor. "Take that short prayer with which the meeting opened. The pastor did not say, 'Let us pray.' He did not kneel. He rapped softly on the table as the clock finished its eighth stroke, and as we looked at him he closed his eyes and we all bowed our heads as he prayed: 'Lord, open our eyes that we may see clearly into the affairs of thy Church; and open our hearts that we may take into the very center of our being the interests we discuss; and open the windows of the all-encompassing heavens that this place and our inmost souls may be flooded with thy gracious presence. And this we ask in Jesus's name. Amen.'"

Let us recall this evening session to which the young professor referred. After the prayer the pastor said, "Is anyone in our church ill, or absent from the town, or in trouble of any kind?" No one could recall any case of illness or absence or distress. The answer was, "None."

Then the pastor said to the recording secretary, "Will you please read the full list of members and probationers?" Some one objected that a list of nearly six hundred names would "take a long time." But Abbott insisted. He said, "Will some one take his watch and see just how long it does take. Let no one interrupt the secretary, but if you find that any name suggests a point to be made or a question to be asked we can bring the matter up after the reading." And the list of five hundred and ninety names was called. The reading did take between ten and twelve minutes.

Names on a "church record," with all that that means for time and eternity, are certainly worthy of at least a simple announcement at every meeting of the board appointed to represent them.

The reading had put several brethren in mind of cases they had forgotten. Five different notations were made. One old lady, a member of the church for over forty years, was ill. The pastor had not known of it. The leader who had been requested to notify him had forgotten it "until her name was read off." One brother was going to Europe on a sudden call. He sails next Saturday. He came from Germany years ago and goes back to see his venerable father, whose end is near. Another leader was reminded that a child in a family on West Street is very ill. Another brother recalled the fact that a fire in the shop of one of our hard-working and humbler brothers had caused loss and anxiety to one who had not been very faithful to the church. Again, a boy, a member of our Sunday school and employed by one of our members, had hurt his hand in a game of ball. The pastor kept his pencil busy, and the following memoranda went into his little pocket notebook: "Calls: Mother Snyder ill; Hans Grob goes to Europe; Fire in Sanford's shop; Child sick at Brother Stark's; Jim Saxton's hand injured."

There followed a spirited conversation. Question after question came from the pastor: "How old is Mother Snyder? To whose class does she belong? Is she poor? Loyal to the church? Who is her nearest friend in the church? Who can call on her to-morrow? Where is Grob from in Germany? Bavaria! Nuremberg! Well, well! I didn't know I had a man in my church from dear old Nuremberg! What about Jim Saxton? Converted in the —— revival! Has he been looked after? Who knows him? Not go to class? Does the class go to him? Not even the leader? This roll call is a good thing—an essential thing. Let us never once omit it again. Brethren, we *must* know our own members. We must *all* know them. They must know that we know them, and that we care. Now let us *all* call this week at all these places, but each one go when he finds it most convenient. Let us call, if we do no more. It is not a little thing just to show brotherly interest. It will do *us* good. And let us all go to the steamer to see Brother Grob off next Saturday. It will be a comfort to him. And he will be the more interested to get back. God help us to be interested in individual members of the church—in all of them!"

The conversation of which I have given only the pastor's questions suggested to him the reading to the board of a selection from Henry Drummond's essay on "Spiritual Diagnosis," which he had copied in his pocketbook. Drummond says: "Men, not masses, have done all that is great in history, in science, and in religion. The New Testament itself is but a brief biography; and many pages of the Old are marked by the lives of men. Yet it is just this truth we require to be taught again to-day—to be content with aiming at units. Every atom in the universe can act on every other atom, but only through the atom next it. And if a man would act upon every other man he can do so best by acting, one at a time, upon those beside him. The true worker's world is a unit."

Then Austin Abbott put his notebook into his pocket and with intense earnestness made a plea for fidelity in our relation as pastors—"for you are all copastors of this flock. Dear brethren, let us value the *one* and the next *one* and *every* one in our dear church. Each 'one' is a center. Each one has *his* view of the church and of doctrine. Each one has a measure of influence. No one is too insignificant to be cared for and prayed for, and visited and loved by the pastor and by the official board. Brethren, remember the word 'one.' Think of the value of 'one,' the power of 'one,' and let us resolve to look after and help all the 'ones' in our church. If every one of us (there are twelve of us here to-night) should every day look after and talk to and pray for *one* member of our church or Sunday school we should as a board bring under our notice and into our hearts and before our Lord (12x7=)84 people every week. In seven weeks we could thus visit and in some way personally aid and inspire every member of our great church. Let us begin with those most in need. Put down the names to begin with this week: 'Snyder, Grob, Sanford, Stark, Saxton.' Find two others and—report to me as you have need of my special service." And then the pastor told them of several people of the church and congregation on whom he had recently called, and he urged them to be true assistant pastors. Then we bowed our heads and again our pastor prayed. He was our pastor, our theological instructor, our friend. What a blessing he was to us and to the whole church! So many pastors forget what a power for good one honest, earnest soul can be!

This new program of our pastor's was repeated in a general way in every meeting of the official board. The list of members was always called. Several new families were found through the conversations that the new plan of calls by the official board developed. The list of "special cases" increased as the brethren became interested in the new measure of supervision. The official meeting itself increased in number. All the class leaders and stewards came. New enthusiasm was created. Indeed, the old church was beginning to be a new church. And everybody noticed that the congregation increased every Sabbath. People who had been remiss and indifferent to the church because they had been utterly neglected by the church now began to attend the services. A call or two from pastor, class leader, faithful women, and even the church trustees stirred people up and brought them out. The pastor's interest in the children—individually—enlisted them. And how they all, old and young, did sing! And how they did listen as Austin Abbott preached! He studied his people. He knew them. He *could* preach!

Abbott had an interesting habit of studying men. I believe he kept private notes about individuals. He headed the notes "Studies in Character." He studied motives, the sensitive sides of people—the danger, the weakness, the strength, the adaptability, and the special needs of each and all. His conversations opened men to him. He was generous

and never abused his opportunity nor their revelations. He did not believe in the Roman Catholic "confessional," but he did believe in drawing people out for their own good that he might apply the particular phase of Gospel truth as each one had need. He kept a private record of religious experiences committed to him. He did not do it as a scientific psychologist, but as a pastor and friend, a true Christian *curé*. He had a curious way of associating individuals in his church, especially in his official board, with strong types of character, with representative men in broader spheres. One man put him in mind of Abraham Lincoln, another of Horace Greeley. He read the life of John Fletcher and of Mary Fletcher. He said they lived then and there in his congregation. He had a Benjamin Franklin, a Hester Ann Rogers, a Hugh Price Hughes, and a Frances Willard in his church. The people themselves—the originals and the counterparts would have had hard work to detect the points of resemblance. But Abbott said: "I feel it. And it helps me to know and to appreciate people. I seldom make a mistake when I anticipate a reply from my counterpart, say, of John Wesley or Dr. Buckley. But once or twice my Bishop ——— has disappointed me!" After all, the study of biography is one of the most suggestive and stimulating of all studies. To know the lives of people of distinction, to study their qualities of character and to see them after a fashion reincarnated, enables one to appreciate more fully the now dead and glorified; and it does give one a livelier interest in the living and reveals their possibilities of achievement and influence.

The readers of "The Itinerants' Club" department of the *Review* will be glad to know that the *Fraternity of Lifelong Educational Endeavor* is laying good foundations, enlisting earnest men, and maturing practical plans, and that its "announcement" in due form and in due time will open to ministers an excellent way for self-improvement by a utilization of professional service and a fellowship through correspondence as enlightening as it will be stimulating. A passage or two from one of its official communications will suggest some of its possibilities.

One of the members of the F. L. E. E. writes concerning Dr. Coe's book on *The Religion of a Mature Mind:* "I have read it once, and some parts of it twice. But my reading is somewhat broken, and I find myself unable to gather up easily the impression from it as a whole. I am not sure that there is a 'lack of harmony between its basal principles and the theology of our Church,' but I am sure that it represents a point of view different from that which prevailed before the publication of Darwin's *Origin of Species*. In that good old time the point of view was God's Transcendence; in the new time which Coe's book seems to forecast, and to some extent interpret, the point of view is God's Immanence. While the terms of theology in these two views remain the same, yet the contents of doctrine are very differently conceived. God's Immanence, when worked out in all its implications, makes the Bible a different book,

Conversion, Prayer, Witness of the Spirit, etc., all of them quite different conceptions. I cannot help but feel that we are nearer the truth in the new than the old. The religious phenomena of our day seem to press us to an acceptance of the new view. I know of some who have broken away from the old view without having gained the new, and they confess that they are 'at sea.' I do not agree with the first chapter of Coe's book as a complete statement of all the facts. The portrayal of 'Modern Manhood' is a somewhat idealized one. Some conspicuous men exhibit the qualities mentioned, while many are exhibiting tendencies that are ignored. Many are self-indulgent to a degree that indicates the extreme of selfishness, even though this selfishness takes higher forms than of old."

To the members of the F. L. E. E. the following suggestions have been forwarded:

1. "Have you read *The Temptation of Jesus*, by A. Morris Stewart? A remarkable book. *Mankind in the Making*, by H. G. Wells (Chapman & Hall, London), I have, but have not read it. A sip here and there has confirmed the strong and commendatory review in a London daily which led me to order it. In America to-day, where Jesuitism has a grip on the public press and knows where the Methodist Book Room is located, it would not harm Methodist preachers to read *Papal Aims and Papal Claims*, by E. Garnett Man, barrister-at-law. It is published by Swan Sonnenschein & Co., London. And *The Programme of the Jesuits*, by W. Blair Neatby, published by Hodder & Stoughton, all ministers and all Americans should read and understand. Have you read *Mary North*, by Lucy Rider Meyer? Revell publishes it."

2. A wise minister occasionally buys a dozen little blank books about five inches long and two and a half inches wide. One of them he carries in his vest pocket all the time and keeps it as a snare to catch and cage casual thoughts that come to the surface of consciousness, challenging attention. Once entertained, they begin to reward you like buds warmed into blossom or birds into song. This minister says: "I never let a thought go that comes to me in that fashion. I put it down and with the related thoughts that follow fill one side of a leaf in my little pocket 'Thought-Snare.' The back of that leaf I leave blank. When my book is full I take it apart and classify my leaf-notes in envelopes labeled according to topics. Sometimes I get twenty or thirty distinct thoughts on one subject in the course of a few weeks, and twenty or thirty more later on. And these are *my* thoughts. They came to me. I planted them. I cultivate them. Then I classify and arrange them, and thus sermons and conversations and newspaper articles grow in my own preserve. The vest-pocket 'Thought-Snare' has been a great gain to me."

ARCHÆOLOGY AND BIBLICAL RESEARCH.

THE TOPOGRAPHY OF BABYLON.

Herodotus, describing the city of Babylon as it stood in his days, says: "The city stands on a broad plain, and is an exact square, a hundred and twenty furlongs in length each way, so that the entire circuit is four hundred and eighty furlongs. While such is its size, in magnificence there is no other city that approaches to it. It is surrounded, in the first place, by a broad and deep moat, full of water, behind which rises a wall fifty royal cubits in width, and two hundred in height. . . . In the circuit of the wall are a hundred gates, all of brass with brazen lintels and side posts. . . . The outer wall is the main defense of the city. There is, however, a second inner wall, of less thickness than the first, but very little inferior to it in strength." Several other Greek writers describe and give the dimensions of Babylon, but none of them are quite as extravagant as Herodotus, whose account must be regarded as absurd exaggeration.

Much has been said of the grandeur and magnitude of ancient Babylon, since the "Father of History" penned the above lines, but of that written too much has been drawn from poetic imagination, rather than from scientific sources. This is true even of comparatively recent writers, for even as recent an authority as M. Jules Oppert, though a scholarly man, has allowed himself to be completely misled on the topography of Babylon by the classic writers. The city described by this distinguished French Assyriologist is fifty times larger than what the actual facts warrant. That Babylon was great and magnificent goes without saying, but that it was fourteen miles long and equally wide, thus having an area of nearly two hundred square miles, or that its walls were nearly four hundred feet high, is difficult to believe, nay, incredible. If the mounds now visible on the site of this ancient capital be any standard from which we may infer its dimensions, the description above given is a gross exaggeration. We say this, fully mindful of the annually recurring floods of the Euphrates, swift of current, through the ruins of old Babylon. Nor do we forget that the outer walls may have included within its circuit a large area of land devoted to agricultural and horticultural purposes, which, during extended sieges, could be turned into good use.

Excavations have been carried on with more or less success and with many interruptions among these ruins for nearly one hundred years. Mr. Claudius James Rich, an officer of the East India Company, stationed at Bagdad (1811-1817), was the first one to make anything like a scientific excavation among these ruins. His *Memoirs of the Ruins of Babylon*, though now somewhat antiquated, are still regarded as valuable and full of reliable information. Sir Robert Ker Porter, another Englishman, visited Babylon in 1818, where he studied the topography with much care.

The results of his investigations were given to the public in a book containing a very full description, with plans, drawings, and sketches of the ancient mounds in and around the great city. These two works were now followed in rapid succession by books from Layard, Loftus, Botta, Oppert, and others celebrated for their discoveries in Assyria and Babylonia.

The labors of Botta deserve special mention. The French government, always favorable to archæological research, aroused to intense enthusiasm by the discoveries of Botta, who after wonderful success among the ruins of Khorsabâd, forwarded to Paris many of the novel objects dug from the mounds, made large appropriations for exploration in the Euphrates and Tigris valleys. "When now these extraordinary monuments themselves had found a worthy place in the large halls of the Louvre, constituting the first great Assyrian museum of Europe; when these gigantic winged bulls, with their serene expression of dignified strength and intellectual power, and these fine reliefs illustrating different scenes of peace and war of a bygone race before which the nations of Asia had trembled, stood there again before the eyes of the whole world, as a powerful witness to the beginning of a resurrection of an almost forgotten empire, the enthusiasm among all classes of France knew no bounds" (*Hilprecht*).

An expedition was now (1851) sent out in charge of Fresnel, Thomas, and Oppert, which prosecuted its work for four years. Oppert published the result of the work done and gave a plan and description of ancient Babylon, showing the exact (?) location of the city walls, gates, temples, citadels, streets, canals, etc. Oppert's Babylon, like that of Herodotus, is a product of the imagination, and entirely too large; for the outer wall is made to include an area of 510.76 square kilometers. Exaggerated as this description of Oppert was, it nevertheless passed for nearly half a century as absolutely accurate. But it now appears that his great city has shrunk into one fifty times smaller than that reconstructed by him. Not only were the general dimensions incorrect, but very few of the places which he professed to have identified were what he claimed for them. Doubtless the most accurate thing published up to this time on the topography of Babylon is the last number of *Der Alte Orient* (5 Jahrgang, Heft 4). It is written by Dr. Fr. H. Weiszbach, the Assyriologist of "*Die Vorderasvatische Gesellschaft*," now engaged in excavations among the ruins of Babylon. From here on we shall make liberal use of this valuable contribution.

The German Orient Society, favorably known for its excellent work among the ruins of Assyria and Babylonia, commenced work at Babylon in 1898. These operations, still in progress, are conducted on absolutely scientific principles. No guesswork, no inferences, but careful digging and recording of results, day by day, as the work progresses. In some sense this expedition to Babylon has not been successful. Tablets have not been exhumed by the tens of thousands as by the French at Telloh, or by the Americans at Nippur; nor has there been brought to light any object comparable in value to the Hammurabi Code, found by de Morgan

at Susa. No one, however, can say what a day may bring forth, for by far the greater part of the ruins are still unexplored. One thing, however, has been accomplished, and that is, a more accurate idea of the various sites has been gained. The walls can now be traced, with almost scientific precision, almost their entire length, and that on both sides of the Euphrates. The same is true of the old channel of the river. We say the old channel, for it is well known that the Euphrates River has changed its course considerably since the days of Nebuchadnezzar, during whose reign the walls were strengthened and extended. It has also been discovered that there were at least two walls, an inner and an outer one, though but a comparatively small portion of the former has been brought to light. The ruins as they now appear cover an area of less than twenty square kilometers; within this space there are a dozen or more mounds of varied heights, and more or less extensive. These mounds are not natural, but, without doubt, mark the exact sites of former temples, palaces, and other important edifices.

The walls. The walls have been carefully examined at several points, and where not examined they are easily traced by the elevation or embankment, which, as a rule, is several meters higher than the ground on either side. To trace the outer wall we may commence on the east side of the old channel of Euphrates, a little north of the ruin called Babil. The wall runs almost directly east for 600 meters, then makes a sudden bend south for 850 meters, then turns southeast in an almost straight line for 3,300 meters. From this extreme southern point it turns in a southwesterly direction, and at a distance of two kilometers it loses itself in some cultivated fields. The walls on the west side are very much less extensive, showing that by far the larger part of Babylon was on the east side of the Euphrates. Portions of three sides, still clearly seen, form what must have been an almost perfect square. The eastern wall, extending from north to south, is about 1,800 kilometers long and 500 meters from the present channel of the river, but rather more than twice as far from the old one. The area within the walls on the west side could not have exceeded one square kilometer. There are still three villages within these ancient walls, and three others in the immediate vicinity, so that it may be truthfully said that Babylon is still inhabited.

The city gates. Herodotus gives the number of gates at an even one hundred. According to the topographical plan of Babylon, now in the museum at Berlin, there were only eight gates, known as follows: (1) Adad's gate (god of storms); (2) Bel's gate, known also as Marduk's gate; (3) Gish's gate; (4) Ishtar's gate; (5) Ninib's gate (god of war); (6) Samas's gate (sun god); (7) Urash's gate; and (8) Zamama's gate. Of these eight mentioned in the inscriptions, only one, that of Ishtar, has been, so far, identified. We read on a tablet that the doors of this gate were made of cedar wood and overlaid with bronze. Not a particle of them has been recovered, though doors of this description have been found elsewhere, as at Balawat, in Assyria. Some of the enameled bricks, decorated with figures in relief, which formed the walls of the Ishtar gate have been brought to light. Two kinds of animals in particular are pic-

tured thereon: huge oxen and a mythical beast, called sirrush on the inscriptions.

Ruins or mounds. Beginning on the extreme north, we come at once to an imposing mound called Babil by the Arabs. The name explains itself. The edifice which stood here was, as the ruins testify, rectangular in form. The orientation could not have been accidental. It was quite close to the city wall on the north and east sides, the west front was protected by the river, and a huge canal on the south separated it from the rest of the city. This mound at its highest point is thirty meters above the surface of the ground around it. If we now follow the old channel of the Euphrates southward we pass through fine palm groves and fertile fields for about a mile and a half, when we come to a series of ten or more mounds, extending almost in a continuous chain as far as the village Dschimdschime. In general these mounds are divided into two rows, but are all within the inner wall. The surface of these mounds is very irregular, depression upon depression and ridge after ridge. Quite near the old bed of the Euphrates and opposite the village of Quaerish is what the natives call Gasr, that is, castle or palace. The walls of this ancient ruin have defied the ravages of climate and time, no less than the devastation caused by human hands. The bricks with which el-Gasr were built are of extraordinary hardness.

If we proceed several hundred feet farther south we reach another ruin, which the natives call Isan Amran. This is 600 by 400 meters, with an average height of twenty-five meters. Immediately east of this mound is a series of hillocks, the longest of which is called Isan Aswad, that is, the black hill, while that to the north, almost circular in form, passes under the name of Markaez (center or circular). Just north of Isan Amran is a large square hole a hundred meters in length each way. In the midst of this is another square built solidly of sun-dried bricks to a height of four meters. Of this we shall have more to say farther on.

Palaces. It is probable that the most ancient royal residences of Babylon occupied the place now known as Gasr, but wherever they were there is little doubt that they were destroyed by Sennacherib and Ashurbanipal. Be that as it may, we know that Nabopolassar built a huge palace in the oldest part of the city, or in the place known as Irsit Babili, which was no other than what is now called Gasr. This vast edifice was swept away by a great flood of the Euphrates. It was, however, rebuilt on a more magnificent scale and on a firmer foundation by Nebuchadnezzar, son and successor of Nabopolassar. So well were the foundations of this vast edifice laid that large portions of them remain as eloquent witnesses to this day. This palace consisted of two unequal parts, connected by a corridor. The Germans have done great work here, and have already excavated more than one half of this ruin, so that now a large part of the ground-plan can be clearly traced. The outside walls are very massive, the inner ones serving only as partitions, being naturally very much thinner. The arrangement of these walls shows an immense number of rooms of varying size and form. The floor, of which large portions are still preserved, is paved with bricks or large tile and stands fully ten meters above high-

water mark. The inner walls above this level were decorated, as is still seen by some of them, which are now in a fallen condition, and were discovered in the débris. It is estimated that this palace covered a space of no less than twenty-two acres.

Temples. The Berlin topographical tablet refers to forty-three temples in Babylon. The names of twelve of them are given. Of these the Germans have discovered four and identified three, one of them being Esagila, the largest temple of Babylon and dedicated to Marduk, though many other gods were worshiped here. Esagila is very ancient, built, according to the inscriptions, "in the beginning of days," and mentioned on tablets of the time of Hammurabi's great-grandfather. It was destroyed several times, then rebuilt again and again. One of the titles of the Babylonian kings was "The Beautifier of Esagila and Egida." The Germans have done excellent work among the ruins of this most venerable sanctuary during the past five years. Though not many objects of value have been discovered here so far, yet a number of inscribed bricks bearing the names of several kings have been exhumed. It is too early yet to give exact dimensions; we may, however, say that the north and south fronts were about two hundred meters, while the other two sides were considerably longer. The square hole referred to before was without doubt the foundation of a ziggurat (stage-tower) connected with Esagila. The hard brick which had formed its foundation has been removed for building purposes in the vicinity; this accounts for the hole. Four cylinders with inscriptions were dug from under these walls.

The Germans have excavated two other smaller temples, one being identified as that of Emach, dedicated to the goddess Belit; the other was a temple of Ninib, and was called E-pa-tu-li-la. Valuable inscriptions were found in both these temples, which make their identity unquestionable. The same cannot be said of a fourth temple excavated.

When the work of this expedition has been finished in Babylon we shall doubtless know considerably more about the arrangement of the streets and canals, which formed one great network throughout this ancient capital. We shall now mention only one thoroughfare, the so-called procession street of Marduk, which led from Esagila to the temple of Nabu in Borsippa. This wonderful street, with its decorated walls, was evidently referred to by Ctesias, a Greek writer of the fourth century B. C., and now after a lapse of twenty-three centuries the pick and spade of the Germans at Babylon have vindicated the report of the Greek physician.

FOREIGN OUTLOOK.

SOME LEADERS OF THOUGHT.

Wilhelm Möller. He has attracted considerable attention recently by his opposition to the critical theories of the Old Testament. In a book entitled The Development of the Old Testament Idea of God in the Pre-exilian Period; Historical-Critical Difficulties with Modern Theories (*Die Entwickelung der alttestamentliche Gottesidee in vorexilischer Zeit. Historisch-kritische Bedeuten gegen moderne Auffassungen*), 1903, Gütersloh, C. Bertelsmann, we find his ideas set forth. He sees in all efforts to distinguish and date the sources presumably present in the Old Testament documents a perversion of the real aim of theology. This is true whether these attempts are made by conservatives or by radicals. It is not the work of the theologian to investigate the possible or probable origin and composition of God's word, but the present state of God's word. How and when this originated evades historical research and will always remain more or less problematical. But since the attempt has been made to show that our Bible as we now have it gives us an essentially false account of the development of the Jewish religion, it is necessary to furnish the historical evidence to the contrary and to show that the present distrust of the Scripture is not justified. The whole modern science of the Old Testament is a perversion in so far as it does not hold to the Bible as it is. It is the work of God's word, the New Testament and the Old Testament, to lead men to God, and it has accomplished this task hitherto in the form in which we now have it. According to this the historical method may not be applied by theology to the study of the Old Testament, because it is not the work of theology to do this. And yet if anyone doubts the value of the Old Testament as it now stands for the purposes of a history of God's dealings with his people we are justified in following the historical method to show that these historical doubts are baseless. This is marvelously like saying that the historical method is allowable to the theologian only for the sake of defending the traditional theory of the Bible. However much one might wish that Möller had been able to undo the work of the critical school, honesty demands that we confess him to have failed because of this very position. The dogmatic theory that the Bible is of such and such a character must first be accepted, on what grounds we are not informed; and thus the historical critic must be warned off unless his criticism substantiates the dogmatic position. The historical method is troublesome, but it is the method that has always been used when any kind of certainty relative to historical questions has been attained. The traditional views of the Bible were introduced by the historical method. But when we come to the nature of his historical defense of the Bible we find more to commend. Here he attempts to show that for every primitive concept

discovered by the critics there is in the same book, or in a related book, a higher concept, thus disproving the evolutionary theory. If in any case this fails them the attempt is made to point out in later books the higher idea expressed in language showing traces of its much earlier origin. For cases not covered by these two methods of procedure resort is had to revelatory miracles, and we are forbidden to expect orderly processes when the demands of revelation are concerned. Of the legitimacy of this method this writer has no doubt. As to the value of the results Möller has obtained in the use of it there will be difference of opinion. This lies in the very nature of the appeal to the historical method. On the whole, Möller would have left us better off if he had made no attempt to defend the historical trustworthiness of the Old Testament and had confined himself to his proposition that the Bible is a book for edification and that nothing that the critics have wrought or can do affects its character in this regard. In other words, either consent that all parties shall have equal right to employ the historical method to the best of their ability, or else deny, and stand by the denial, that the theologian has anything to do with that method.

Paul Feine. The question of the relation of Paul and his doctrine to Jesus and his teaching is still a live, as it is a vital, one. Not a few insist that Paul misunderstood and misinterpreted the simple teaching of Jesus, and that it is necessary to get at the doctrines in some other way than by a study of Paul's writings. It is always a matter of profound interest, therefore, when one finds a thoughtful and able man interesting himself in this problem. Feine has done so in his recent book, *Jesus Christus und Paulus* (Jesus Christ and Paul), Leipzig, 1902, J. C. Hinrichs. Three questions are answered by Feine, and if we had the absolutely correct answers to these questions our minds could be at rest. These questions are, How did Paul express himself with regard to his dependence upon Jesus? In what instances did he employ words of Jesus? What is the relation of the doctrine of Paul to that of Jesus? By means of a careful study of the names Paul applies to Jesus, Feine concludes that Paul acknowledges himself as ruled by the living, exalted Christ, the Christ who rules in royal power over the believers, individually and collectively considered, and over the world. The decisive points in this exalted Christ are those gathered from the earthly life and work of Jesus, including his resurrection. This is the positive side of the answer to the first question. But as some have claimed that Paul affirmed his independence of the early Christian tradition and his dependence upon immediate revelation, Feine points out that this language of Paul is found only in his polemical writings. That is not wholly satisfactory, since it presupposes a misrepresentation of the facts for polemical purposes. Much more pertinent is it to say that Paul strictly limits this immediate revelation to certain facts not referred to by Jesus, as, for example, the relation of the converted Gentile and the ceremonial laws of the Jews. And he distinctly affirms his dependence upon James

and Peter for the facts concerning Christ, and in other places refers to the current tradition as having been received through men. With regard to the second question, Feine inquires whether perhaps the Gospels are not somewhat dependent upon Paul's teachings. This question can only be satisfactorily answered when the independence of these Gospels on Paul has been established. Feine regards it certain that Mark is not dependent upon Paul, and hence that Paul used words of Jesus in a considerable number of cases. Perhaps he sees more references in Paul's writings to words of Jesus than actually exist. It is altogether uncertain, for example, whether Feine is correct in thinking that Paul was acquainted with the Lord's Prayer. Still he is undoubtedly right in thinking that Paul was acquainted with the current Christian tradition concerning Jesus, and it is probably not too much to say that he had access to written accounts of the words and deeds of our Lord. The third question is largely answered in the answers to the first two questions. The sense of dependence felt by Paul with reference to Jesus would forbid any departure from the doctrine of Jesus except in those cases where he possibly misunderstood him. That he seriously misunderstood and misrepresented Jesus cannot be believed by anyone who considers that he taught far and wide while the immediate disciples of Jesus were still living and preaching, and that notwithstanding they did not accuse him of misrepresentation. The time has come when the dependence of Paul for his doctrines upon Christ, through the apostolic tradition, of course, and therefore the trustworthiness of those doctrines as Christians, should be emphasizéd. The early date of the writings of Paul makes them, from the standpoint of historical criticism, more valuable sources of information concerning primitive Christianity than the Gospels themselves. The Gospels must be judged in the light of Paul rather than Paul in the light of the Gospels.

RECENT THEOLOGICAL LITERATURE.

Die Malereien der Katakomben Roms (The Paintings in the Roman Catacombs). By Joseph Wilpert. Freiburg i. B., 1903, Herder. This great work has 596 folio pages, besides the 19 pages of introductory matter. It has in all 321 plates and illustrations scattered through the text. It is an expensive work, costing in the common binding $75 and in the best binding $82.50. The cost of shipping would bring the price up somewhat beyond these figures. It will not be a popular work, therefore. Nevertheless, it is to be hoped that some copies may find their way into our best libraries. Harnack's review of this work is here reproduced in substance. The work is the fruit of fifteen years of effort, is worthy to take its place by the side of De Rossi's *Roma Sotterranea*, and will, for all time, be the standard on the paintings of the Roman catacombs. The reproductions are accurate, and many paintings hitherto unknown are included. It will not be long until it will be necessary to resort to this work of Wilpert for a knowledge of the decorations of the catacombs, since these are gradually falling into decay. By his accuracy Wilpert has

corrected many current errors. By his careful study and application of the true principles and points of view necessary to the understanding of the catacomb pictures he has done away with a heavy burden of dogmatic prejudice hitherto connected with them. Although De Rossi did so much in this direction he was far from freeing himself from uncertainties and errors. Protestant investigators took the first decisive steps, and now Wilpert, supported by a wealth of material not in possession of any other, has completed the task, at least for the main points. Sectarian controversies can hardly again find place in the interpretation of the pictures in the catacombs. Science now knows how she is to interpret and estimate these pictures. Whether in the interpretation of the individual pictures or in his generalizations he shows himself sane, cautious, and unprejudiced. A second result of Wilpert's work is to be estimated no less highly. It pertains to the greater certainty he has introduced relative to the dates of these pictures. He has set forth cautiously and clearly the criteria by which the age of the several pictures must be determined and has exemplified the art of applying these criteria. For an art it is; since, except in those fortunate instances in which chronological data are given, the date must be determined by a mass of particular facts, which can become luminous only in the mind of one capable of grasping these facts as a whole, or, in other words, only by the trained archæologist. But Wilpert has set up a whole group of external signs or indices of age. By these he can determine the dates within which the painting must be placed, at least with reasonable certainty. Harnack says that he had been skeptical as to the possibility of discriminating between pictures of the dates 90-150 and 150-220; but that under the guidance of Wilpert and Baumsterk he visited some of the chambers of the catacombs and was convinced that one could distinguish between the pictures of those periods. Wilpert's completed work confirms this impression, which is still further supported by the acquiescence of an expert, like Man, in the views of Wilpert. The work is divided into twenty-four chapters, of which the first twelve are devoted to general questions, such as whether the catacomb pictures are real portraits, which he rightly answers in the negative. The last twelve chapters give the principal contents of the pictures, such as representations of baptism and the eucharist; the belief in the resurrection; death and sin; judgment; the state of the sainted dead, and the like. Two large supplements show the decorated burial places according to the different Roman catacombs, and a chronological table of all decorated burial places in these catacombs. Who will do a like work for the catacombs outside of Rome before they disappear forever? It is to be hoped that Wilpert will undertake the work himself, for a second Wilpert will not be easily found.

RELIGIOUS AND EDUCATIONAL.

The Individual Cup on the Continent of Europe. The example of certain churches in America, of the Waldenses in France, and of Sweden and Denmark, has led to much discussion in certain parts of continental

Europe, especially in Hamburg and Alsace, in favor of the individual cup in the Lord's Supper. Churchmen of all tendencies strongly favor the change from the common to the individual cup. A large meeting was recently held in Strasburg in favor of the new movement, and not a dissenting voice was heard. Professor Spitta discussed the æsthetic and hygienic arguments in favor of, and refuted the arguments against the change. Medical Professor Forster gave a demonstration illustrating how contagious diseases are spread by the present practice. Arguments against the change are very much the same as in America. Especially is the attempt made to show that the new move is in the interest of a separation between the upper and the lower classes. The advocates of the movement of course deny this, and declare that nothing can tend more to break down the class feeling than the individual cup since it removes the occasion of such feeling. It is expected that the new plan may be put into effect on Easter in Strasburg.

The Mennonites in 1903. They just about hold their own, except in Russia, where they made considerable gains during the last century, not by any propaganda, which is forbidden, but by the natural increase of the population in their colonies, which are of German origin. In the German empire they make about seventy congregations, most of them small, but some of one thousand souls or over. Nearly all these congregations, as those also of Holland, are quite ancient, since the Mennonites are the direct successors of the Anabaptists of the sixteenth century. They have in all only about twelve congregations in which educated preachers are employed. The rest of them have for pastors lay members, who are often quite able and conscientious preachers. In southern Russia these lay preachers are frequently chosen from the school-teachers. The result of this arrangement is that there are but few young men among them engaged as students of theology.

Unfermented Wine in the Lord's Supper. Probably the first instance within the State Church of Germany in which unfermented wine was used in the Lord's Supper occurred recently at the St. John's Church in Flensburg. When one considers that the Germans have generally not only regarded wine as an innocent and harmless drink, but that they have felt that fermented wine was absolutely essential to the proper administration of the holy communion, it will be seen that this move is significant. It is the direct result of the activity of the Good Templars, who are numerous in Flensburg.

GLIMPSES OF REVIEWS AND MAGAZINES.

THE picture of Mrs. Julia Ward Howe in her eighty-fifth year, which is the frontispiece in the June number of *The Critic* (New York), is fitter than any human portrait we remember to stand as the typical picture of Old Age, wrinkled, pathetic, weary, yet noble and grand with an ineffable dignity, and with a far-flown light on the expectant face as of one who could say, "Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord." The Lounger in *The Critic* thinks that "if a ballot were taken on the question, Who is Chicago's most eminent citizen, Jane Addams's name would head the list. Mayor Harrison is widely known politically, and Theodore Thomas musically, but have they made any impression on, let us say, Russia, France, or Italy?" Jeannette L. Gilder, writing of Herbert Spencer, gives some of his sayings about persons and things. "I spent an evening at Carlyle's a fortnight ago," wrote Spencer. "He is a queer creature, and I should soon be terribly bored with him were I long in his company. His talk is little else than a continued tirade against the 'horrible, abominable state of things.' His perpetual grumbling at everything and everybody is so provoking, and it is so useless to reason with him, that I do not want to see much of him. He has a morbid desire to find badness everywhere, unqualified by any goodness, and he has a daily secretion of curses which he must vent on somebody or something." Spencer says that Carlyle was "anything but a philosopher," and that his nature "lacked coordination intellectually and morally." Of Huxley, Spencer wrote: "To his friends he is known as a sayer of good things—some of them things which, though forgotten by himself, are remembered by others. A witticism of his at my expense has remained with me these twenty years. He was one of a circle in which tragedy was the topic, when my name came up in connection with some opinion or other, whereupon he remarked: 'O! you know, Spencer's idea of a tragedy is a deduction killed by a fact.' On another occasion Lewes gave him an opportunity. I had invited some half dozen leading men to meet an American friend at dinner. In the course of the evening a conversation arose about habits of composition; some describing the difficulty they had in getting into the swing of it, and others saying they found it easy at the outset. Lewes, one of the last, said: 'I never hesitate. I get up the steam at once. In short, I boil at low temperature.' 'Well, but,' remarked Huxley, 'that implies a vacuum in the upper regions.'" Herbert Spencer's earliest recollection of his own life was that of a horror of being left alone; yet he spent a large part of his later life in solitude, without which, possibly, his books might never have been written. Raffaele Simboli tells us that Mark Twain in his Florentine home, the Villa di Corti, regulated his life by system, taking but one meal a day, and that in the evening; writing and studying all day long, and for a good part of the night strolling alone over the extensive grounds

of the villa, meditating and shaping new stories and sketches. The late Laurence Hutton had in his Princeton library a collection of casts of the hands of numerous celebrities, "hands that have done things," and he valued them as more expressive of personality than death masks of the face. Among them were casts of the hands of Goethe, the Duke of Wellington, Carlyle, Sarasate, Rossetti, Thackeray, Whittier, Charles Dudley Warner, Louis Stevenson, Chopin, William Hunt, and others. One wonders what psychological association made Mr. Hutton hang the thin, wrinkled hand of Voltaire and the fat hand of Walt Whitman side by side. Almost the smoothest, plumpest hand is Whittier's, while the hands most withered and shriveled in appearance are those of Thackeray and Helen Keller, the latter being the left hand with which the blind girl reads the raised letters of the pages before her. Under this delicate worn hand, a little dearer to him than the others, Laurence Hutton wrote:

> She is deaf to the sounds all about us,
> What she sees we cannot understand,
> But she hears with the tips of her fingers,
> And her sight's in the touch of her hand.

In other pages of *The Critic* a Southern woman talks plainly to her own people about the loss and folly of doting and dwelling forever on the past, telling them that this hampers and retards their progress in literature as in other things. She alleges that nearly all the fiction produced in the South glorifies the life, manners, and conditions of a defunct civilization, and is out of sympathy with the new and living South of to-day. She says that their "vocabulary is much too sentimental and oratorical, too weak with staccato phrases and euphonious alliterations." She declares that her people exert their power too much in the direction of repulsion and antipathy. "Our strength," she says, "consists in resenting every outside effort, however well meant, made to modify our formula of existence. We insist on our right to work out our own salvation while the world about us fears and trembles. And this determination to make our own scriptures accounts for the social, literary, and political tragedies that occur from time to time in this section. Occasionally some John the Baptist comes crying out of the wilderness, 'Repent! Repent!' But we do not repent. Instead, we force the resignation of that prophet, whether he occupies a pulpit, a chair in some college, or a political footstool. We resist his doctrines, expel him, and return triumphantly to our consolidated situation. And the more we are reproached the more industriously do we whet the sword for the next soothsayer who has fed too long upon foreign locusts and honey. Evidently it is no light matter to undertake the representation of such a people in literature. Naturally a novelist would think with prayer and fasting before he risked it; and he would do well to pray, especially, for, if he gave offense to any, his passport would be ready for him before the first edition of his book was sold. The South has ever showed a remarkable dispatch in such matters." This Southern woman goes on to say that in the South the critics are the stepmothers of literature, limiting it to a particular type

and temper and attitude. Its attitude is facing backward. She says of the regulators of Southern sentiment and expression: "At the close of the Civil War they made a sepulcher for all our glories and ever since have constituted themselves the guardians of this patriotic tomb. They do not recognize the splendid resurrection of the South, and even in matters of purely literary criticism they are still wearing their ante-bellum side-arms. They demand that every hero of a Southern romance shall have his stature, manners, morals, and sentiments modeled by the standards of the past. Nothing could be more destructive to the creative faculty or prohibitive of originality and freshness of expression. Too many Southern authors squat about in military cemeteries to write their books. And this eternal requiem to the past has so affected the imagination of the people that they are continually stretching their faculties in a forty-years' perspective over the battle rim of the sixties. Their literature will never become vital, fresh, and progressive so long as they deal so exclusively with what has been finished, mourned, and buried." She ends by saying that as a rule the Southern writer and literary critic is "a sycophant to his own ancestors—lusty old fellows who would doubtless like to kick up through their grave-dust hard enough to land him somewhere beyond cemetery regions into the real world of living men and women." In the Editor's Clearing-House the notion that early rising is necessarily a virtue is declared to be a pathetic fallacy. At midnight, in the silence of the sleep-time, one should set his fancies free. That is the hour of the student and the scholar, the poet and the statesman. "Shakespeare realized this fact: he allows Imogen at night to read in bed, nor was she early from her room; it is the 'yellow Iachimo' and poor foolish Cloten who are up betimes. Or take Portia—Brutus's Portia: here is a thoroughly estimable woman, a Roman matron of the strictest sect, wise with that intuitive wisdom which amounts almost to genius in Shakespeare's women, but note her opinion of early rising; when her husband walks abroad in 'the dank morning' she notices the phenomenon with undisguised alarm. Something must ail him. 'Is Brutus sick?' is 'her first anxious question.'

> Is Brutus sick
> And will he steal out of his wholesome bed
> To dare the vile contagion of the night
> And tempt the rheumy and unpurged air?

A tardiness of physical action in the morning is an indication of intellectual development, a step in the attainment of soul stature. The lower animals are, for the most part, early risers; the rooster stands preeminent in his adherence to the habit; but why should we take him for an example? have we made no advance in the scale of evolution? Let the early bird catch the worm. We do not grudge it to him; we do not need to catch worms." When Goldsmith and Samuel Johnson met in company each aspired to lead the conversation. Once when Goldsmith had been talking in a company with vivacious fluency and, as he supposed, to the admiration of all present, a German who sat next him perceived Johnson rolling himself in his chair as if about to speak. He

suddenly stopped Goldsmith in the midst of a sentence, saying: "Stay, stay! Tocter Shonson is going to zay zomeding." Talleyrand was a charming raconteur, and Sydney Smith said his brilliant flashes of silence made his conversation perfectly delightful.

THE *Reader Magazine* (Indianapolis) for June presents attractive contents, having among its contributors Edgar Fawcett, Whitcomb Riley, and Israel Zangwill, the Jew whose pen is of the brightest and the sharpest. His criticism of Herbert Spencer is so acute and so entirely without prejudice that we transcribe part of it here: "To himself Herbert Spencer doubtless figured *par excellence* a scientific thinker, and no doubt he did contribute ideas innumerable to the treasure-house of European thought. But except in his *Biology*, a real attempt to rewrite Genesis, he can hardly be said to have made durable additions to scientific detail. It is in the great epic sweep of his thought that he shows himself—like all metaphysicians and system builders—a cosmic poet. He aimed at nothing less than evolving the whole cosmic order and every human phenomena from stars to flying fishes, from churches to playing cards, from thunder to big bassoons, from marriage to melodrama, all out of the original homogeneous blue of formless foggy matter. Give me this Matter and Force, and I will build you up the system of things as they are, was his colossal pretension, and it is only the microscopy of his method that has occasionally obscured the architectonic magnificence of it all. As a recreator of the universe he is only surpassed by Hegel, who does not even ask for Matter and Force, but makes his world omelette entirely without eggs. In a sense, both men are supreme jugglers. At all the critical points of his system Spencer is found subtly assuming that very conception whose evolution he is trying to trace. In his *Psychology*—a work with superb moments—he explains Instinct by Reason and Reason by Instinct, Volition by Automatism and Automatism by Volition, Time by Space and Space by Time. These vicious circles are unavoidable, for metaphysics is an attempt to eat one's own head. In his *First Principles*, the work in which his encyclopedic system is outlined with all the majesty of Epicurus, the juggling is with the word 'Force,' which is used in many different senses. Herbert Spencer devoted his life to proving the thesis laid down in this youthful book. Every separate work of his is but an endeavor to demonstrate in detail the propositions there set forth in general. What greater proof that he worked as a poet, as a spider-philosopher weaving a web from his own entrails, and not as the scientist he fancied himself. One has only to compare him with his great contemporary, Darwin, to see the difference between the scientific and the poetic temperament. Had Herbert Spencer been a true scientist, he would have published his *First Principles* at the end of his life, not at the beginning. They would have been the result of a lifetime of painful accumulation of facts. The painful accumulation of facts did indeed occupy his lifetime. He was even indefatigable in the search for facts, had bureaus and detectives, yclept assistants, at work

ransacking the world from China to Peru in search of facts. But obviously these facts had all to be in the interests of a theory, to which he was tied hand and foot, and from which he could not budge, however free from bias the great analyzer of the various species of bias might have fancied himself. The central conception of his system—that evolution consists of the change from an indefinite homogeneous unity to a definite heterogeneous complexity, is a proposition which neither throws light upon the cause of such progress, nor supplies us with any canon of its quality. It is a mere numerical statement; the one turns plural, a generalization already familiar to early Greek philosophy. When the beautiful simplicity of Greek architecture was replaced by the manifold floridness of rococo, shall we say this is the inevitable movement of Evolution? As often as not, in a period of better taste, there is a return to the old models. Evolution itself even progresses by retrogression to lesser complexity, as when cumbrous old machines are developed into inventions with half the parts, or the mediæval astronomy of cycles and epicycles is replaced by the simpler conceptions of the modern, or Puritanism cries check to the complexities of Catholicism. Spencer's conception of this automatic movement of evolution left him unable to explain the human consciousness save as a sort of print gradually produced by the outside world of matter and force working upon a waxen nullity. A more childish notion never took in a whole school of philosophy, though it seems less childish in Spencer than in Locke or John Stuart Mill, because Spencer gives the process eons of time and treats all humanity as one slowly growing man, and does not imagine it repeated in every individual infant. But that a blind matter and force, acting by an automatic law, shall end by producing a Herbert Spencer to live solitary days and studious nights, to shatter his health and waste his substance on noble unprofitable books, merely to prove this automatic law to other automatic beings is an hypothesis too empty to be seriously considered, however profoundly disguised in portentous volumes. It is true that Herbert Spencer threw in the word 'Unknowable' to undo all he had done, like some magic wand with backward passes, and dissevering power, and this enabled the parsons to adopt him when the ex-bogy-man became too fashionable to be disregarded. But the word 'Unknowable' is as much an evasion of forthright, downright thinking, as the parsons' word 'Almighty,' and though the essence of the universe be forever unseizable, first to explain it in terms of Matter and Force, and then to say, the essence of Matter and Force is Unknowable, so that my explanation is, after all, no explanation, is rather a feeble way of philosophizing. No, it is as a poet, and a prophet of righteousness, that Spencer will win immortality: through his passionate proclamation of the gospel of work and happiness, and the free play of individuality and the ultimate progression from militarism into an ethic millennium. These conceptions have little in common with the transformation of a homogeneous fog into a highly differentiated cosmos, but then the true inner Spencer had little in common with his theories. It is not in his vague 'Unknowable' that the parsons should have found comfort, but—had they been less stupid—in his quite know-

able moral ideals. Perhaps they were appalled by his paradox that the conception of morality is transitory and will disappear as moralization increases. The breakdown of the Spencerian system, and the ruthless analysis to which even the Darwinian ideas are being subjected, may serve to teach the orthodox a lesson. For they should see by this time the folly of burning thinkers—so long as there is cheaper fuel—for the thoughts they desire to burn with the bones are much more effectually cremated, or at least purged by Father Time. The thrill of dismay that passed over the camps of theology when modern science began speaking out was little creditable to the piety of the panic-stricken. The universe became an affair to be hushed up, and the God they professed to adore was treated as a sort of dishonest dealer whose books would not bear auditing. Herbert Spencer has taught us to envisage the cosmos calmly and honorably and, whatever the facts, to 'quit ourselves manfully among them.' It is our duty, he held, to speak the Truth, however it seems to us: if we are in the right, well: 'if not, well also, though not so well.'" Another writer in the *Reader Magazine* congratulates us that America is not Anglo-Saxon, and says: "The Protestant Anglo-Saxon usually thinks of the millennium as something to be anxious about, and to be obtained only after a vast number of persons have been made uncomfortable and punished for a variety of things. It comes over one, now and then, what an appalling world this will be if it ever becomes utterly Anglicized—how utterly adult it will be, how uncompromising, how full of conventions, and yet how free from ideals! The saving grace of America is that it has not been Anglicized. It is Gaelic—and Gallic. It preserves, to some extent, the happy expectancy and the childish aspect. It likes mirth, it enjoys happy pretense, and it is soaked with ideality. Even its successful materialism has been more of a game than of an asset. It has the stuff out of which genius may some day be fashioned—genius, which is always young, which always regards life with the eyes of the newly arrived, which, by the very nature of things, must take life as an incident, and look upon thought as a fluid, compliant to any mold in which it is cast. That facility and sympathy, that shifting of moods and charming curiosity, that essential and delightful democracy which alone can make life thoroughly interesting, which the French and the Irish comprehend and exemplify, is ours quite as much as are the qualities of courage, endurance, conservatism, and reserve which the Englishman has taught us, and which he has practiced till his temperament and sympathy have all but atrophied." In Frank Norris's volume of essays published since his death is the following, which fairly describes the sincerity that characterized his own work: "And when the last page is written and the ink crusts on the pen point and the hungry presses go clashing after another writer, the 'new man,' and the new fashion of the hour, he will think of the grim, long grind of the years of his life that he has put behind him and of the work that he has built up, volume by volume, sincere work, telling the truth as he saw it, independent of fashion and gallery gods, holding to them with gripped hands and shut teeth—he will think of all this then, and he will be able to say, 'I never truckled; I

never took off my hat to fashion and held it out for pennies. I told people the truth. They liked it or they didn't like it. What had that to do with me? I told them the truth: I knew it for the truth then, and I know it for the truth now.' And that is his reward—the best that a man may know; the only one really worth the striving for."

SELDOM does any review bring to our table a richer list of articles than the diversified contents of the April number of the *London Quarterly Review*. "Ritschl's Theory of the Church," "Christina Rossetti," "St. Paul as a Spiritual Thinker," "Modern Anti-Christian Propagandism," "M. Loisy and the Vatican," "Edward FitzGerald," "The Religious Orders in France," and "The Reformation" are the subjects. H. R. Mackintosh closes his study of Ritschl's teachings with these words: "This great theologian may teach a collectivism in salvation which we are bound to reject; he may limit the divine purpose to the corporate body in a fashion that can be approved only by standards which are less than Christian. Yet we cannot forget that no one has protested more unflinchingly or more irrefutably than he against the shallow Pelagian notion of personality. He has written it afresh in the records of thought, as with a pen of iron on a rock, that the Church is the normal medium of redemption to the souls of men, whom by her ministries she daily seeks to draw to Christ, and whom by her fellowship she is building up, in faith and goodness, to everlasting life." In the fourth article Frank Ballard discusses the studied and virulent attacks made on Christian faith and doctrine by organized bands of Secularists and Rationalists in England and Germany, referring especially to Robert Blatchford, editor of *The Clarion*, of whose wholesale onslaught we wrote in our March number. The socialist and secularist ranks in England have recently received from Romanism a notable accession in the person of Mr. Joseph McCabe, a vigorous thinker and formidable controversialist. By this aggressive and revolutionary band the British Isles have been flooded with sixpenny pamphlets by the half-million containing most insidious and cunning arguments against religion. This is part of a great campaign for the overthrow of Christianity. Mr. Ballard's article enumerates the forces which the Faith of our Fathers has to fight as for its very life, and also names the needs of the Christian Church to insure victory over its embattled foes. Declaring that the supreme need is that the Church itself shall be really Christian, the writer says: "The reminder that men are not often brought to Christ by argument is somewhat platitudinal, not to say irreverent, seeing that both Christ himself and the apostles always appealed to men's intellects rather than to their emotions. But there is this truth in it, that *something* more than mere words or syllogisms is forever required, either to maintain or to extend the influence of the Gospel of Christ. This has been put with trenchant force in one of our most recent reviews. The editor of the *Hibbert Journal* has rendered real service to Christendom in putting his finger, with reverent and cultured plainness, upon what is undoubtedly the weakest spot in our

Christian armor. 'The change which for good or ill has passed over Christian thought during the last hundred years is perhaps best summed up in the saying that Christianity is not a creed but a life.' This is true, although, for the matter of that, John Wesley said it plainly enough a hundred and fifty years ago, and the apostles said so from the outset of their ministry. But, assuming that it is coming to this generation with all the force of a new truth, 'immediately then springs up another question, namely, Where is this Christianity? Where are the higher righteousness and the law of love to be seen in operation?—The type of plain man we are considering wants a more valid proof than has yet been offered that' the Church 'is serious when it professes the Christianity which is a life and not a creed. It is no harder to prove the Pope a successor of the Fisherman, than to prove *the average worshiper* in a Christian Church to be a true follower of Jesus Christ, assuming always that Christianity is a life. *Does the nominally Christian world mean to be Christian in fact?*' That is the question of questions to which we are brought, ultimately and necessarily, when all attempts to justify Christianity by evidences have done their utmost." Dr. W. T. Davison condemns Harnack and Loisy as being unfair and unsound in their so-called historical criticism. The following is part of what he says: "The historian is bound to account for the phenomenon which was called the Christian religion, say, in 100 A. D. From what did it spring? Not simply from a belief in the Fatherhood of God, the value of the human soul and the law of love, with Jesus for a lofty example of obedience to it, as Professor Harnack would have us believe. Not from a proclamation of a coming kingdom given by a Jewish Messiah, who did not know the future and cannot be proved to have risen from the dead, as M. Loisy the 'historian' asserts. It was not the teaching of Jesus in his lifetime, but the preaching of the apostles about what Jesus was and had done, which 'founded' the Christian religion. According to the New Testament, that which changed the history of the world was not the prophet Jesus telling men of the value of the human soul, but the preaching of the apostles concerning the Son of God, who died for our sins and rose again for our justification. We are a little impatient of the fashionable modern cant about 'history,' or the process of analysis which usurps the name. Critics are eager to get behind the evangelists, and behind the documents which the evangelists used, and behind the consciousness of those who handed on the traditions recorded in the documents, to get at—what? *The* fact which is unquestioned is that the preaching of Christ, the Son of God, crucified and risen again, changed the face of history. As Dr. Fairbairn has said, 'It is not Jesus of Nazareth who has so powerfully entered into history; it is the deified Christ who has been believed, loved, and obeyed as the Saviour of the world. . . . If the doctrine of the Person of Christ were explicable as the mere mythical apotheosis of Jesus of Nazareth, it would become the most insolent and fateful anomaly in history.' History is little worth if all it can do is to resolve existing documents into their constituent elements and go behind them to hypothetical documents out of which they sprang, in order to reach what is termed the 'genesis' of a belief, while it

cannot give an adequate explanation of the greatest event history has ever known. The rise and progress of the Christian religion as proclaimed by the apostles and their successors is not accounted for by Professor Harnack, who leaves us so little of the Gospel narrative as historical fact, nor by M. Loisy, who leaves us still less. Frank examination of the Gospel records as literary documents is one thing, the skeptical assertions of Rationalist and Romanist 'historians' are quite another. The Evangelical Protestant will cling to his New Testament, both for history and theology, as the groundwork of his faith and the charter of his freedom; and he will be right." An engaging and delightful essay is that upon Edward FitzGerald, translator of the *Rubáïyát of Omar Khayyám.* Here is one glimpse of the ways and habits of this son of genius and petted darling of leisured affluence: "After seven years' rambling about with friends or staying with relatives, FitzGerald settled in 1837 in a thatched cottage—a single-storied tenement of two apartments—near the gate of Boulge Park, where his father then resided. By April FitzGerald had got the garden in order, put his books on the shelves, . . . set Stothard's *Canterbury Pilgrims* over the fireplace, Shakespeare's bust in a recess, and begun—with a cat, a dog, and a parrot called 'Beauty Bob'—a very pleasant Robinson Crusoe sort of life. His wants were few. . . . His bedroom was furnished as simply as the prophet's chamber at Shunem. Wardrobe he had none—for he could always hang the few clothes he possessed on his own person, and badly hung they were. The study, on the other hand, was crowded. Order not being one of his weaknesses, the books that would not go on his shelves were heaped on the floor. Here were portraits on wall or easel, there large pictures, boots, music, tobacco pipes, walking sticks, mingled in pleasing confusion on table, chair, and piano. . . . With his window open to let in the odor of the cowslips or the garden flowers, FitzGerald sat in dressing gown and slippers, pipe in mouth, and let time slide—troubling about and being troubled by nobody, except the Woodbridge man who brought him his letters and thrice a week shaved him, and the matchman, with his bundles of great sulphur-tipped matches, whom you could smell a mile off." About this time Spedding writes: "Fitz is . . . in a state of disgraceful indifference to everything except grass and fresh air." And FitzGerald himself tells W. F. Pollock of the little disasters and miseries under which he labors.—"This all comes of having no occupation or sticking point; so one's thoughts go floating about in a gossamer way." His little disasters prompt him to tell his oft-repeated story from John Wesley's experiences: "A gentleman of large fortune, while we were seriously conversing, ordered a servant to throw some coals on the fire. A puff of smoke came out. He threw himself back in his chair and cried out petulantly, 'O, Mr. Wesley, these are the crosses I meet with every day.'" FitzGerald preferred the dullness of country people to the impudence of Londoners. He said that rustic folk have "a substantial goodness resulting from the funded virtues of many good humble men gone by." FitzGerald thought that if Tennyson had lived an active life, like Scott and Shakespeare, he would have done much more and would have talked about it less. He

named his yacht *The Scandal* because scandal was the swiftest thing he knew. He had an eccentric elder brother, John FitzGerald, the rich country squire, the generous philanthropist, and the earnest evangelical preacher, who in his preaching would occasionally take off not only his boots but his socks, holding these at arm's length, and examining them critically through his eyeglasses, while still continuing his discourse, but whose heart was right, and who, when hoping and waiting for death at the last, could see and hear, as he himself said, in every pang of his agonized sufferings, the voice of his Beloved saying, "Come along." Edward FitzGerald was by some rated as an agnostic or a pagan. This charge his friends deny. Professor Cowell says, "He was in no sense a pagan—he was a man of sincere religious feeling, but full of doubts and difficulties." Mr. Aldis Wright says, "Though he was a man of most reverent mind, dogmatic theology had no attraction for him." Dr. Thompson, Master of Trinity College, wrote, "Two of the purest-living men among my intimates, FitzGerald and Spedding, were prisoners in Doubting Castle all their lives. This to me is a mysterious problem—not to be solved by any ordinary expedient, nor on this side the Veil, I think." On Fitz-Gerald's gravestone is the inscription selected by himself, "It is He that hath made us, and not we ourselves." This recalls the words on Matthew Arnold's tombstone, "Light is sown for the righteous and gladness for the upright in heart;" and of that on Daniel Webster's monument, by his own direction, "Lord I believe. Help thou mine unbelief!" One of the books Fitz-Gerald valued most was Wesley's *Journal.* In his own well-thumbed copy two passages were conspicuously marked by him. The first is: "Shall we not have more and more cause to say:

> Names, and sects, and parties fall;
> Thou, O Christ, art all in all!"

The second is part of a remarkable letter received by Mr. Wesley: "I was formerly apt to mention my skepticism both to clergymen and laymen, with a view of lessening the evil; but they rather increased it. Few clergymen cared to discourse on the subject; and if they did, they generally expected that a few weak reasons should eradicate, at once, strong and deep-rooted prejudices; and most laymen discovered an utter ignorance of the religion they pretended to believe, and looked upon me as if I had the plague for owning I did not believe it. What method could I take? I long avoided speaking of religion to any but its great Author." With these passages we place the significant statement made by FitzGerald's biographer—that one day when a friend came suddenly upon FitzGerald he heard him saying quietly to himself: "Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool."

BOOK NOTICES.

RELIGION, THEOLOGY, AND BIBLICAL LITERATURE.

Religions of Authority and the Religion of the Spirit. By AUGUSTE SABATIER, late Dean of the Protestant Faculty of Theology in the University of Paris. Translated by LOUISE SEYMOUR HOUGHTON. 8vo, pp. xxxii, 410. New York: McClure, Phillips & Co. Price, cloth, $3.50.

Decidedly this is a book to be reckoned with. It is great in the theme discussed, which is nothing less than the true nature of religion, and great in the research and meditation which have been bestowed upon the theme. It is full of learning and of light. It is, to be sure, somewhat confused in arrangement, often vague and inconsistent in statement, and characterized by many infelicities of language, some of which are plainly due to the translator. And although there are touches of imagination and vivacity, occasional evidences of a rare gift for striking phrases, and some passages of moving beauty and eloquence, the style as a whole is rather repetitious, obscure, and heavy. The need of the final revision planned by the author, whose lamented death occurred three years ago, just after the writing was finished, is sadly evident. Moreover, the full table of contents does not atone for the absence of an index. The references are almost wholly to ancient or to French publications, and the author seems to have known little of the newer thinking in England and America. Yet when these defects have been pointed out the fact still remains that here is a notable book. It is suggestive and stimulating in its thought, comprehensive in its treatment, reverent in its tone, and uplifting in its influence. It may at once be added that it is great both in virtue and in fault. The fault is of such a sort that Methodism is peculiarly qualified to deal with it; for the reason that the virtue consists in the statement of the truth upon which Methodism was based. The truth is the spiritual, inward, vital nature of religion, as distinct from its institutions, its creeds, its rites, its sects; and this from the beginning has constituted the message of Methodism. The fault is in the exaltation of the individual reason without due regard to the historic factor in Christianity; and for this excessive individualism Methodism, which has balanced the historic and the personal, should furnish the corrective. Dean Sabatier was properly placed, where for twenty-five years he remained, at the head of a Protestant faculty. His ability qualified him for leadership, and while he claimed for himself liberty to accept whatever in Romanism seemed to him true, he was Protestant to the heart. This volume, indeed, is an elaborate defense of the central principle of the Reformation—salvation by faith alone. Primarily it may appear to be destructive—to be one long protest against any authoritative standard in religion. The complaint is here set forth that while all other sciences have adopted the experimental method, theology alone moves by the method of authority—that religion is regarded as an extra-human truth delivered in some ancient super-

natural way by God, certified by external evidences such as miracles, rather than "an inner inspiration upspringing in human consciences," and verified by experience of its intrinsic value. To understand the earnestness with which this notion is stated and disputed we must remember that M. Sabatier was a Parisian, and that it is in his city that the Abbe Loisy, a young Roman Catholic priest, has within a very few months, at the bidding of the new Pope, who was moved by the archbishop of Paris, renounced the critical positions which as a scholar he had reached, consenting, as *La Siecle* put it, "to kill his reason and to choke in him the cry of the truth." And it was a Frenchman, M. Brunetière, editor of *Le Revue des Deux Mondes*, who in combating this very work asserted that "there is no such thing as a personal religion, and that there is no religion without authority." Asked what he believed, he made answer: "What do I believe? Go and inquire in Rome!" In a land where Catholicism is still mediæval and Protestantism is feeble and timid it is not strange that the need of a polemic like this should be felt. Here is call for a firm and rational Protestantism like that for which M. Sabatier contends. Book I undertakes to justify the Reformation by refuting the Roman Catholic dogma of the Church's right to stand between the individual and God. This dogma was based on the conception of the Church as the embodiment of the divine life, the Word still made flesh, and therefore infallible and necessary for salvation, being, in fact, identical with the kingdom of God; of Church tradition consequently as of equal authority with the Scriptures; of the episcopate, transformed from the mere presidency of a presbytery (though even then the office of an ecclesiastic as against the free, Spirit-taught apostles), its authority growing with the decline of original fervor and freedom, taking on priestly functions, until it comes to its logical fulfillment in the papacy. The long development is traced from the democracy of early Christian days to the absolute monarchy which made its claim to infallibility in the Vatican Council of 1870. Here at last was theological, moral, and ecclesiastical absolutism. Romanism, in its full development, is nothing if not exclusive. To stand for tolerance, for free discussion, is simply to abdicate. The principles of liberty and equality in social and political life are fatal to a Church so organized and maintained. But such conceptions of the Church and of priestly authority the author shows to be unfounded in history and contradictory in logic. Books II and III undertake to show the error of Protestantism in its attempt to substitute the Bible for the Church as an authoritative standard, to really base itself on a formal principle (the divine authority of Holy Scripture) as well as on a material principle—justification by faith. That the latter alone should stand as the guiding principle of Protestantism, as the one central truth of Christianity, is the purpose of the author's argument. He shows, as to the New Testament, that with the writers themselves there was no assumption of infallibility. Luke puts his gospel on no different plane from those records which had preceded it, except such as it reaches by reason of the greater fullness and accuracy which he tried to secure. Paul "supposes the possibility of an error of memory from his pen; he declares that he is constantly making

progress in knowledge of the truth; he modifies his early ideas upon many points and ingenuously confesses that he considers his present knowledge as imperfect, destined to give place to more light and greater accuracy." "Jesus had promised the Church his Spirit, not a new book." From the beginning of the second century a less human and more mechanical theory of inspiration begins to prevail, though its application to the Scriptures was still varied and confusing. Heathen wisdom and prophecy are sometimes ranked with the Hebrew writings. "Tertullian held that every edifying book was divinely inspired. Origen . . . distinguished in the Scriptures portions of unequal inspiration and value." Some of the canonical books obtain their place only after question and struggle; other books are shut out doubtfully. The contention, however, for the infallibility of the Bible dies away later as the infallibility of the Church becomes generally recognized, but when the Reformation destroys the second dogma the first emerges again for recognition. The Reformers at first put the emphasis of their appeal on experience rather than history; they regarded the inspiration of the Scriptures as a religious fact rather than an intellectual theory, and rested their authority on conscience, on the personal witness of the Spirit. To them the Bible was not identical with "the word of God," but was "a historic instrument for arriving at the discovery of true Christianity." Luther therefore did not hesitate to write: "Christ is the Master; the Scriptures are the servant. Here is the true touchstone for testing all the books: we must see whether they work the works of Christ or not. . . . The gospel of John and his first epistle, the epistles of Paul, particularly those to the Romans, the Galatians, and the Ephesians, and the First Epistle of Peter, these are the books which show thee Christ and teach thee all that it is good and necessary for thee to know, though thou shouldst never hear nor see any other books. As for the others, the Epistle of James is a veritable epistle of straw, for there is nothing evangelical in it." And just as Luther ranked the books of the Bible by their relation and importance to the Christian experience of pardon and peace, so Calvin and Zwingli likewise made this experience the supreme thing, and tested the Scriptures by it as a criterion. But the Reformers were not always consistent with themselves, and opinion moved to the Catholic principle of external authority, which thus reappeared in the very heart of Protestantism. The Protestant confessions of faith in the sixteenth century—"the canonical Scriptures are the very word of God"—led to the positive dogmatic statements of the seventeenth century. Inspiration became in the thought of the Church a finely mechanical thing; the writers were passive, mere secretaries, or, more correctly, pens. The Scriptures were infallible, and exercised a direct supernatural influence by the Spirit incarnate in the Bible. The theory of verbal or plenary inspiration thus wrought out has found itself hard pushed by the facts of individual style, local and temporary coloring, grammatical errors, textual variations, minor discrepancies of statement, the uncertain boundaries of the canon, and the absence of any claim to inerrancy on the part of the biblical writers. Infallibility cannot be grounded on the Church, which put together the Bible, for the Church is not infallible.

Nor can it be grounded on historical evidences, by arguing back through authenticity, truthfulness, miracles, to divine authority. "The majority of Christians in our day," affirms the author, "believe in the miracles of Jesus because of his Gospel, not in the Gospel because of his miracles." The strength of the claim for inspiration lies in the direct appeal of the Scriptures to the moral nature. Historical proofs failed with Rousseau, for example. "'How many men,' he cried, 'between God and me!' Yet when he opened the Gospel and gave himself up to reading it he felt with deep emotion its sovereign attraction. 'The majesty of the Scriptures astonishes me; the simplicity of the Gospels speaks to my heart.'" To quote Lessing: "If the paralytic feels the beneficent shock of the electric spark, and so regains power to walk, what matters it to him whether Nollet or Franklin, or, indeed, neither of them, was right in his theory of electricity?" This denial of the necessity and the fact of infallibility must extend, the author adds, even to the recorded words of Jesus, "the last bulwark of the system of authority." There is no proof and little probability that the record is perfectly correct in all details. Undoubtedly authentic in its main outlines, permitting us "to grasp with certainty its master thought and true accent," the record of the teaching does not, however, make it possible to frame the letter of an infallible code. The form of the teaching, figurative and enigmatic, designed primarily to arouse, does not lend itself to dogmatic use. Moreover, the perfect humanity of Jesus demands the limitation of his knowledge, and, in the opinion of some theologians, which the author seems to share, opens the way for his fallibility in many matters not of the essence of religion. But this, we are assured, affects in no wise the real purpose and work of Jesus. "Nothing is more false or more dangerous than to reduce his teachings to a system of doctrines to be believed or of absolute precepts to be blindly practiced. He himself seems to have taken care to discourage those of his disciples who were tempted thus to lower his Gospel to the rank of a law. He brought to the human spirit not fetters, but new powers. He wanted his disciples to be free agents, not passive subjects. . . . The authority of Jesus came not from exterior title, but from the worth of his personality and the intrinsic quality of his words. These speak to the conscience with self-enforcing power, and, being received by faith, they identify themselves with conscience itself and become a part of it." This conception of inspiration, not as involving inerrancy, but as a religious fact rather than a theological theory, reconciles, in the author's view, the historic and the religious notions of the Bible. History, says he, affirms the composite and confused character of many of the books, tells us that there is no infallible canon, no absolutely accurate text. Piety says, on the other hand, that here is the record of a true revelation of God. Both speak truth. "Moses, Isaiah, Paul, John, Peter, are men of God clothed with a very great moral authority, . . . incomparable models and precious teachers," but the Christian disciple, having the spirit and liberty of Christ, is free to choose and judge their utterances. The Bible is still *the* book, solitary and unique, bringing the word of God as nothing else brings it, revealing life and propagating it. "It is no longer a code,

but it remains a testimony; it is no longer a law, but it is a means of grace. It does not prescribe the scientific formulas of faith, but it does remain the historic fountain of Christian knowledge." It serves to test and to correct the Christian consciousness of to-day. "We may therefore say that the Bible continues and perpetually maintains the revelation of God in the souls of men, keeping it fresh and strong by its primitive simplicity." "What other book like this can awaken dumb or sleeping consciences, reveal the secret needs of the soul, sharpen the thorn of sin and press its cruel point upon us, tear away our delusions, humiliate our pride, and disturb our false serenity? What sudden lightnings it shoots into the abysses of our heart! What searchings of conscience are like those which we make by this light? And when we have gained a right apprehension of our shortcomings and spiritual poverty, when the need of pardon, the hunger for righteousness, and the thirst for life torture the soul to desperation, what other voice than that of the Son of man has power to allay our pain, convince us of the love of the Father, the love that passeth knowledge, in which all shame and remorse are swallowed up, and the flame of a holy life is kindled in the soul? The word which pierced us like a sharp sword now sheds itself like balm over all our wounds, like consolation over all our sorrows. It becomes a source of inward joy, a strength for life, and a hope which shines beyond death itself. These experiences, moreover, are facts. This light shining into the darkness of the inner life is a fact; this repentance and confusion, this spiritual new birth, these aspirations toward goodness and toward God, this shame of hidden sin, this thirst for eternal life, are facts. The power which produces such effects is also a fact. The word which draws us so irresistibly to God and so invincibly attaches us to him can come from none but him." Now, whatever errors may be thought inherent in this view of revelation one must at least admit that it is spiritual. It refuses to be satisfied with submission or intellectual assent, and pushes back into the heart of the individual Christian. Personal experience is insisted upon as an indispensable part of the equipment of the Christian thinker. The great verities of sin and salvation are strongly brought out. Repentance, faith, the new birth, and the witness of the Spirit are presented as the vital Christian doctrines. The author laments the fact that the orthodoxy of the day counts the witness of the Spirit of little value. He urges the universal inspiration of Christians. The Christian life is the life of the Spirit; every Christian receives the Spirit; he who has not received the Spirit of Christ is none of his. On questions of theology Sabatier is obviously out of line with the Catholic creeds. The Holy Spirit, he believes, is not a metaphysical entity, but "the immanent influence of the living God." "The dignity of the person of Jesus is not his metaphysical essence, but the purely moral and religious content of his consciousness." The filial consciousness of Jesus is the heart and sum of the Christian revelation. His person, his teaching, his death, are but means for the expression of this consciousness. "The death of Jesus was the blow which broke the alabaster box and set free the divine perfume of his heart, which was renunciation, sacrifice, love." To be Christian

is not to believe something about Jesus, but to share this filial consciousness of Jesus. "That which makes us Christians is not the letter of the Gospel; it is the Spirit of Christ. But the Spirit is the emanation of his consciousness." "To be a Christian is not to acquire a notion of God, or even an abstract doctrine of his paternal love; it is to live over, within ourselves, the inner, spiritual life of Christ, and by the union of our heart with his to *feel* in ourselves the presence of a Father and the reality of our filial relation to him. . . . It is not a question of a new teaching, but of a transformed consciousness. Christ is far more than the highest authority in Christianity; he is Christianity itself." However deficient the metaphysic, it is easy to see that here is genuine religion—the religion of the mystic, doubtless, with too little of logic in it—rapture rather than carefully phrased doctrine—but religion in a pure and elevated form. And the business of centering religion in personal experience, while it is no new teaching, is especially grateful to Methodists. They will remember how a century and a half ago John Wesley, to whom a passing reference is made in this volume, was insisting that the matter of religion was in the heart, not in the head or the knees. Sabatier's declaration that the domain of theology is "the study and explanation of Christian experience" might, if something were added to it, have come from the pen of Wesley himself. He defined a Christian by his experience and life, not by his creed or observances. He emphasized the value of the religious consciousness, the importance of experience as a source of sound theology. A Christian experience is, as Wesley put it, "the strongest evidence of the truth of Christianity. I do not undervalue the traditional evidence, . . . and yet I cannot set it on a level with this. . . . No length of time can possibly affect the strength of this internal evidence. . . . It passes now, even as it has done from the beginning, directly from God into the believing soul. . . . I have sometimes been almost inclined to believe that the wisdom of God has, in most later ages, permitted the external evidence of Christianity to be more or less clogged and incumbered that men might not altogether rest there, but attend to the light shining in their hearts." Sabatier is not without support in modern scholarship as well as in old-time piety. During the very year when the French dean was writing this book a German professor was giving in Berlin those lectures which have since been published under the title "What is Christianity?" And in Harnack is the same spiritual conception of religion as in Sabatier, the same emphasis on personal experience as a test of truth. "It is only," cries Harnack, "the religion which a man has himself experienced that is to be confessed." Sabatier is more scholastic and less human than Harnack. He lacks the lucid and glowing style of the German lecturer. But both work in the spirit of the historian. In each is noticeable the same freedom and advanced position on questions of literary criticism; each doubts the close historicity of the gospels; each hesitates in the presence of a miracle; each has the same indifference to forms and teaches the same religion of spirit; each emphasizes the doctrine of the Holy Ghost and the intimate and living connection between God and the believer. Harnack says Christianity is Jesus Christ and his

Gospel, but confines it almost wholly to the teaching of Jesus; Sabatier says Christianity is Jesus Christ, but confines it to the consciousness of Jesus. Both approach it as historians, to represent it at the end as a spiritual and experimental rather than a historical reality. That they do not exhaust its truth is shown by the scientists and philosophers who, approaching from the other side, end by laying the stress on the great historic facts of Christ's person and work. The vice in the theológical method of Sabatier is not that it is false, but that it is insufficient. The experimental method has its limitations. The facts of natural science are reasonably open to all investigators; the facts upon which a theology must be built are not all open to all, and some are open to none. If these facts, necessary for a full view of truth, are to be brought in it must be by an external revelation, to use an unhappy phrase. This may not unreasonably be authenticated by miracles. Sabatier contends that Jesus did not display his miraculous gifts as vouchers for some strange, unnatural truth, but looked for an instinctive response in the hearts of men. His authority was the authority of truth and of love. "His revelation is not superimposed upon the conscience, like that of Moses; it is realized in the conscience." But is that the whole truth? Granted that "John the Baptist did no miracle, and yet Jesus proclaimed him as the greatest of all prophets." Granted that "we know nothing of Amos or Isaiah except their preaching, and yet they so move our consciences that we discover in them the presence of the Holy Spirit." Did not Jesus himself, when appealing for faith by this instinctive response, yet recognize that some who could not rise to this high appeal might yet be touched by lower and external considerations—for he added, "or else believe me *for the very works' sake*"? Sabatier must be answered not by lessening the emphasis on experience, but by increasing that on the outward confirmations of the voice of experience and the revelation of what experience cannot teach. The strength of his book is in what is affirmed; its weakness in what is denied. He does, indeed, admit the importance of a sound and right theology and "the historic necessity of rites and formulas." He calls the Church and the Bible "organs of divine revelation." He adds: "The Church, preaching, the Bible, the communion of saints, the sacraments, the example and the love of the brethren, are not all these theirs, and is it not their right, or rather their duty, to make continual use of them?" Yet the drift of his teaching is to present the external guides as the crutches of the weak, to be flung away when one is strong to stand alone. Too great emphasis cannot be laid, let it be said again, on the value of the internal evidence. Thoughtful men have an ineradicable conviction that if there is a God he does reveal himself in the reason, the conscience, the entire nature of the man whom he has made. We thus find within ourselves a sure revelation of the will of God. Using this as an instrument and a test, we examine the other supposed channels of authority—the Church and the Bible. In so far as we come to believe, by any sort of evidence, that the will of God is here revealed, it becomes an authority equal to that which has reached us through the inward channel. The utterance of the reason, in turn, may be tested, as it doubt-

less was provoked, by comparison with the convictions of the living Church and of the dead saints who wrote the Bible. Without claiming infallibility for either Church or Book, we must remember that no man lives to himself. While defending "the autonomy of the Christian conscience," we must remember the existence of other consciences equally reliable. There is a Christian socialism as well as a Christian individualism, as Sabatier confesses. The same apostle who wrote, "Each one of us shall give account of himself to God," in order to persuade men not to judge others by themselves, wrote, "Conscience, I say, not thine own, but the other's," in order to persuade men to judge themselves by others. The issue is not between the authority of God, on the one hand, and that of some priest or prophet, on the other; but between the individual reason and conscience, on the one hand, and the priests of the Church and the prophets of the Bible, on the other, as channels for the same divine authority. The divine individual is pitted in this book against the divine society and the divine history. There is surely no infallibility in reason and conscience more than in Church and Bible. Experience is personal, local, variable, and does not determine absolute truth. Perfect sight, astigmatism, myopia, blindness, will tell vastly different tales concerning the same object. "In the multitude of counselors there is safety." "At the mouth of two witnesses, or at the mouth of three witnesses, shall a matter be established." The individual experience must be tested and rectified by the universal. The appeal is "to the law and to the testimony." A man must be true to himself; he dare not stultify his own reason. But reason itself calls for comparison, for the larger view of the experience of truth, for the reception, if it be authenticated, of revealed truth that cannot in its very nature be tested by human experience. If a man bows before Bible or Church is it not because he has first satisfied himself that here is a just and true guide to problems which he cannot solve? And despite the danger of falling into a parasitical and mechanical life must not every man avail himself of the conclusions of experts in departments which he cannot explore? There is such a thing as truth apart from the power to perceive it. It is at least conceivable that some other may have lighted upon truth which was hidden from me. Is the truth worthless because it fails to make its appeal to my own native instincts? Is my reason infinite and my conscience inerrant that I should declare only that true which chimes in with my own nature? If there is a carnal mind which is enmity against God, can it be expected to seize all the truth which is from God? M. Sabatier regards every man as hungry for truth. He has before his mind only the pure-hearted who are eager to know and to do the will of God. He leaves sin out of his account, and rebellion against that truth which threatens to be costly. He forgets the need of the sharp voice of one who speaks with authority, the warning of judgment which the sinner has forgotten—a voice listened to and obeyed not because of the character of the sinner, but because of the character or the credentials of the messenger. The religion of the Spirit, in other words, is not independent of its historic vehicles. Else why any incarnation? We need, as Harnack put it, to "remind mankind again and

again that a man of the name of Jesus Christ once stood in their midst." The author must at least admit the necessity to Christianity of Christ, if not as the revealer of new truth, (though who would deny this who had not a theory to support?) certainly as the revealer or creator of a new consciousness. And the truth and life which come through Jesus Christ, verified in the experience of multitudes, are valid whether or not they appeal to the mind and heart of any particular individual. The mystic, however holy, needs the correction of hard historic fact. His visions lack perspective; the background must be put in by those who see the more common sights. M. Sabatier has given us a great book. But any such philosophy of religion cannot be a substitute for the simple facts and the majestic Person of the Gospel. Thinking of that religion of the spirit which would cast aside miracle and dogma, and of the masses sweltering and writhing in the grossest materialism, a French Methodist preacher wrote: "I cannot preach it to the humble and simple to whom it has nothing to say. Between it and the religion of Jesus there is too great intellectual difference; and, to tell the truth, I prefer the idea of the Carpenter of Nazareth."

PHILOSOPHY, SCIENCE, AND GENERAL LITERATURE.

Essays for the Day. By THEODORE T. MUNGER. Crown 8vo, pp. 228. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Price, cloth, $1.

Four or five volumes of sermons and lectures, issued at intervals through the years, have created a relish for the chaste and cultivated writings of Dr. Munger which insures these six essays an eager welcome. The essay on "The Church" regards the multiplicity of denominations as not wholly an evil, and sees a divine purpose and scientific reason in the prodigal outburst of religious energy which gives us one hundred and forty-seven religious sects in America. The Mormon body is "so monstrous and so remote from religion," and the Christian Scientist body is so involved and submerged in "comical and tragical absurdities," as to have no claim to be called a church. Goethe long ago said, "We shall all gradually advance from a Christianity of words and faith to a Christianity of feeling and action." To-day earnest and intelligent men do not spend time discussing the apostolic succession, nor forms of baptism, nor Calvinism versus Arminianism, nor the verbal inspiration of Scripture; the most urgent questions and earnest discussions relate to *what is best to be done.* Dr. Munger notes that while scholars and historians honor Jonathan Edwards, the great multitude is insensible to him, while it pours out millions of money in memory of Wesley. Speaking of the liturgical Churches, he notes that the liturgical element was left behind when the Puritans came to America. He thinks "they might well have gone back for it, had the Established Church then been in a condition to give anything to anybody. Instead, Wesley sent over Methodism,—a possession worth more than all liturgies." The true Church is "a choir of chanting worshipers, it is a school, a hospital, a charity house, a company of preachers, of missionaries, of students." The

Churches are making progress, "sloughing off corruptions, dropping worn-out superstitions, expurging creeds of mistaken exegesis, reinterpreting Christ's words, and putting reason and spirit in the place of a literalism which denied them." Dr. Munger says the Church must look to the university for correct interpretations. "The university is a court where reliable verdicts are looked for when all the evidence is in. It is there the Church must continually go to correct ancient mistakes, to measure the urgency of new truths, to clear itself of entanglements when old and new conflict, to shut out the clamor of the mob howling for a new dogma or decrying an old one, to keep eye and ear open for fresh visions of God and new accents of the Holy Ghost, and above all for seeing to it that great matters are held in their due proportion, and that all matters worthy of attention are studied until they are brought into reasonable harmony with one another and so made to conduce to the one end of all study—*Truth.* The University is thus the refuge of the Churches for help in all those questions that perplex them. Such has been its function in all ages, and such it will continue to be; for in the long run the man who knows most about a subject is the one who is at last heard, and whose verdict is accepted. . . . But the University must be of the true Comenius type,—based on nature and crowned with faith in God, balancing all attainable knowledge, and thus able to teach harmonious truths and true living." One significant quotation in this book is the comment of Carlyle on one of the pieces in *Wilhelm Meister's Travels*, dealing with the Christian religion and the religious phenomena of the modern and the ancient world: "Goethe," says Carlyle, "practically distinguishes the kinds of religions that are, or have been, in the world; and says that for men there are three reverences. The first and simplest is that of reverence for what is above us. It is the soul of all the Pagan religions; there is nothing better in the antique man than that. Then there is the reverence for what is around us,—reverence for our equals, to which Goethe attributes an immense power in the culture of man. The third is reverence for what is beneath us; to learn to recognize in pain, in sorrow and contradiction, and in other things odious to flesh and blood, what divine meanings are in them; to learn that there lies in these also a priceless blessing. And Goethe defines that as being the soul of the Christian religion,—the highest of all religions, a height from which mankind, having once attained, will never permanently descend." The most engaging of the essays in this book seems to us the one which shows how Christianity has infused itself into literature, using it for itself and making it a medium by which it conveys itself to the world. For such a study Dr. Munger has exceptional qualifications. Contrasting Dante with Milton, he writes: "Milton's theology was based on power; Dante's upon grace. Milton accepted his theology at the hands of Puritanism; Dante drew his theology out of human life and his own heart. Starting thus with a formal and mechanical theology, Milton's great poem does not follow along the ways of the spirit or interpret humanity, but assumes an arbitrary form. By dint of sheer imagination he creates a world which so faithfully reflected the existing theology that

for generations all English-reading people went at death to Milton's heaven or to his hell. . . . Milton more than half defeated his magnificent genius by weighting it with a mechanical theology. It is audacious to question the moral value of 'Paradise Lost.' Doubtless it has been the source and cause of much reverence and spiritual earnestness. Its very aim as an 'Epic of Redemption' is not without effect. But it did much to rivet the chains of a mechanical theology, and it made heaven and hell so material that the picture of them became literal fact and expectation to all who spoke English. The Puritan for two hundred years died in the faith and expectation of Milton's heaven. He sang the theology of Puritanism in verse unapproachably sublime, but without corresponding spiritual reality." Dr. Munger says that the great poets, with their restatements of Christianity, are the real defenders of the Faith, the prophets and priests whose succession never fails. "Christianity does not depend upon polemical defenders who often 'dismiss the controversy bleeding,' nor upon textual criticism and the consequent broader or narrower ground for faith. It depends rather upon the vindication it secures in the master spirits of the world, and upon the forms in which they clothe their thought. The truth as it comes from such souls will stand. The poets are truer than history, for they testify to what they have felt as well as seen. Christianity cannot be demonstrated, nor can it be overthrown by external attacks. It is revealed; it comes through prophets who struggle in the conflicts of life while their eyes are open to heaven. . . . The true continuity of Christian theology runs through the long line of mystics, always verging upon poetry and often reaching it. A theology that insists on a transcendent God who sits above the world and spins the thread of its affairs as a spinner at a wheel; that resents the Divine immanence as involving pantheism; that makes two catalogues,—the natural and the supernatural,—and puts everything it can understand into one list and everything it cannot understand into the other, and then makes faith turn upon accepting this division;—such a theology does not command the assent of the poet, the man of genius, the broad and universal thinker,—they stand too near God to be deceived by such renderings of the truth. All the while it is through them that the chief gains in theological thought, in every age, have been secured. The greatest souls in literature have been true to Christ, and it is the Christ in them that has corrected theology, redeeming it from dogmatism and making it capable of belief." Great credit for such service is given to Tennyson and Browning. Dr. Munger quotes from Matthew Arnold verses which seem to him to illustrate the interplay of Christianity and literature:

'Twas August, and the fierce sun overhead
Smote on the squalid streets of Bethnal Green,
And the pale weaver, through his window seen
In Spitalfields, looked thrice dispirited.

I met a preacher there I knew, and said:
"Ill and o'erworked, how fare you in this scene?"
"Bravely," said he; "for I of late have been
Much cheered with thoughts of Christ, the living Bread."

O human soul, as long as thou canst so
Set up a mark of everlasting light,
Above the howling senses' ebb and flow,
To cheer thee, and to right thee if thou roam,
Not with lost toil thou laborest through the night!
Thou mak'st the heaven thou hop'st indeed thy home.

The greatest essay in the book before us is on "The Secret of Horace Bushnell." Others are "A Layman's Reflections on Music," "A Cock to Aesculapius," and "Notes on *The Scarlet Letter*," in which, speaking of Hawthorne's shyness and silence, Dr. Munger tells how Tennyson and Carlyle once sat together of an evening for three hours, smoking, and neither uttering a word, except Carlyle's good-night: "Come again, Alfred, we have had a grand good time." Hawthorne spent a year in the colony of idealists and socialists at Brook Farm, and spoke of his function there as that of "chambermaid to the oxen."

Control in Evolution. By GEORGE F. WILKIN, Ph.D. Crown 8vo, pp. 284. New York: A. C. Armstrong & Son. Price, cloth, $1.50.

This is a discussion of the fundamental principles of social order and progress. Dr. A. H. Strong, of Rochester Theological Seminary, expresses in an Introductory Note his belief that Dr. Wilkin's book does much to put science and religion at rights with one another and to give the Christian faith a new hold upon all thoughtful men. Christianity can make use of all the truth of science without giving up any of its own peculiar teachings. More than this,—it can show itself to be the only key to the secret of the universe, and the proper supplement to all that natural science can teach. Evolution without personal and omniscient control is insensate in the extreme; but as the method of a Personal God it is intelligible and convincing. The author shows the doctrine of Immortality to be powerfully supported by modern scientific teachings. Among the phenomena pointing to immortality he mentions the following: 1. *The true life of man is a pursuit of ideals, a cherishing of lofty aspirations.* There is that within us which cannot rest satisfied with any possible attainments of our brief earthly existence; which revolts against the notion that we were born to perish like the beasts; and which tells us that our life is worthy just in proportion as it rises above the low commonplace of earth and regulates its efforts by ideals derived from the heavenly and the eternal. 2. *Human nature at its best claims the right to a belief in immortality.* Those who have made the most of the doctrine of immortality have been the best men, the most heroic, strenuous, self-sacrificing, and effective. The belief helps to put men at their best. 3. Generally speaking, *all men believe in an immortal life beyond the grave.* John Fiske wrote, "The belief in a future life is not only coeval with the beginnings of the human race, but is also coextensive with it in all its subsequent stages of development. It is, in short, one of the differential attributes of humanity. Man is not only the primate who possesses articulate speech and the power of abstract reasoning; he is also the creature who expects to survive the event of physical death."

4. *Belief in immortality is necessary to moral progress.* Without it there are no motives sufficient to inspire and sustain the effort for nobler attainments. Without it discouragement and disaster fall upon the moral prospects of man's life. 5. The doctrine of immortality *establishes the sanctity of the human personality.* It gives meaning and authority to the voice of conscience, the categorical imperative of duty within us, which tells us that right choice, building the right character, is the supreme and only wealth and welfare, and that to barter character for any other gain is to precipitate oneself through the whole diameter of the moral universe from the heights of heaven down to hell. 6. Belief in the doctrine of immortality *gives results which commend it to the general judgment of mankind.* It is the most powerful reformatory influence because of the rewards it offers to virtue and the penalties with which it discourages men from sin. Science teaches that if nature's laws remain in the future as they have been in the past the eternal outcome of moral evil will be inconceivably dreadful. Moreover men have an intuitive persuasion that sin plus eternity is equal to hell; also deep in the human heart is the conviction that a right life extended to the eternal outworking of all its upward strivings *is* heaven. No wonder John Fiske in his *Destiny of Man* made clear and positive declaration of his faith, "I believe in the immortality of the soul." One of the cardinal contentions of Dr. Wilkin's book is that *Christianity is scientific.* 1. It is scientific in its *internal character*, being a practical system of ethical control. Its primary aim is not philosophical, theological, archæological, geological, astronomical, or historical, but *practical.* Christianity has, no doubt, a philosophy, a history, a theology, but Jesus Christ came into the world to *save sinners*, a wholly practical purpose. Christianity, defined as a practical system based on the Bible, is scientific in that it satisfies the conditions of knowledge. The author shows that we know the Christian doctrines to be true by practical experimental tests precisely as we know the atomic constitution of matter, the undulatory nature of light, the existence of ether, the nebular origin of the universe. And this is scientific knowledge. And religious knowledge is even broader based and less likely to be subverted by new discoveries than that which is commonly called "scientific." The doctrines of physical science rest on the dictum of a few eminent discoverers. Other investigators may presently overturn those doctrines. But the moral phenomena underlying the doctrines of Christianity are within the scrutiny and test of every man's consciousness. Any man who breaks away from the behests of his lower nature and strenuously strives after higher things, coming into agreement and cooperation with the divine Power, comes to know the truth of Christian doctrine. He knows, beyond contradiction, whether religion has a reality or not, and whether the benign words that come from the lips of the Son of God have in them divine blessing or not. 2. Christianity is scientific in *its aim*, which is the moral regeneration of the world, the implanting in every human breast of "the purposive aspiration to conform to the world-order," so as to raise man to his assigned place in the cosmic scheme. 3. Christianity is scientific in *its*

methods. It is scientific in its methods of promoting the moral development of rightly disposed men. It arranges to surround them with influences favorable to moral expansion. Its churches afford the support of sympathetic companionship; instruction in all matters relating to the perfecting of righteousness; symbolic rites and ceremonies which help to keep in mind those divine Realities by virtue of which we are delivered from the downward trend of sin and enabled to rise toward a true and righteous life; a divinely inspired Manual which contains all needed principles and rules for moral culture; teaching us to hold communion with the Father of Spirits "in whom we live and move and have our being," assured that He heareth us and will be ever present with us. 4. Christianity is scientific in method by reason of *its aggressiveness against evil.* It subdues the lower to the higher. There is moral dignity and power of dominion in aggressive purity and righteousness. Thus, many a defenseless woman has gone unscathed, bearing the message of salvation for lost sinners, into sinks of vice, where, if simply "minding her own business," she would not have been safe for a moment. 5. Christianity is scientific in its method by reason of *its doctrine of self-denial and self-sacrifice.* Science tells us that our higher powers should dominate the lower—the intellect should regulate the animal impulses, and the conscience should control both animal and intellectual powers. Christianity says exactly the same thing,—the "spirit" should rule the "flesh," and because the "flesh" wars against the "spirit," therefore we should "crucify the flesh with its affections and lusts." We should "keep the body under." And that is the essence of the doctrine of self-sacrifice,—the elimination of evil or the subordination of the lower to the higher. 6. Christianity is scientific in method in *the means employed to win men from sin to righteousness.* 7. It is scientific in the sense that *the effects of its application* to man's character and life, individual or social, *can be predicted* as confidently as the biologist can predict the results of the working of physical processes under biological laws. Auguste Comte affirmed the test of science to be the possibility and power of *prediction.* The biologist can predict that the child of human parents will, itself, be human; whether it will be born alive, or with all normal faculties, or what will be its peculiar temperament, or the color of its eyes or hair, he cannot certainly foretell. In like manner we can surely predict the general results in any character or any community of the recognition and practice of Christian principles. We know that any man who takes Christianity as the law of his life will be a good citizen, a useful member of the family or the community, a person on the up-grade morally, an embodiment of many virtues and estimable qualities; though as to the details of his ethical complexion, his personal infirmities, the rate of his upward progress, or the exact altitude of his moral attainments,—his variations from the typical and the average, we may not preaffirm. The meager analysis we have given of part of Dr. Wilkin's book shows it to have philosophy, logic, and cogency of no mean order or feeble force. We regard it as a valuable contribution to the higher literature of the day.

Asters and Golden-Rod, and other Poems. By GEORGE LANSING TAYLOR, D.D., L.H.D. 12mo, pp. 201. New York: Eaton & Mains. Cincinnati: Jennings & Pye. Price, cloth, $1.

A better man, a brighter soul, and a nobler poet than W. E. Henley or Thomas Hardy! The world had been more cheerful if they had written less; the more of Lansing Taylor the better, for he sang strength and faith and courage into his fellow-men. He "heard the singing in the heart of God and sent back a brave antiphonal across all the deserts of the world." Immensely vital, buoyant, and jubilant, he traveled every road, ascending or descending, smooth or rough, with a rejoicing heart, glorying in the greatness of being a living soul, with infinite range for knowledge and thought and feeling. His knowledge was large, his thought and expression were often sublime and splendid, his feeling was delicate and deep. In literary culture, in scientific knowledge of botany, geology, astronomy, zoology, few of his brethren could compare with him. His mind was a kingdom. His life, intellectual and emotional, was intense and incandescent. He was born a poet, not made. He felt the poet's passion "fill his whole enraptured frame with deathless energy and flame." He did but sing because he must, and piped but as the linnets do. And here are the verses in which he set life and the world and the human heart to music; and this book is the phonograph out of which his dear familiar voice still rings and sings and shouts. Some of these poems are almost Miltonic in grandeur of conception and stateliness of expression, and some are as domestic as a mother's chirping and crooning to her baby by the fireside in the living room of the home. Patriotism, and religion, and family love, and delight in beauty, and classic lore, and scientific enthusiasm, and transfiguring friendship, and hero-worship, and defiance of death, are here, along with humor and play and bubbling mirth—all here in these thrilling and throbbing pages. Lansing Taylor loved to sing the praises of praiseworthy men. Here are his verses on that "brave, brilliant, battling spirit," Gilbert Haven; and on Daniel Curry, "who in counsel was argument's master," whose shaggy white head lifted itself in the storm, like a crag overdrifted with snow, seamed and scarred on its face, rugged, resolute, stern; and on John McClintock, the scholar, the thinker, the imperial intellect, the master of sacred learning, whom Punshon called "that king of men;" and on John Wesley, who is called "a focused soul, all powers converged as in a burning-glass, a high, strong, strenuous soul, *unanimous with God.*" On page 41 we find "The Osprey," a spirited and brilliant description of the fishhawk spiraling up windy, winding invisible stairs of the sky, then dropping like a bullet to the sea, then rising with his prey, then sailing miles inland to feed his fierce brood in the west upon the dead treetop. This poem, when it first appeared in print years ago, extorted from us an impulsive note of admiration. It is also the poem, if we remember rightly, which a popular magazine offered to accept if he would elide the moral which he puts into the last verse. This he refused to do, though the refusal lost him twenty-five dollars. "The Stars and the Firefly" tells us how, lying in his hammock on a July evening, he watched the splendor of the starry

sky, traced the Swan, the Lyre, the Eagle, Altair and Arcturus, Leo and Hercules, the Dragon and the Bear. As he gazed a firefly flitted close across his face, flashed its infinitesimal lamp right in his eyes, and that near little light quenched to his sight all the mighty splendor of the heavens. Just so, says our poet-preacher, the transient gleam of the *near* and the *now* hides Heaven's whole infinitude and veils eternities of light. And thus he ends his story:

> My firefly passed; his flash was gone,
> Lost in the darkness whence it sprang:
> I looked—Arcturus still shone on,
> As when the stars of morning sang.

Among the hymns in the volume are the well-known verses, "Dare to be right, dare to be true!" The ministers of the New York East Conference will be touched by the poem, "A Deaf Preacher's Conference Sunday," which tells how at Torrington, in April, 1902, he roamed on Red Mountain, a pensive rambler, worshiping God under the hemlocks, with budding arbutus, pyrola, prince's pine, and wintergreen o'erspreading the ground like a carpet or a prayer rug. And he says:

> Below, my brethren hear the Bishop's sermon,
> While I, who cannot hear, meet Christ on Hermon.
> Nor will He chide me, He who loved the sea,
> And made its storm His hour of revelation,—
> Who loved the mountain's awful mystery,
> The throne of His transfiguration!
> He gave the ear,—He sends its deprivation.
> He bade me speak to men, He speaks to me;
> His word, His works, His Spirit's intimations,
> A threefold message, fresh from Deity!
> Blessed are they who with the holy throng,
> In holy temples, on the holy day,
> Can join in reverent prayer and happy song,
> And share men's cheerful greetings on life's way;—
> And blest are they who, 'reft of these, can still
> Find God in every vale—on every hill.

Now, with the great congregation of the spirits of just men made perfect, he hears and joins in the worship which fills

> That stainless city, built by God,
> Whose foursquare walls, from rainbow quarries hewn,
> Whose streets of lucid gold, whose diamond domes,
> Stand, while the white throne lights the universe.

If the present Laureate of England could write poetry as lofty and as clearly inspired as the best of this he would be worthier of his high place than he now seems. The translation of this intellectual and moral giant suggests David's reference to Abner, "Know ye not that there is a prince and a great man fallen in Israel?"

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, AND TOPOGRAPHY.

Wesley and His Preachers. By G. HOLDEN PIKE, author of *Oliver Cromwell and His Friends* and *From Slave to College President.* Crown 8vo, pp. 310. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. Price, cloth, $ 1.75.

This is a sincere and truthful tribute to the founder of Methodism and his early assistants. Without any visible philosophic order many interesting facts and anecdotes are brought together. Wesley's opinions of various men and things are given. The literary style of his time was so artificial as to make him say: "I do not admire such florid writing. Good sense does not need to be so studiously adorned. I love St. John's style as well as matter." He spoke of Smollett as "this frontless man, blind and bold, who stumbled on without the least shadow of truth." Most of Swedenborg's writings he estimated as "a madman's dreams." He spoke of Dr. Johnson as "a great man sinking into the grave by a gentle decay;" and of the poet Shenstone as "dying at forty-eight of a broken heart;" and of Howard, the philanthropist, as "one of the greatest men in Europe;" and of Whitefield as being "an old, old man, fairly worn out in his Master's service when he had hardly seen fifty years;" and of Rousseau as being "as conceited a coxcomb as ever saw the sun, amazingly full of himself, always speaking with the air of an oracle." It was his observation that infidels are seldom convinced by arguments, and he thought Butler's *Analogy* would largely fail in its mission because "free-thinkers, so called, are seldom close thinkers, and will not be at the pains of reading such a book." David Hume was in Wesley's opinion "the most insolent despiser of truth and virtue that ever appeared in the world;" Don Quixote charging against windmills was "a sober man" compared with Lord Herbert of Cherbury, the father of English Deism, in his assaults upon the Gospel." Lord Chesterfield was "a man of much wit and some learning, but an unbeliever and morally degraded." Spite of his arduous and unparalleled laboriousness Wesley had some seasons and places of rest and refreshment. One was a pleasantly situated house at Hinxworth, in Hertfordshire, with shady paths to which he sometimes resorted. His reluctance to leave it appears in his diary: "We took one more walk round the garden and meadow. Upward of forty years this has been my place of retirement when I could spare two or three days from London." On leaving another household where he was very indulgently treated he wrote: "I can trust myself about once a year in this warm sunshine; but not oftener lest I should melt away." When Dr. Priestley heard Thomas Mitchell, one of Wesley's preachers, the Unitarian scientist and philosopher remarked to a friend, "This man must do good, for he aims at nothing else." John Haine, another of the early preachers, tells how fiercely the devil assailed him: "As I was going along the road alone I was violently tempted to blaspheme, yea, and to hate God. At length, having a stick in my hand, I threw it toward heaven against God, with the utmost enmity." Wesley criticised the Moravian scheme of doctrine as "mystical, not scriptural; refined in every point above what is written; immeasurably beyond the plain Gospel," and said that they "usurped a more absolute authority over the

individual conscience than the Pope himself does, and that they were so infatuated as to believe their Church to be the only true one."' In Wesley's day many of the common people were uncivilized. The inhabitants of Faversham, he says, were in 1738 "more savage in their behavior than the wildest Indians." The whole conversation of the women, boys, and girls employed in the factories at Epworth was profane and loose to the last degree; the people of Kingswood were "so ignorant of the things of God that they seemed but one remove from the beasts which perish." In the upper classes the condition was even worse. Wesley wrote, "It is now the custom in high society to give obscene healths, even though clergymen be present; one of whom, lately refusing to drink such a health, was put out of the room; and one of the forwardest in this shameless company was a bishop's steward." Preaching in Salop in 1790, he was much ashamed of his audience, and wrote, "The moment I ceased speaking I suppose fifty of them were all talking at once; they had neither sense nor manners; and no wonder, for they were all gentle folks." Whenever these "genteel people" behaved as well as peasants he was pleasantly surprised. At Bath in 1789 he wrote: "Here we have the rich and honorable in abundance; and yet many of them came to preaching even in a stormy night and were as attentive as colliers!" The reforming and civilizing influences of Methodism reached the scum on the top of society as well as the dregs at the bottom. A Roman Catholic in Ireland refused to join one of Mr. Wesley's societies, "because," he said, "I now have all my sins forgiven for four shillings a year; and this could not be in your Church." A Grand Jury in Cork in their official presentment characterized Charles Wesley and other preachers as persons of ill fame and common vagabonds. Attached to the Foundery in London was a poorhouse which at one time sheltered nine widows, a blind woman, and two children. Speaking of this almshouse and its inmates, Wesley wrote, "I myself and the other preachers who are in town diet with the poor, at the same table and on the same food; and we rejoice herein as a comfortable earnest of our eating bread together in our Father's kingdom." An attractive young widow named Grace Murray nursed Mr. Wesley during an illness. On recovery he asked her to become his wife and she consented. Afterward, however, she changed her mind and married another man, upon which Wesley expressed his disappointment in these verses:

I saw her run with winged speed,
  In works of faith and laboring love;
I saw her glorious toil succeed,
  And showers of blessings from above
Crowning her warm, effectual prayer,
And glorified my God in her.

Companions now in weal and woe
  No power on earth could us divide;
Nor summer's heat nor winter's snow
  Could tear my partner from my side;
Nor toil, nor weariness, nor pain,
Nor horrors of the angry main.

Oft—though as yet the nuptial tie
Was not—clasping her hand in mine,
"What force," she said, "beneath the sky,
Can our well-knit souls disjoin?
With thee I'd go to India's coast,
To worlds in distant oceans lost!"

Such was the friend than life more dear,
Whom in one luckless baleful hour,
—Forever mentioned with a tear!—
The tempter's unresisted power
—O the unutterable smart—
Tore from my inward bleeding heart!

The Philippines and the Far East. By HOMER C. STUNTZ. Crown 12mo, pp. 514. Cincinnati: Jennings & Pye. New York: Eaton & Mains. Price, $1.75 net.

The perusal of this book confirms us in the opinion that if a special task is to be performed the busiest man to be found is the man to perform it. The man who has plenty of time is not to be relied on. St. Paul's motto, "This one thing I do," is all right in its application to the achievement of life's supreme object, but there are other things to be done betimes. It is safe to assume that when the author declares, "It has been laid upon me to write this book," and that "it came to me as a duty to set down in order the things which American voters and American Christians ought to know for their guidance in helping to shape the policies of our nation, and furnishing the support for our Missionary Societies in the work God has appointed each to do" among the people of the Philippine Archipelago, he has a message to which attention should be given, especially since he was burdened during the preparation of the book with "very heavy duties as pastor and presiding elder." Between the man who must and the man who may write a book there is a vast difference. The first two chapters contain an outline of the geography of the archipelago, and an answer to the question, "Who are the Filipinos?" The author states that "there are seven main racial and linguistic subdivisions of the typical Filipinos," together with "many lesser divisions." After enumerating these subdivisions, namely, Visayans, Bicols, Tagalogs, Pampangans, Ilocanos, Pangasinans, and Cagayanos, and giving the census of each, the author states that "the languages of these seven races all spring from the original Malay, each has its own grammar and vocabulary, and none of the races named can understand each other." The social order and general characteristics of the people are elaborately described and the statement is made that "the result of three years' work in the newly established American schools demonstrates the capacity of the Filipino mind for receiving culture." An interesting historical summary from the discovery of the islands by Magellan in 1521 until the sinking of the Spanish fleet by Admiral Dewey in 1898 occupies nearly twenty pages of the volume. The arraignment of the Spanish government through nearly four centuries of oppression such as only that nation is capable of inflicting is severe and relentless. Since the friars were the instruments charged with the execution of the atrocities ordained by that government,

much space is devoted to them and to the cruel practices that secured for them the undying hatred of the populace. The avarice, licentiousness, debauchery, and general immorality of these servants of the Church would seem too astounding for belief only that the testimony of unimpeachable witnesses affirms the absolute integrity of the record. That insurrections against Spanish rule were frequent, despite the moral certainty that those who engaged in them would suffer torture, imprisonment, banishment, and death, is not surprising, nor is it to be wondered at that the friendly advances of our government were regarded with suspicion by the natives in view of the treachery and insincerity of their former rulers. The story of the destruction of the Spanish fleet in Manila Bay by Admiral Dewey and the assumption of control of the Philippines by our government is graphically told, and no room is left for doubt as to the author's profound sympathy with the McKinley policy concerning the government of the archipelago. The resources of the islands, the friar lands, Philippine finances, the religious situation, the opening of the territory to missionary undertakings, together with some of the difficulties to be surmounted, are fully discussed. The volume contains a map of the Philippine Islands, a diagram of the city of Manila, and nearly one hundred fine illustrations.

Rousseau and Naturalism in Life and Thought. By WILLIAM HENRY HUDSON. 12mo, pp. 260. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Price, cloth, $1.25.

This is one of the volumes in the series on "The World's Epoch-makers," edited by Oliphant Smeaton. Included in the series are sixteen others, such as Buddha, Plato, Euclid, Savonarola, Anselm, Cranmer, Francis and Dominic, Origen, Pascal, Luther, Wesley, Hegel, Hume, and Herschel. An unsavory and malodorous memory is Rousseau. His autobiography is full of things which can only be referred to with an apology, if at all. Mr. Hudson, in the volume before us, has done his work capably, but he admits the truth of Grant Allen's remark that Rousseau is too indecent a subject to be fully treated in any book written for general perusal. Gray, of the "Elegy," once wrote to Walpole: "Rousseau's *Letters* I am reading heavily, heavily! He convinces me that he deserved to be burned, or at least that his book did." Another calls him "a sentimental scribbler, always redolent of the gutter," and says truly that the famous *Confessions*, by which Rousseau is now chiefly known, are both dirty and dull. Not many men have said worse things or had worse things said of them. Madame d'Épinay called him "a moral dwarf mounted on stilts." Diderot, after an interview with Rousseau, wrote: "May I never see that man again; he makes me believe in devils and hell." Johnson called him "a rascal," and "a very bad man." The author explains some of his wickedness as insanity, and says: "To me Rousseau, as a man, is a degenerate, who does not even possess the personal fascination which sometimes goes along with degeneracy." And yet this man is here classed among the world's epoch-makers, and no little importance is attached to his religious writings! We are told that he was a man of profoundly religious nature, who, amid the widespread persiflage and cynicism of his time,

passionately upheld the everlasting reality of spiritual things. Mrs. Marian Evans Cross said: "The genius of Rousseau sent an electric thrill through my intellectual and moral frame which awakened me to new perceptions;" and this he did, she says, not by teaching any new belief, but simply because "the mighty rushing wind of his inspiration has so quickened my faculties that I have been able to shape more definitely for myself ideas which had previously dwelt as dim *ahnungen* in my soul." We did not know that Rousseau was so much of an evangelist; he seems to have started a revival in Mrs. Cross's soul. He confessed his own moral weakness in these words: "To act from duty in opposition to inclination I found impossible." The ideas of Rousseau helped to bring on and largely inspired the French Revolution. His doctrines were made the corner stone on which the leaders attempted to build. In 1788 Marat read and expounded publicly Rousseau's *Contrat Social*, and Mallét du Pan found it difficult to name a single revolutionist who was not transported by Rousseau's anarchistic theories and who did not burn with desire to realize them. In agreement with this is the emphatic testimony of Edmund Burke, who said: "Everybody knows that there is a great dispute amongst the revolutionary leaders, which of them is the best resemblance to Rousseau. In truth, they all resemble him. Him they study; him they meditate; him they turn over in all the time they can spare from the laborious mischief of the day or the debauches of the night. Rousseau is their canon of holy writ; he is their standard figure of perfection. For statues to him the foundries of Paris are now running with the molten kettles of their poor and bells of their churches." Admitting that Rousseau was a man of genius, this biographer says of him, as somebody said of Victor Hugo, "If he had genius, that was all he had." He was not a systematic thinker; his treatment of life was narrow and one-sided; his philosophy was full of paradoxes and inconsistencies; his teachings seem a strange compound of the commonplace and the fantastic, the obvious and the impossible; and in the whole of his voluminous works there is nothing that can for a moment be ranked among the abiding things of literature. One true sentence from Rousseau we catch sight of as we close Professor Hudson's well-written book: "Public safety is nothing if all the individuals are not safe." This is akin to the truth that the only way to uplift and save a community is to save and uplift its individuals.

METHODIST REVIEW.

SEPTEMBER, 1904.

Art. I.—THE RESURRECTION THE CROWNING FACT OF CHRISTIANITY.

I. It will be recalled that Harnack began his celebrated lectures on the nature of Christianity by telling his students how important it was "to remind mankind again and again that a man of the name of Jesus Christ once stood in their midst."[1] May not we add that it is likewise immensely important to remind mankind again and again that one named Jesus Christ once died and rose again from the dead? For Strauss was not far wrong in thinking that the doctrine of the resurrection was "the center of the center, the real heart of Christianity"[2]—at least this is true if the first Christians understood at all adequately the religion which they were set to preach. The two main topics of the apostolic teaching were the death and the resurrection of Jesus. "We preach Christ crucified," was the declaration of Paul,[3] but side by side with "the preaching of the cross"[4] was the preaching of the empty tomb. In the synagogue of Antioch in Pisidia,[5] in that at Thessalonica,[6] before the philosophers of Athens,[7] and before Festus and Agrippa at Cæsarea[8]—to Jew and to Gentile, learned and ignorant, high and low—Paul made known his faith in the resurrection of Jesus, and he put that fact in the foreground of his preaching. In doing this he was making no new Gospel. "I delivered unto you," he writes to the Corinthians,[9] "that which also I received, how that Christ died for our sins according to the scriptures; and that he was buried; and that he hath been raised

[1] *What Is Christianity?* Eng. trans., p. 1.
[2] Quoted by Mair, *Studies in the Christian Evidences*, p. 232.
[3] 1 Cor. i, 23. [4] 1 Cor. i, 18. [5] Acts xiii, 30–34. [6] Acts xvii, 3. [7] Acts xvii, 18, 31.
[8] Acts xxvi, 23. [9] 1 Cor. xv, 3, 4.

on the third day according to the scriptures." Peter, in the first Christian sermon ever preached, did not omit repeated reference to the resurrection of Jesus,[1] and in Solomon's porch,[2] before the Jewish rulers,[3] and in the house of Cornelius,[4] he bore like testimony. He and Paul may fairly be taken as representing the drift of the public utterances of the apostles. "The gospel of the kingdom" and "the word" which they proclaimed must have included a large and emphatic statement of these pivotal truths. The men who preached "the Lord Jesus"[5] at Antioch with such remarkable results doubtless gave in their story as much prominence to the passion and the resurrection as the evangelists give. Indeed, when the apostles were assured that they were to be "witnesses" of Christ to the ends of the earth,[6] they obviously understood that the chief fact (distinguishing *fact* from *doctrine*) to which they were to bear witness was his resurrection from the dead;[7] and we are shortly told that "with great power gave the apostles their witness of the resurrection of the Lord Jesus."[8]

The fact thus strongly and continually asserted occupied an eminent place in the minds of those who heard and believed. The recognition of the Lordship of Jesus, which Harnack calls one of the three characteristic features of the earliest Christian society, grew, as he says himself,[9] from the acceptation of the death and resurrection of Christ as fundamental facts. To quote his own words, "The primitive community called Jesus its Lord because he had sacrificed his life for it, and because its members were convinced that he had been raised from the dead and was then sitting on the right hand of God."[10] By reason of its place, then, in the apostolic preaching and in the primitive Christian faith the resurrection may justly be called the crowning fact of Christianity. In the matter of the death of Jesus the interpretation—the doctrine—is the vital thing, while with the resurrection the question of the fact itself is crucial.

II. But, in the second place, the resurrection occupies its preeminent position in the Christian scheme because as a fact it

[1] Acts ii, 24, 32. [2] Acts iii, 15. [3] Acts iv, 10. [4] Acts x, 40. [5] Acts xi, 20.
[6] Acts i, 8. [7] Acts i, 22. [8] Acts iv, 33. [9] *Op. cit.*, p. 166. [10] *Op. cit.*, p. 165.

is most solidly attested. The prevalence of the belief has been already suggested. The gospels and the epistles alike are stamped with it. And that it was the universal conviction among the Christians of the second and the first generations is confirmed, not, to be sure, by the observance of an Easter day (for though it is quite possible that this began in the time of the apostles, it cannot be traced back farther than the second century with any certainty)—but the inauguration of a weekly day of rejoicing on Sunday did take place at once and can have no other explanation than the belief that on this day the Lord arose.[1] Strongest of all evidence, however, is the very existence of the Christian Church itself. The disappointed, timid, and disheartened disciples of Good Friday were not material out of which to build a conquering Church. Their sudden transition from sorrow to joy, from gloom to hope, from weakness to strength,[2] can be explained only by some new faith which had been born in their hearts. What could have instilled into them such vigor and such confidence for their impossible task? Let Baur answer: "Nothing but the miracle of the resurrection [by which he evidently means a belief in such a miracle] could dispel the doubts which threatened to drive away the faith of the disciples after its object into the eternal night of death. . . . It was in this faith that Christianity acquired a firm basis for its historical development."[3] Gibbon's five causes for the spread of Christianity are not enough.[4] The "compact church organization" was good, but how did it come about that there was *any* organization? The "pure morals" and the "zeal of the early Christians" were good, but whence did they emerge into life? The "power of miracles" and the "belief in future rewards and punishments"—did they spring from a Christ who was dead, buried, lost? The apostles would have had no heart to preach a dead Christ, and the world would never have received him if they had. Without the transformation wrought by the belief in the resurrection of the Lord there would have been no preachers, no converts, no church. All admit to-day that the

[1] Art. "Lord's Day" in Hastings's *Dictionary of the Bible*, vol. III, p. 140.
[2] See, for example, Mair, *op. cit.*, p. 265.
[3] *Church History*, Eng. trans., vol. I, p. 42 (quoted by Stewart, *Handbook of Christian Evidences*, p. 50).
[4] Comp. Schaff, *History of the Christian Church*, vol. II, pp. 17–19.

Christian Church was built upon a tomb believed to be empty; that the faith in the resurrection of Jesus Christ created Christianity. It was more than a clever retort which Talleyrand is reported to have made to the benevolent rationalist who lamented to him the failure of his philanthropic propaganda. "What was he to do?" he asked. And the witty ex-bishop "politely condoled with him, feared it was a difficult task to found a new religion, more difficult than could be imagined, so difficult that he hardly knew what to advise! 'Still'—so he went on after a moment's reflection—'there is one plan which you might at least try: I should recommend you to be crucified, and to rise again the third day.'" It was in this way that the disciples believed Jesus Christ to have founded his religion, and it was this confidence which made them fearless, persistent, and triumphant.

This fact of their belief needs to be made clear, for let it be remembered that it is upon this belief of the early Christians that we later Christians are dependent[2] for our knowledge of the fact which underlies our faith. Harnack would have us hold "the Easter faith"—"the conviction that the Crucified One gained a victory over death; that he who is the firstborn among many brethren still lives"—even though "the Easter message" of the empty tomb and the appearances of a transfigured Lord may be taken from us.[3] The great thing, he would say, is to know that Christ now lives—not to discover that he had a physical resurrection in the garden of Joseph. Now, it is certainly true that the knowledge which particularly concerns us is not that of the disposition of his body, but that of his continued life. But how are we to gain this knowledge? As Paul gained his, Harnack would seem to answer. His faith was based upon a personal revelation of the Son of God to him and in him. To rest our belief on anything less personal and direct than this, on the unstable foundation afforded by the stories of Paul and of the evangelists concerning the post-resurrection appearances of Christ, is to expose it to destruction at the hands of criticism. But, we ask once more, how are we to know that Christ is living, save through the

[1] *Natural Religion*, p. 181 (quoted by Mair, *op. cit.*, p. 231).
[2] Mair, *op. cit.*, p. 233. [3] *Op. cit.*, pp. 173, 174.

medium of these very appearances? Our personal experience does not bring an original knowledge of that fact. However much this experience may at last cause the outward evidence to seem superfluous, "none the less," as Dr. Mason, of Cambridge, urges in his suggestive little book,[1] "the first step to that blessed assurance [for the disciples] was that they had seen, or believed that others had seen, the appearances of the risen Lord." And so it must be for us. Our faith, to be sane and sound, must be based upon no mere impression, but on an established fact.[2] The vision of Paul, which caused him to declare at once that Jesus was the Son of God,[3] was of a quite exceptional character, never repeated thereafter, as Harnack admits.[4] And yet even this vision might not have been so readily understood had the report of the empty grave and the appearances to the first disciples not come to Paul's previous knowledge, as Harnack himself will not deny. If our religion is to have both positiveness and reasonableness, the question becomes one of supreme importance, Was the belief of the early Christians, which has come to us as the foundation of our own faith and experience, based on literal truth or on a delusion?

If we go into the details of the gospels to answer that question we seem to be in the midst of confusion. Ten discrepancies in these narratives of the resurrection have been dwelt on since the day of Celsus—so Dean Farrar tells us.[5] We read the four accounts and find it hard to obtain an exact story. How many women came to the tomb on that first Easter morning—one, or two, or three, or more? In one party or two? At what hour precisely was the pious pilgrimage undertaken? Did the women behold one or two mysterious visitors, and within or without the tomb? Did Peter only, or Peter and John, make the journey to the garden in answer to their summons? Was the first appearance of the risen Christ to Peter, or to Mary Magdalene, or to a group of women? Were the later appearances chiefly in Galilee, or around Jerusalem?[6] Was the resurrection body a material

[1] *Christianity—What Is It?* p. 98.
[2] Comp. Dr. R. W. Dale, *The Living Christ and the Four Gospels.* [3] Acts ix, 20.
[4] *Op. cit.*, p. 174. [5] *The Life of Christ*, vol. ii, p. 452.
[6] Sanday, art. "Jesus Christ," in Hastings's *Dictionary of the Bible*, vol. ii, p. 640.

body, as the eating and drinking would suggest, or a spiritual body? In no part are the gospel records so variant as here in the story of the resurrection. Some of the difficulties can be reconciled by a fair and judicious study; possibly all could be accounted for by a fuller knowledge than is afforded us. But, granting that some may remain, what facts are established by the testimony of these independent witnesses, who are not solicitous to display an exact harmony in minor details, so confident are they that they follow no cunningly devised fables? Why, obviously, the great facts, the essential facts: the third day,[1] the early hour, the women's visit, the lack of expectation in the minds of them or of the apostles, the empty tomb, the repeated appearances (nine or ten in all) of the Master himself, the slow yielding to unquestionable evidence by those who at first disbelieved. To these momentous facts we have a united witness. How, then, otherwise than on the basis of truth, can the recorded experiences be explained?

All who deny the fact of the resurrection—if they are to be reckoned serious students at all—hold to one of four theories: trance, legend, vision, or telegram.[2] 1. The trance theory, maintaining that Jesus did not really die, was killed by Strauss in an incisive passage and need not be further referred to. 2. The legend theory, which claims that the belief in the resurrection was a later growth—the result of certain vivid and picturesque statements of the apostles' faith that Jesus was surely alive—is too evidently in contradiction to the records and the facts to need consideration. 3. The vision theory, which has found many adherents, was fathered by Renan, who made Mary Magdalene the giver to the world of a risen God, and by Strauss, who argued from the visionary character of Paul's sight of Jesus on the Damascus road that the other post-resurrection appearances of Jesus were of the same sort, subjective and unreal. The objections to this theory of hallucination are, briefly, (*a*) that there was not the *preparation* for such visions—the lapse of time or the state of

[1] Comp. Acts x. 40; 1 Cor. xv. 4.

[2] On the general subject of these theories, see Mair, *op. cit.*, pp. 249–253; Stewart, *op. cit.*, pp. 53–55; Sanday *op. cit.*, p. 641; Gilbert, *The Student's Life of Jesus*, pp. 401, 402; Edersheim, *The Life and Times of Jesus the Messiah*, vol. ii. pp. 625–629; Bruce, *Apologetics*, pp. 385–398; Barrows, *The Gospels Are True Histories*, pp. 103–146.

expectancy which would make such visions natural; (*b*) that there was not the *duration* or form which would characterize such visions—the appearances being confined within six weeks, being few in number, indoors and out, to groups and even crowds of men, and, to a degree, as Keim has remarked, cool and unfamiliar; and (*c*) that there was not the *termination* which would naturally come to such visions—bringing on a reaction, leaving the subjects dull and apathetic—but that these limited, clear, and tested appearances left the disciples resolute, purposeful, active. 4. The telegram theory, as Bruce has termed Keim's proposed solution, would make these visions still unreal, but objective—a kind of picture message from heaven to assure the disciples of their Lord's continued life and love. But this theory, while involving supernatural action as fully as the resurrection itself, labors under the great disadvantage of tampering with the gospel narratives, and, in addition, of making the divine Sender of these messages responsible for a sure misunderstanding on the part of the disciples and the consequent propagation of a false notion.

On the other hand, if the natural explanation of the early Christian faith be accepted, if Jesus in very truth did rise from the dead, how easily all things fit together![1] The character of Jesus as holy and unique encourages us to believe of him what we would not of others.[2] "It was not possible that *he* should be holden of death."[3] The prophecies of Jesus himself, contained as they are not only in the triple tradition of the synoptists,[4] but in isolated passages[5] and in the fourth gospel as well,[6] help us to believe the angelic word, "He is risen, even as he said."[7] The testimony of the astounded guards; the sober character of the discrepant records, with their unconscious witness to the excitement and confusion of the time;[8] the belief of the disciples, after tests by eye and ear and hand as to the reality of the bodily presence of their Master—these unite to make plain that we are dealing

[1] Mair, *op. cit.*, pp. 234–249.

[2] Barrows, *op. cit.*, pp. 64–67; Rice, *Christian Faith in an Age of Science*, pp. 357–359.

[3] Acts ii, 24.

[4] Matt. xx, 19, with Mark x, 34 and Luke xviii, 33; Matt. xvi, 21, with Mark viii, 31 and Luke ix, 22.

[5] Matt. xii, 40; xxvii, 63; Matt. xvii, 9, with Mark ix, 9; Matt. xvii, 23, with Mark ix, 31, Matt. xxvi, 32, with Mark xiv, 28. [6] John ii, 19–21. [7] Matt. xxviii, 6.

[8] Stewart, *op. cit.*, p. 52.

with fact, not fiction. The adaptation of the gospel of a risen Christ to humanity makes for the truth of the teaching, together with the broad conviction that, whatever incidental errors might find their way into believers' minds,[1] the God of truth would not allow the religion of Jesus Christ to be founded on a delusion. Despite all the unwillingness to accept a miracle, that may mark this age of science, we may heartily agree with a scientist like Professor W. N. Rice in his conclusion: "When we consider that, but for the faith in the resurrection, Christianity would have been buried forever in the rock-hewn tomb in which the Master lay, and when we try to measure what Christianity, with its revelation of divine fatherhood and human brotherhood, and redemption from sin, and life immortal, has been to mankind in these centuries of Christendom and Christian civilization, and what it promises to be in the glory of a millennial future, we cannot deem it 'a thing incredible' that, in that transcendent crisis of man's moral history, 'God should raise the dead.'"[2]

III. Yes, the interests to be served were vast. The resurrection is the crowning fact of Christianity not only because of its place in apostolic preaching and primitive Christian faith, not only because of the solidity of its evidence, but because of its relations to the doctrine and continued life of the Church.[3] Four such relations may be specified as illustrate the outcome of the resurrection:

1. The relation of the resurrection to the miraculous. If this one miracle is once firmly established, the *a priori* improbability of which Hume made so much may be considered fairly met and mastered; the way is open for an impartial consideration of all alleged miracles on their individual evidence. Professor Rice, in the able and stimulating volume already quoted, goes so far as to say that "our chief reason for believing in any other miracle as historic is that the strong evidence for the resurrection suffices to establish a probability that miracle is a part of the divine plan of revelation;"[4] and I believe he is right. Nay, more; it suggests

[1] See, for example, McGiffert, *The Apostolic Age*, pp. 36–44. [2] *Op. cit.*, p. 360.

[3] Comp. Sanday, *op. cit.*, p. 642. The results of a loss of belief in the resurrection are depicted in strong, yet hardly too lurid, colors by Mr. Guy Thorne, in his recent novel, *When It Was Dark*. [4] *Op. cit.*, p. 352.

in a wider way that the observed and experienced order of nature is not so limited by our knowledge of it, or so fixed and invariable by some eternal decree concerning it, that nothing unprecedented is to be expected or believed. It makes one humble and teachable to remember that he has to do with the God who raised Jesus from the dead. Harnack may believe in an "inviolable" order of nature, and may insist that the feeling of freedom in God's world which the religious man enjoys—the certainty "that he is not shut up within a blind and brutal course of nature," but that he deals with a Power who sometimes (as we see it) breaks through or arrests that order—he may insist that this feeling is but a fancy or a metaphor;[1] but if he accepted the resurrection as literal truth he could strike out the word "inviolable." Historically, God has manifested himself for special ends in miraculous works wrought through human hands; in present experience, God does manifest himself in ways that are startling and incomprehensible to the little thoughts of the finite. Christianity is something more than the feeble human attempt to obey the teachings and to imitate the spirit of Jesus of Nazareth. If it means anything, it means "God with us." A Christianity with no surprises, no incredibilities, is a Christianity with no power. But the resurrection of Jesus Christ opens the door to faith in the supernatural in human affairs. Spiritual experiences are real, providence and prayer are real, temporalities as well as spiritualities are in the hands of a Father unto whom "in everything" our requests may be made known. The "order of nature" is his servant, not his master, and the universe shall be molded to meet his children's need.

2. Look, again, at the relation of the resurrection to the teaching of Jesus. It is asserted by many to-day that the only test of religion is experience—that a truth must become to us truth as it shines in its own inherent light, that it must commend itself in the fashion of an axiom, so as to be recognized when seen. By few has this teaching been more strongly and persuasively set forth than by the late Auguste Sabatier in his monumental work on *Religions of Authority*, only recently translated into English. He will have nothing of a religion based on external

[1] *Op. cit.*, pp. 29, 30.

authority, authenticated by miracle and the like. The appeal must be the direct appeal of the Spirit of God to the spirit of man. Jesus, he says, brought in no new religious ideas. His one secret was in his consciousness of sonship to the Father, and his one work was to communicate this consciousness to his followers. The historical element, as concerns both the works and the words of Jesus, is depreciated, as it was earlier by, for example, Professor T. H. Green, of Oxford. The ideas of God and man and their relations, which we Christians have, are, so this school contends, "self-evidencing and eternal, and possess an inherent truth and vitality entirely independent of the accidental vehicle through which they were introduced into the consciousness of mankind." Such teachers, we gladly admit, have a spiritual message which is wholesome for our age even in its defects; but such teachers, we must urge, do not know men as Jesus Christ knew them. He also laid stress upon the direct appeal to the human heart—"Believe me," he cries, "that I am in the Father, and the Father in me" —as if he would ask, "Can you not see it? Do you not feel it to be so?" And yet he recognized that men could not all and everywhere and always rise by pure hearts and clear eyes to see the truth immediately as it was in him. And he adds a second reason—"or else believe me for the very works' sake."[1] He does not disdain the testimony of external signs and witnesses. To the multitude of the ignorant and the sinful the pure message needs to be authenticated by the works—stamped with the authority of the teacher sent from God. And many confess with Nicodemus, "We know that thou, O Christ, art a teacher come from God; for no man can do these signs that thou doest, except God be with him."[2] The miraculous accompaniments of the life of Jesus prepare the way for his message and then add impressiveness to it. This has been well put by Professor Rice, whose words I must once more quote: "The evidence of miracle is still valid and still needed. We stand in an upper room in Jerusalem, and listen to the words with which the young Prophet of Galilee comforted his disciples on the last night of his life: 'Let not your heart be troubled: ye believe in God, believe also in me. In my Father's

[1] John xiv. 11. [2] John iii. 2.

house are many mansions: if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto myself; that where I am, there ye may be also.' Beautiful words, in their sweet simplicity, and in their accord with our highest moral sentiments, our holiest aspirations! Words so beautiful ought to be true. But are they the words of one who speaks with authority, and whose word can be trusted, or are they only the sweet dreams of a spirit too pure and gentle for this hard, rough world? To us, as to those disciples who heard him, the evidence of the authority of his teaching is found in the fact of his resurrection."[1]

3. Consider also the relation of the resurrection to the question of the person of Jesus Christ. Whether the secret of that personality be conceived as residing in the filial consciousness of Jesus, or in his metaphysical relation to the Father, the full declaration of the personality awaited this supreme event in his history. He was "declared to be the Son of God . . . by the resurrection from the dead."[2] The intimations of his Messiahship had been repeatedly given, and statements had been made bearing upon the deeper mysteries of his nature, but the truth did not yet become plain to his disciples. "The conviction was gradually formed," writes Dr. Mason,[3] "until at last, after the resurrection, the disciple who had perhaps been slowest to believe the Easter tidings, because he felt more than others the stupendous nature of the Easter belief which he instinctively felt must lie behind it, gave expression to that which was thenceforth the belief of Christendom. 'My Lord,' he said—as he had doubtless said many times before—recognizing the identity of the risen Jesus; and then he sprang to the height of that confession which human lips had never yet uttered, although every disciple's heart had silently been ripening to utter it—the confession that his Lord was his God." It was only the risen Lord whom the disciples knew as divine. It was Christ with the majesty of the opened tomb upon him who commanded the reverential awe of the apostles, so that he who for three years had been the object of love now became also the object of worship. It was after the resurrection and because of

[1] *Op. cit.*, p. 384. [2] Rom. 1, 4. [3] *Op. cit.*, p. 106.

the resurrection that, to borrow Dr. Sanday's words, not here and there, one and another, but "the whole Christian Church passed over at once to the fixed belief that he was God."

4. Finally, let not the relation of the resurrection to the saving work of Jesus be forgotten. Without the death of Jesus there is no Gospel; without his resurrection there is no assurance of the Gospel's truth. The resurrection put the seal on the work of Jesus as well as on his person. His death and resurrection were both "according to the scriptures;"[1] that is, they had a divine meaning, a setting in a long providential order.[2] They completed and authenticated the plan of redemption. The work of Jesus was now not only humanly finished but divinely accepted. The "martyr" evidently became a Saviour.

The question of the victory of goodness was settled once for all. Jesus had bidden the disciples "be of good cheer," for he had "overcome the world,"[3] but hard upon the words followed the awful death, the seeming failure and defeat. Sadly they confessed to a hope for God's kingdom which had died and been buried with their Master.[4] Utter purity had seemed to be helpless in a world of sin, and righteousness, in its one supreme manifestation, to be impotent. But then comes a change. Jesus Christ is to be "placarded before the eyes" of men[5] not simply as the crucified, not as the dead leader of a lost cause, but as a living King under whose feet one more enemy—the last and greatest—has been trampled.[6] His crucifixion has seemed to be a token of weakness; his living again is a token of God's might.[7] There is a power behind and in his resurrection,[8] a "mighty power" shown in that working "which God wrought in Christ, when he raised him from the dead;"[9] a power sufficient to every need of the great enterprise which is now begun. "All power is given unto me," cries the risen Lord; "go ye therefore."[10] Nothing is now too good to be believed, nothing too great to be attempted. Righteousness is vindicated as the mastering force of the universe. The death of Jesus is seen to be only an example under the general rule of "dying to live." Obstacles can be despised, enemies loved, death itself faced

[1] 1 Cor. xv. 4. [2] Mason, *op. cit.*, p. 84. [3] John xvi. 33. [4] Luke xxiv. 21.
[5] Gal. iii. 1. [6] 1 Cor. xv. 26; 2 Tim. i. 10. [7] 2 Cor. xiii. 4. [8] Phil. iii. 10.
[9] Eph. i. 20. [10] Matt. xxviii. 18, 19.

without terror, for Jesus Christ has confronted and conquered all. To the disheartened soldier come the glad tidings that his Captain has not quit the field. To use the exultant words of another, "All the wealth of his deep interest, his spacious human sympathy, his rich tenderness of disposition, his inspiring hopefulness, his invincible energy, and the strength of his redemptive purpose, have been untouched by the desolating hand of death. There they are just behind the veil, which half conceals and half reveals them. The world's greatest asset is still valid. The one Spirit whom failure could not daunt nor despondency enervate is still there. The one Being whose beauty could subdue the worst, whose love could melt the hardest into contrite penitence, and who held the key to every man's heart, is alive, interested, active, sympathetic. That, surely, is the spring of our largest hope, the root of our assured confidence, the ground of our invincible optimism." He was "declared to be the Son of God *with power* by the resurrection from the dead."[1]

But this power of God, exerted in the resurrection of Jesus Christ, is to be the pledge not only of the victory of the kingdom, but of the transformation of the individual believer. The kingdom is to spread within as well as without. Jesus "was delivered for our offenses, and was raised again for our justification."[2] So close is the truth of the resurrection to the spiritual life that he who accepts with his heart the resurrection of Jesus (with all that that implies of Saviourhood and Lordship) shall be saved.[3] The resurrection of Jesus was more than a figure of the rising from the death of sin to the life of righteousness; it was also a means to this resurrection of the believer by his mystical union with the risen Christ.[4] It was a Gospel of the death and resurrection of Jesus by which the Corinthians were saved,[5] and it will be such a Gospel that will in every age have power enough to transform lives and vitality enough to transmit itself to a generation yet to come. "The God of peace, that brought again from the dead our Lord Jesus," will "make you perfect in every good work to do his will, working in you that which is well-pleasing in his sight."[6]

[1] Rom. i. 4. [2] Rom. iv. 25. [3] Rom. x. 9; Col. ii. 12. [4] Rom. vi. 4–10.
[5] 1 Cor. xv. 1–4. [6] Heb. xiii. 20, 21.

The resurrection of Jesus, moreover, is a pledge of the completion of the work of grace by the coronation of the spiritual life with the final gift of immortality. Jesus is but "the first fruits of them that slept."[1] "Because I live ye shall live also" is his message to his own.[2] The thought of the future was purified and elevated above the material plane by the exhibition of that resurrection body, with its strange pneumatic qualities and its obvious suggestion that the resurrection life was no return to former conditions, as the Jews had naturally thought, but the beginning of a new and glorified life.[3] But, more than this, the resurrection of Jesus has given to the world its clearest assurance of any life beyond the grave. The Gospel through which "life and immortality were brought to light"[4] was the Gospel of the empty grave. Even Harnack says, in words that glow with feeling, "Whatever may have happened at the grave and in the matter of the appearances, one thing is certain: *This grave was the birthplace of the indestructible belief that death is vanquished and there is a life eternal.* It is useless to cite Plato; it is useless to point to the Persian religion, and the ideas and the literature of later Judaism. All that would have perished, and has perished; but the certainty of the resurrection and of a life eternal which is bound up with the grave in Joseph's garden has not perished, and on the conviction that *Jesus lives* we still base the hopes of citizenship in an Eternal City which make our earthly life worth living and tolerable."[5] In the confidence that he has gone to prepare a place we may still repeat the unwavering words of Browning:

> O Saul, it shall be
> A Face like my face that receives thee; a Man like to me
> Thou shalt love and be loved by forever; a Hand like this hand
> Shall throw open the gates of new life to thee! See the Christ stand![6]

The Christianity that in history has proved a conquering power lies not merely in the things which Jesus said, as Harnack would have us believe; not merely in the things which Jesus felt as a son of God, as Sabatier would teach us; but in what he said and felt and was and did; and these all find their climax and their crown

[1] 1 Cor. xv. 20. [2] Comp. 1 Thess. iv. 14; 1 Cor. vi. 14; 2 Cor. iv. 14.
[3] Mason, *op. cit.*, pp. 95–98; Gilbert, *op. cit.*, pp. 400, ff. [4] 2 Tim. i. 10.
[5] *Op. cit.*, p. 175. [6] *Saul*, XVIII.

in his resurrection from the dead. "Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, which according to his abundant mercy hath begotten us again unto a lively hope by the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead."[1]

> One thing
> Remained, however—one that tasked
> My soul to answer; and I asked,
> Fairly and frankly, what might be
> That History, that Faith, to *me*.[2]

"In the biography of Dr. Dale there is the record of an experience which is one of the great things in our modern Christian life. He was writing an Easter sermon, and when halfway through the thought of the risen Lord broke in upon him as it had never done before. '"Christ is alive," I said to myself; "alive," and then I paused; "alive," and then I paused again; "alive! Can that really be true? Living as really as I myself am?" I got up and walked about, repeating, "Christ is living! Christ is living!" At first it seemed strange and hardly true, but at last it came upon me as a burst of sudden glory; yes, Christ is living. It was to me a new discovery. I thought that all along I had believed it, but not until that moment did I feel sure about it. I then said, "My people shall know it; I shall preach about it again and again until they believe it as I do now."'" The need of the hour is to make the resurrection not simply a historical fact, accepted by the intellect as proved, but a real truth in the heart and conscience, manifested in a life surrendered to the dominion of a risen Lord and spent in the fellowship of a living Friend.

[1] 1 Pet. 1, 3. [2] Browning, *Christmas Eve and Easter-Day*, XIV.

Herbert Welch

Art. II.—MOSES AND HAMMURABI AND THEIR LAWS.

Moses was the biggest man God could make in four thousand years; a man so great that our ordinary measuring tape cannot reach around him. Only Jesus, the Great Teacher of the New Dispensation, looks large in comparison. He was a man great in personal character, meek, yet bravest and strongest of all the mighty heroes of the Old Testament. No man has ever been his equal as a statesman; for what other man has ever released two million slaves from bondage and in one generation been able to build this horde of slavish folk into a nation of self-governing, self-respecting citizens, capable of worthily representing the highest ideals of nationality in the most civilized courts of the world? He was great as a general; for who but he has ever been able to carry six hundred thousand unarmed or undisciplined men and over a million women and children out of bondage in the face of the mightiest army of the earth—and without the loss of a man? Every new discovery enlarges the outlines of this Hebrew hero. It is only after we have seen Rameses of Egypt and Hammurabi of Babylon, and met the Philistine and Hittite generals of Palestine, that we begin to rightly appreciate Moses. As a lawgiver, also, he can easily be called the superior of Solon and Lycurgus, for the laws which bear his name and are filled with his spirit lie at the basis of every civilized code to-day; a lawgiver so great that it is the almost universal belief of modern civilization that he received these laws from God himself.

Hammurabi was one of the greatest kings of Babylonia, living 2300–2200 B. C.; a contemporary of Abraham, and a biblical character—mentioned in Genesis xiv by the name Amraphel, a name also given to him on his monuments. Another biblical title, Melchizedek, "King of Righteousness," is now seen to be not a personal name but an official title. Hammurabi was a mighty sovereign who threw off the yoke of Elam and conquered an enormous empire which included even Syria and Palestine. A few hundred years later, however, the king of Elam recaptured Babylonia and carried great spoil from its capital, Sippara, to his

own royal city, Susa (Shushan, Neh. i, 1; Dan. viii, 2), four hundred miles distant. In 1901-02 M. de Morgan discovered the treasures of the Elamite king, and among them a great block of black biorite, which Hammurabi had brought from Mount Sinai or Arabia, on one side of which he himself appeared in magnificent royal apparel worshiping the sun god, while on the other side of the slab were more than two hundred and fifty laws of the criminal code of Babylon: the very laws which were in force in Palestine a thousand years before Moses! This far-reaching discovery is for the Bible student one of the most important ever made. Its truth cannot be denied. It is necessary to compare the laws of Moses with these Babylonian laws, which were well known in Palestine before Moses began his legislation.

1. I think we may learn from this comparison the extraordinary accuracy of the Old Testament narrative. This, however, did not need any additional proof. Almost all critics, even of the most extreme type, nowadays acknowledge the superb superiority of the Bible history. It ought not to be surprising, therefore, that in this archaic legal document we find the same structure and even the same phraseology as in the Mosaic laws. Further than this, a most distinguished Babylonian scholar has just pointed out that the name of a certain kind of foundling mentioned in these laws is called *mesu*, the word meaning, "drawn out of the water." It seems that children without acknowledged fathers and mothers, instead of being left on the doorsteps as they now are, were probably placed in waterproof baskets and left to float on the canal. As this word *mesu* is nearly the exact equivalent of the Egyptian name Moses it seems to explain in a most striking way the derivation of the name given by Pharaoh's daughter to the little waif (Exod. i, 10), which derivation was known to be inexact so far as the Hebrew word was concerned. It also explains the strange story—whose similarity to that of Moses has often created difficulty in reverent minds—of Sargon I, who was also traditionally reported, many centuries previous to Moses, to have been found upon the water in much the same way.[1]

[1] This inscription reads: "My father I knew not. My mother, who was poor, conceived me and secretly gave birth to me; she placed me in a basket of reeds, she shut up the mouth of it with bitumen, she abandoned me to the river," etc.

2. These splendid laws are another proof of the civilization of the Mosaic era. Dr. Flinders Petrie has just been pointing out in Egypt that in the tomb of Thothmes IV inscriptions are found printed with wooden type three thousand years before Gutenberg, and that the earliest portrait statues in Egypt are almost as noble as those of Greece in its best period, while Hilprecht in Babylonia has found a schoolhouse of Hammurabi of seven rooms, with schoolbooks covering many subjects, and in the temples and banking houses and palaces he has uncovered vast libraries, "arranged according to subjects and classified on scientific principles." He has also found a highly developed system of drainage in those ancient Babylonian cities which he compares to that of modern Paris, declaring that our methods in the twentieth century are very little in advance of Niffur, for example, six thousand years ago. All these latest excavations ought to have prepared us for the highly civilized conditions taken for granted in this criminal code of Babylonia published 2250 B. C. Here are laws regulating labor, wages, loans, interest, cultivation of property—providing minutely for as many things as did the laws of King Alfred. There is even a regulation of saloons, the wine sellers at that time being women. The practice of physicians and surgeons is carefully regulated. In case of successful operations a large fee is fixed by law; in case of malpractice, in which a man loses, for example, an eye, the doctor must lose his fingers; if a veterinary surgeon operates to the hurt of an animal he must pay large damages. If a contractor or builder constructs a house or a boat which becomes unsafe he must repair it at his own charges, or if the house collapses and causes death he himself must die. Great pains are taken to regulate the relations between capital and labor. If after legal examination it has been shown that a merchant has been defrauded by his agent that agent must return threefold; but if the agent has been defrauded the merchant must return sixfold. The mayoralty and police force of a city are made absolutely responsible for its good government; so that a man whose house has been robbed can compel compensation from the city or its mayor. Any government officer who fails to do his duty and hires a substitute thereby forfeits his life, while the substitute who

has done the work is given the office with all its perquisites. The family relation is guarded so that "if a man point a finger at a priestess or the wife of another and cannot justify it they shall drag that man before the judges and they shall brand his forehead." It is clear from all this that if Moses did not give to his people a written law it was not because the civilization of his time did not permit this.

3. The resemblance between these Babylonian laws and the Hebrew legislation is another indication of the close relations which existed between these two peoples. In two articles in the *Homiletic Review* (August, 1901; August, 1902), which at the time were given considerable attention by European scholars, I proved that ancient Israel was not isolated, but was the meeting place of ancient civilization. Palestine was the great highway across which every caravan of trade and every curious scholar who traveled at all, must pass.

The Babylonian influence upon the Hebrew people is affirmed in scores of verses in the Old Testament. The resemblance in their modes of expressing religious thought can be seen not only in the stories of the Creation and the Deluge, but in the types and symbols and rituals of the Hebrew and Babylonian temples, where great spiritual ideas were expressed in pictures which could be understood alike by visitors from either nation.

In these newly discovered laws we find close resemblances to the Mosaic law in their treatment of slaves, marriage and divorce, adultery, incest, witchcraft, care of property, debt, laws of inheritance, and so on, and an exact identity in several of the penalties inflicted for injuries. The Hammurabi code says: "If a man destroy the eye of another man they shall destroy his eye; if he break a man's bone they shall break his bone; if a man knock out a tooth of a man in his own rank they shall knock out his tooth" (comp. Exod. xxi, 24, 25, etc.). We also see now that the laws concerning slavery, polygamy, and divorce which Moses did not abrogate "because of the hardness of their hearts" (Matt. xix, 8) had been a part of the common law of the land for a thousand years.

4. The superiority of the laws of Moses to the Babylonian

laws of the period are strongly marked. There is far greater honor to parents and to old age. There is a greater protection of the purity of the home, the honor even of the slave women being protected, while the Babylonian code legalizes polygamy and concubinage. There is an elimination in the Mosaic code of the constant distinction of caste which is seen in a distressing manner throughout the whole Babylonian code. There is sometimes direct and marked antagonism between the two codes, as, for example, where the Hebrew law declares that no penalty shall exceed forty stripes, while the Babylonian law says: "If a man strike another man who is his superior he shall receive publicly sixty strokes with an oxtail whip." No torture or mutilation, even in war, and no trial by ordeal is permitted in the Hebrew law, while children cannot be put to death for their father's crimes, as in the Babylonian code. Only four crimes—treason, murder, gross sexual relations, and the abuse of parents (seventeen specifications)—receive capital punishment under the Mosaic code, while the Babylonian code more nearly resembles the English legislation of two centuries ago, when some two hundred and fifty crimes entailed capital punishment. Nowhere in the Babylonian code do such laws as these appear: "Love ye the stranger, he shall be as thy brother; ye shall have one manner of law as well for the stranger as for one of your own country; cursed be he that perverteth the judgment of the stranger, of the fatherless, of the widow; thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." According to the Hebrew law even a stray beast, though the property of an enemy, must be cared for and taken home (Exod. xxiii, 4, 5). In its spirit of tenderness the Mosaic law exceeds not only the Babylonian law, but modern law as well. It cared for oxen and for mother birds; for widows and children and newly married husbands. It was Professor Huxley himself who called this law "the Magna Charta of the poor," and who rightly declared that down to modern times no state could be found with a constitution in which the rights of the people were so safeguarded. It was in the law that the corners of the wheatfields and the gleanings of the vineyards should be left for the poor, and that a sheaf dropped from the wagon could not be picked up again; that the widow's raiment could not be taken to

pledge, and the wages of the man hired could not abide with his employer even until the morning. The Hebrews were the first people on the planet to have a constitution where the poorest and weakest had the same rights with the richest and strongest. It might almost be called the first republic, for no one but God was above the people and all men were counted equal. The leading conception of its *corpus juris* was human brotherhood. Even for Moses's son there could be no special privilege or title. "Manhood suffrage" was emphasized, and equality and liberty were encouraged by division of the land, which reverted to its original owner at every year of jubilee. Every Hebrew was a landowner; and taxes were so fixed by law as to make oppression almost impossible. None of this can be found in the Babylonian code. It is antagonistic to it. Yet there is a greater gap between these two laws than that. The gap between the Hebrews and other people was not a gap of scientific knowledge (see, for example, Job xxviii, 25; Isa. xl, 22; Eccles. i, 6), or legal shrewdness, but the gap of religion. The mighty spirit and new power in the laws of Moses were due chiefly to his view of God: "The Lord God, merciful and gracious, long-suffering, and abundant in goodness and truth." The grotesque and immoral polytheistic faith which underlies the Babylonian code constitutes its most vital inferiority to the code of Moses.

5. What bearing does this discovery have upon the doctrine of inspiration? This is a most critical question. A change in the common, gross, anthropomorphic conception of the giving of the law on Mount Sinai is perhaps necessitated. This, however, would be a change for the better. The Pentateuch itself declares that no man has seen God at any time, nor can do so and live. And yet we have read into the vivid oriental picture of Moses on the mountain many coarse physical peculiarities which that narrative, properly interpreted, does not teach. God's appearance need not be physical in order to be real. Jehovah can speak to the inner ear as truly as to the ear of flesh. We are now forced to remember once more that truth in the Bible comes to us in oriental phrase, often quite intelligible to the oriental while mysteriously contradictory to us. Any conjunction of providential circumstances or any extraordinary display of natural phenomena would

naturally and truthfully be described by an Oriental as God's manifest appearance. Even spiritual uplifts, such as those of Pentecost, could be described as the fulfillment of the prophecies of Joel after the sun had been turned into darkness and the moon into blood. The Hebrews believed in the immanency of God; that he was present not simply in miracle, but that the storm was his chariot and the thunder his voice, and that all the ordinary activities of nature had their being and movement in him. All wisdom was from him and all strength, even the skill of the Tyrian architects and metal workers who built the temple of Solomon and the power of unholy men, like Samson and Cyrus. They especially believed that all religious knowledge came from him and to him should be ascribed the glory. When men brought cases to the judge they were said to bring them to God (Exod. xxi, 6; xxii, 8, 9). Indeed, the rulers of the people were called gods (*ibid.* and Psa. lxxxii, 6) because they were the representatives of God, through whom he manifested his wisdom and his power. When Jethro suggested to Moses a helpful plan (Exod. xviii, 21) Moses could afterward speak of having received this plan from God (Num. xi, 16; Deut. i, 13). Every holy man who brought some great truth to light was thought of—and rightly thought of—as Jehovah's spokesman, interpreter, representative.[1] Moses and the other holy prophets spake not in their own name, but in the name of Jehovah. As the Spirit commanded so spake they. God did reveal to them his name, his nature, his will, as to no other men of ancient or modern times. The power and truth of their words prove that. "By their fruits ye shall know them." Their inspiration was not always creative; it was often protective, selective, directive. St. Luke used former writings in his composition of the gospel, and so, according to their own statements, did the good men who wrote the Hebrew history. We now find that Moses did not ignore the laws which were in force around him at the time he wrote, but rejected, approved, revised, or purified these according to his inspired wisdom. He would not have been a good lawgiver if he had broken away from the common law of his day without a

[1] I was once personally addressed by a Mohammedan as follows: "An angel visited me this morning and revealed to me God's will." It was a missionary who had called upon him and given him directions in regard to the care of his health.

reason. Old truth is as good as new truth. Circumcision was not a new rite, but it came to Abraham with a new meaning. Baptism was an old institution, but Jesus adopted it to signify something far more glorious. The golden rule was not new, but Jesus filled it with a new spirit.

6. The best thought emphasized by the new discovery is this: that Jehovah is "God of the whole earth." God's fatherhood did not begin with Abraham; God's love did not begin with Moses; God's direction of nations did not begin with Israel. He was as much interested in the exodus of the Philistines from Caphtor as in that of Israel from Egypt (Amos ix, 7). The driving of the Philistines from Palestine was doubtless as great a providence to them as to the Hebrews. So Israel later was driven out of Palestine by the Babylonian army. Job was not a Hebrew, but God loved him so well that his spiritual struggles fill one of the biblical books. Nineveh was a heathen city, but the book of Jonah proves that God loved it as tenderly as he did Jerusalem. Jethro was a Midianite, but he could give to Moses laws concerning the government of the people which came like a divine command to the soul of the great Hebrew lawgiver. It was the command of Jehovah, though it came through the lips of Jethro. There was some wisdom which Jehovah whispered to Jethro even before he revealed it to Moses. So Hammurabi was not hidden from the divine help and guidance. And as St. Paul could say that in his work he was debtor to Greeks and barbarians, and even slaves, so Moses was debtor even to the Midianite and the Babylonian. We can learn the lesson that Israel was the chosen nation not because it was treated with partiality, or loved with partiality, but because it had its task, differing from that of all other nations as that of all other nations differed from it, and because out of Israel that new Lawgiver was to arise whose perfect law of love should supersede all former utterances by heathen or by Hebrew.

Camden M. Cobern

Art. III.—MAN—HIS PLACE IN GOD'S THOUGHT.

The fact of a divine inspiration in the Scriptures does not admit of intelligent doubt. The first chapter of the Bible could not have been written in the absence of divine illumination. The Genesis story, unfolding, in the literary morning of the world, the drama of creation, is a marvel. It pictures God's hand as transforming chaos into orderly cosmos, a cosmos which he drapes with beauty and peoples with myriad life. And then, as if he were lonely in the world he had made, he would seek fitting companionship by the creation of man. One cannot imagine a mere unaided human dramatist originating a picture like this. One single statement lies on the surface of this narrative like a Kohinoor diamond, flaming with the fires of its own divine source. It is this: "And God created man in his own image, in the image of God created he him." Let us look at this wonderful statement.

I. Man is God-made. He is not a product of some blind chance. He is not the result of some fortuitous concourse of atoms. He is not an accident. God made him. There has been much discussion about man's origin. Even to-day it is widely debated as to whether he is the child of a specific and direct creative act, or whether he may not be derived from processes of evolution which have wrought through eons of history. The first word of the Bible is, "God created man." But let us not at this point quarrel with—*evolution*. If one is an evolutionist, believing that man is the product solely of evolutionary processes, he will be forced before he reaches the end, if he be a clear and reverent thinker, to put God into his evolution. It is a cheap caricature, and as ignorant as cheap, of evolution to make it describe man as the child of an ape. If in some features of his anatomy, as possibly in some zones of his instincts and his thoughts, man bears apparent kinship to the ape, yet when all these points of likeness are bunched he stands forth as something infinitely different from any ape. There is nothing in an ape that can be made to account for a man. And it would be just as vain to assume that some process of purely natural variation decides that of two creatures sprung from a common

ancestry the one shall be an ape and the other a man. This would be a pure begging of the question. We have no right to ascribe to nature the power to take on such variations. Unaided nature does not know how to take new departures for definite ends. This is the function of volitioning mind. It may be that variations have decided that man's pathway in nature shall be an ascending one; but, if so, these variations have not been born of blind matter—they have been thrust upon the line of man's development by the hand of a thinker—*God*. We will not quarrel with the evolutionist. We have, however, a right to demand, if he insists that man is a product of evolution, that he give us a philosophy of evolution large and vital enough for its purposes. And this will mean an evolution with God in it, an evolution that embraces a divine method in creation. We must not shrink from the old philosophic axiom that a cause must be equal to its effect. Let us look at this. Man is an effect. He is the product of some cause. Let us name this cause—*evolution*. But the cause must be equal to that which it produces. The general rule in nature is that the cause is something greater than its product. The cyclone that lays the forest may rage on after the last monarch tree is uprooted. The flood that ravages a city may sweep on beyond the homes which it has desolated. The brain that invents a watch or a steam engine has not exhausted its force in these creations. It still has a fertile and trained energy for other and possibly greater achievements. And so this cause which we christen *evolution* must certainly be equal to, if not much greater than, its product—*man*. But what is man? We might suggest an answer in the language of the great dramatist: "What a piece of work is a man! how noble in reason! how infinite in faculty! in form and moving how express and admirable! in action how like an angel! in apprehension how like a god! the beauty of the world! the paragon of animals!" Reading carefully the Genesis narrative, we note that one purpose there assigned to man was rulership. He was to carry to his place in nature the scepter of dominion. He was to have dominion over the fishes of the sea, the fowls of the air, and the beasts of the field. And how marvelously has this old prophecy been fulfilled! Not only do fish and bird and beast furnish him food, but man

flies the signal of his dominion everywhere on sea and sky and earth. He traverses the wide wastes of seas in unsinkable fleets, using the stars as his pilots. Across boundless skies he sends, on naked air, a thousand times more swift than the flight of bird, the flashing couriers of his thought. In chariots that speed with lightning wheels he rides across plain and mountain, and he forces the very Falls of Niagara to press their omnipotent shoulders into the collars of his industries.

And does any seriously claim that the ape is brother to this being? Look at the history of the two. The ape kindles no fires, forges no weapons, writes no literatures. He chatters and scampers in the jungle, and looks and lives precisely as did his ancestors thousands of years ago. His race carries with itself no prophecy of improvement. At best he remains, and will forever remain, but a cunning beast. Man, upon the other hand, wherever and whatever his origin, has made himself the creator of history, has transformed the very earth into an empire for the ways of his own genius. He is the builder of civilizations. On broad bases of justice and equity he has erected superb systems of law and of government. He has builded his great cities, and has adorned his palaces and gardens with the splendors of immortal art. He is the creator of languages—languages which enshrine undying literatures; languages which breathe the eloquence of the orator's passion, and which, touched by the soul of sympathy and love, have carried untold consolations to earth's sorrowing everywhere; languages which, kindled with the inspirations of music, have sung themselves into symphonies and oratorios worthy of celestial choirs. He is the great inventor, the fearless magician who plunders every secret chamber of nature that he may capture her last law as the obedient servant of his imperious purpose. He masters optics and forces the sun to paint his pictures. He puts his eye to the microscope and his sight teems with myriad life; to the telescope, and his vision, like omniscience, sweeps the immensities. And who to-day can say what this wizard inventor shall accomplish? It looks as though possibly by to-morrow he may put his lips to the phone and the world will be his whispering gallery and all men will be within speaking distance.

But man, above all, is a religious being. He dreams of worship. He pictures to himself a God whom he invests with all the homage of his noblest thought. He thinks of himself as a being who is to outlast death, and who in other and loftier worlds may rise to the heritage of ineffable destinies. As monuments to his faith he has erected grand cathedrals, and filled them with the voices of prophecy and with the melodies of worship. His religious inspirations have raised him to the plane of prophet and seer, have sent him forth as anointed apostle and reformer, have filled him with altruistic enthusiasms, and have thrust him out upon missions of the holiest and most heroic service for his fellow-men. All along the pathway of his religious progress have sprung up great philanthropies—philanthropies which have tempered and sweetened the social and moral atmospheres of human society as by the very breath of heaven. And is it seriously insisted that this being, this creature of Godlike genius, man, is the product of evolution? that back somewhere in eonic time his ancestral line sprang from an inarticulate germ? Well, if so, man is no less a divine product. The cause must be equal to its effect. If evolution produced man, this could be no other than that evolution on whose lines, from the beginning, God has wrought with a definite and constant creative energy. A Godless evolution leading up to man is an absurdity. As a theory it would be a blasphemy against reason. If, however, upon the other hand, the demonstrations of investigation should force us to conclude that evolution expresses God's method in creation, such conclusion, so far from putting a pall upon our faith, could only serve infinitely to enhance our sense of wonder, of reverence, of admiration in the presence of God's infinite and almighty wisdom as thus displayed.

II. But the really great thing to be noted in this early scripture is not the *method*, but the *purpose*, of God in the creation of man. God made man in his image. This means that man was made for the loftiest, the divinest purpose which even God himself could frame. God's patent of nobility in man is seen in his very physical structure. He is made upright. He stands erect. He is indeed the paragon of animals. Man's body, however, whatever its superiority in the animal world, is but the prepared

temple in which the real being made in God's image is to dwell. God's image begins to be revealed to us in man as the thinker. Intellectually, man is clearly God's child. We may conceive that, as a master architect, God made the universe according to his own preconceived plans. He placed the imprint of his own intelligence upon all his works. But until he put man, the thinker, here, God's world was without an interpreter. The laws of nature were an unread book. We may not forget that man is nature's only interpreter. The very fact that man reads in terms of his own thought God's processes in nature is proof positive of his own divinity, the clearest evidence of his kinship with that God who is himself the Creator of nature. The key to the inscriptions found on the ancient monuments of Babylon and Assyria was long and seemingly vainly sought. But when at last, after the most baffling search, it was discovered, the scholars who began to translate these inscriptions knew of a certainty that in these translations men like themselves were speaking to them from out of these long-buried empires. These inscriptions were seen to be the literary creations of thinkers with like mental constitutions to their own. The writers had perished. The civilizations to which they belonged were buried in oblivion. But the modern scholar looks into the very faces, hears the voices, thrills with the intellectual mood, and feels the very heart-throb of these men who so long ago studied in the libraries of Nineveh and walked in the palace halls of Babylon, and he knows that he is brother in mind and soul to these ancient thinkers. In like manner God has left the inscriptions of his own thought on all the works of creation. These inscriptions are written in letters of light upon the skies, graven in the rocks on the seashore and in the mountain, stored away in a thousand laboratories in nature. These divine inscriptions, however, for uncounted eons remained unstudied and unread, because in all the universe there was no being who could think in the terms of God's thought. But when man, made in God's own intellectual image, came he began to decipher these inscriptions. Beginning as a most ignorant school child, he has trained his faculties on these nature problems until to-day, in his innumerable sciences, he commands rich translations of many of God's creative

processes. Kepler and Herschel have translated God's legislation of the starry heavens, and they call their book—*astronomy*. Hugh Miller and Dana have deciphered the story of creation as written in the rocks, and they name their book—*geology*. Harvey and Huxley have traced the marvelous laws of man's physical organism, and of comparative anatomy, and they name their book—*physiology*. Linnæus and Gray have studied the vegetable life of field and forest, and leaves and grasses and flowers have yielded to them the—*botanical sciences*. Newton meditates, and God's law of *gravitation* breaks upon his vision. Milton, in his physical blindness, gives himself to mental brooding, and an undying *epic* falls from his lips. Shakespeare turns the vision of his genius on human nature, and his *dramas*, like divine creations, stand forth as living pictures, instinct in infinite variety, of all the moods and passions of the human soul. The universe is like an infinite library, all its covers written full with divine thought. And God did not prepare this library in itself as an end. He reared its lofty arches, laid its ample spaces, stored with limitless wealth its laboratories and alcoves, that it might be a fit mental gymnasium, the intellectual training school of the coming thinker—*man*. Nature is the one unlimited university. God is its founder. Here are infinite endowments. All conceivable material wealth enters into its equipment. Its curricula are of unlimited variety. The task of its matriculates is to discover and to develop their own power for a skilled use of the appliances so richly to their hand in laboratory and library, their power to study, to translate, and to master for their own use the truths that lie crowded along the lines of their special endeavor. In *nature* God has made full provision for an unlimited intellectual progress for us all. The things which man has already mastered in thought and achievement are indeed wonderful. But as yet he has only touched the hem on the outer robe of the intellecual wealth and discovery resident in nature. Man, the genius thinker, will still advance, immeasurably multiplying and perfecting his sciences. As inventor, he will more and more control the forces of nature. Under his widening dominion the material globe will increasingly surrender its secrets and its wealth. He will never cease his

inquisition of nature until all cosmic energy has been captured for his uses.

III. We must not forget, however, that the intellectual nature, resplendent as are its achievements and possibilities, rich as are the provisions for its nurture and development, is very far from completing God's image in man. The perfection of man's nature is seen in his moral constitution. He has a capacity for moral feeling, sympathy, purpose that matches him into God's character. And God could really take supreme delight in no being of less capacity. The physical universe, at best, however perfect its mechanism, is a thing only to be admired. God could never content himself with this. This world, beautiful as are its appeals to human vision, if taken alone by itself, would have no more interest to God than one vast Sahara. All the interest God ever took in its making was purely in anticipation of the great citizen who was yet to come to it. God must have in this world, before it could become of any worth at all to himself, his own child whom he could love, with whom he could enter into fellowship, upon whom he could bestow his nurture, between whom and himself there could be the interplay of highest moral sympathy. And this is why God made man in his own image.

There may be some mysteries that startle us. It may be inexplicable to us, and seemingly to our reason absurd, that God should have selected this world at all as a habitation for his sons. When we think of this little world that snuggles in its place like a sand-grain on the shores of immensity, we may well wonder that rather than this minute speck of creation God did not select some lordly star of space as the future home of his child—*man*. Our wondering query may not be gratified. Nor is it needful. The thing of chief significance is that this being, man, who wears upon his brow and in his soul the kinship of divinity, is here. In God's thought material magnitudes, however far their splendors may shine, hold in themselves no values equivalent to mind, to moral being. Whatever, then, may be the glory of the great stars, God has chosen to set a crowning honor upon this little earth by installing over it as citizen and sovereign—*man*. We do not as yet know what moral families may inhabit other worlds in space, but this

supreme thing we do know: God, in the presence of the universe, declared his infinite and everlasting love for man by permitting the cross of his Son to be erected upon one of the hilltops of this earth.

IV. Any study, however, of God's purpose in man which should not include the fact of *immortality* would be signally barren of either just or inspiring conclusions. An endless life with exhaustless opportunity is necessary to the realization of this purpose. The present earthly life, at best, is but rudimentary. Its conditions and limitations are such as to exclude the vast majorities of men from realizing their best inborn prophecies of themselves. When we would form some theoretical estimate of what God plans for the future of his sons, we have a right, perhaps, to take some measurements from the superlative men of history. It has happened every now and then that the race has developed a supremely great man, a man of imperial girth and power. Such men come to our view as the prophecy of great possibilities that as yet lie undeveloped in the masses of mankind. From among lawgivers, prophets, and reformers, we think of such men as Moses, Daniel, Isaiah, of Paul, of Luther and Lincoln. Among great intellects we think of Socrates and Plato, of Homer, of Dante and Shakespeare—men whose genius has shed a Godlike splendor upon the very history of the race. When we would seek the ideal which God proposes for man's future we have a right to look into the face of Jesus. He is the one character of the race in whom God's image shines forth unmarred and perfect. His life was sinless. He never failed in duty. His purity and goodness were without spot. His intellect was clear as the light. His philanthropy was like the heart of God. His moral nature, in all its ranges, gave perfect response to the divine will. But, if we understand aright, Jesus, in the perfections of his manhood, was set before us as the perfect model, as God's ideal of the kind of manhood which it is the purpose of his kingdom to develop. As it is, however, the vast majorities of men in this life are shut away by their limitations from attaining the ideal either in the sphere of intellectual enrichment or of their own best moral development. Here is a man in the factory exhausting his physical energy for

every working day in the year in the monotonous and undeveloping employment of making pin-heads. There is the poor seamstress who is supporting herself and, it may be, her fatherless children by giving herself morning, noon, and night to the needle until the doleful "song of the shirt" wears itself literally into her very nerve and fiber. But this man carries in his mental constitution, undeveloped and ungratified, all the faculties of the philosopher. The poor seamstress has lying within her the latent faculties of a poet and a prophetess. The physical limitations of this life are for the present putting impassable barriers up around these souls. Their opportunity is yet to come. Immortality will furnish them the limitless landscape and the theater in which they shall yet develop their powers to the full. We have already noted the fact that nature, for instance, seems to carry the data for unlimited physical knowledge. Man with all his wealth of attained science has yet only made a beginning toward exploring nature's exhaustless resources. The great counterpart of this truth is that man has only yet begun to discover the real wealth of his faculties, of his own possibilities. We believe there is not anywhere in the universe a hidden fact of possible usefulness for which man shall not yet develop the art of discovery. There are no laws or energies of nature so concealed as finally to baffle his power to capture and to master them. But lying close alongside of these truths is that other inevitable fact that every child of God must finally have full opportunity for self-development. The man most laden and limited by life's drudgeries has dreams at least in which new doors seem opened upon his vision—vistas which lead away to Elysian fields and to unoccupied kingdoms which he feels by right are his own. And they are his own. Near-by realms, as yet unseen and unexplored, haunt the thought of many keen-sighted minds. If our souls were in perfect health and we had full command of their faculties the landscapes of the spiritual universe would be seen lying all about us. Some highly attuned mystical souls, as we know, seem at times to have direct vision of divine things. Some of us have been lifted into high moods when, if a single new window had been opened to our souls, our vision outward would have been apocalyptic. The sons of God, tabernacling

here in the flesh, have not yet found their spiritual vision. The best are as they that see through a glass darkly. God's more glorious universe, the spiritual, has as yet been revealed only in prophecy, in types, in occasional experience and revelation of a partial order. Its wealth lies around us mostly unseen and unrealized by us because our spiritual faculties lie within us too dormant to be awakened by its surpassing glories. It will not always be so. For us who toil a day of emancipation will come. The drudgery of life will be lifted away, and the soul, with fully awakened powers, will be free to lead forth its faculties into the larger universe of realization. And who shall measure or describe to us the meaning or the opportunities of the heritage of immortality for the sons of God? We find ourselves at present living in a physical universe practically infinite in its dimensions and resources. In the sphere of intellectual possibility the immortality of mind is only paralleled by the immensity of worlds—worlds all of which are under the common sway of God's scepter, and the study of which it might require an eternity to exhaust. But we may not forget that the material universe, immense and glorious as it is, is but secondary in its values. The real glory of God's greatness is moral. The crowning destiny which he purposes for man is moral. The highest pursuits and enjoyments of the sons of God will be forever spiritual. And if God has overwhelmed our minds by the discoveries he has made of himself in his physical universe, what infinitely more glorious moral and spiritual revelations may not his sons expect? While eternity moves on, God will forever press new revelations of his own exhaustless glories upon the unfolding vision and receptivity of his children. Not to the most inspired vision as yet has there been revealed more than the alphabet of man's infinite possibilities. But as the alphabet carries in itself the potencies of exhaustless literatures, so the best that has yet entered into the visions and experience of prophets and saints are but the foregleams of continents, kingdoms, intellectual dominions, moral vision, spiritual raptures, Godlike attainments—all of which shall be the heritage of God's sons.

Our best vision to-day is near-sighted. We are hedged in by barriers of inheritance, of narrow education, of untrained faculty,

of skeptical habit, all of which bar us from wide outlook upon the universe of our real possibilities. We are provincial in our habits. Our beliefs are narrow. Our spiritual vision is not adjusted to telescopic distances. We are like dwellers in caves by the sea-shore, rather than explorers of the mighty deeps. The wings of our souls are not yet trained for familiar flights through the starry spaces. Man's intellectual provinciality and lack of insight, when we stop to think of it, excite our wonder. When Adam first walked in Eden, nature was as rich as to-day in all the stored facts out of which the sciences are constructed. But for all the millenniums the human race walked the earth with no perception of nature's wealth. And how skeptical of the splendid possibilities in nature is the average human mind. Supposing that one hundred years ago some prophet had pictured to the common view a panorama of things familiar to us in these days. In this panorama there should figure the telegraph and the telephone, electric cars and automobiles upon our city streets, the twentieth century express train and the titanic steamship. Such a picture, whatever wonder it might excite, would be looked upon as the creation of an insane dreamer. Because these things were unknown it would be the habit of mind to deny instantly that they were possible of achievement. Well, it is to be feared that we are all very much in the same habit of mind in relation to both the intellectual and spiritual universe in which we dwell. We have a materialistic way of practically valuing our lives by the gauge of our narrow experiences and negative vision. Whereas, if our sight were more clear, our knowledge broader, our faith more inspirational, we should know ourselves as citizens and proprietors of infinite intellectual and spiritual dominions. What we need to do is to cultivate the divine side of ourselves. We are the sons of God. The immensities and the eternities are our birthright. We ought to remember that the one thing for which we should seek vision and enlargement is our souls. God made these souls for something sublime, for inheritances more enduring and glorious than ever yet entered into the dreams of prophets. True wealth of being is wealth of soul. It is only what the soul appropriates that makes life rich. Money is not wealth. It may have power to buy for its

possessor luxury and idleness. But luxury keeps company with palled appetites, and idleness is the vocation of the tramp. Tiberius, the imperial sensualist, held in his hands the scepter and the wealth of Rome, but so jaded were his appetites that he would willingly part with half his kingdom for the sensation of a new pleasure. The soul whose vision is Godward, and which is at home with high thought, may dwell alone with a Bible; but it will keep company with prophets and saints, it will stand on mountains of transfiguration, and will walk the avenues of apocalyptic glories. It is not travel, not physical locomotion to distant parts, that gives resource to life. It is vision of soul. To such vision all environment responds. The soul that has vision carries everywhere in its journeyings whole provinces of God's beautiful world. Its windows look out upon rose gardens and landscapes most choice. Its room walls are hung with pictures of divine beauty. Its libraries are vocal with the songs of genius, and are peopled with the choice spirits of the ages. The way to secure this vision is not by cultivating the greeds of earth. These greeds will perish. The soul that cultivates them will shrivel. Soul vision comes from walking in the divine daylight, from living upon high levels, from looking into God's face until the transforming touch of that face shall awaken with ever-increasing perfection that which is Godlike in ourselves. But such a soul can know no palled appetites. Its vision will grow ever richer, its joys ever deeper, its goodness ever more beautiful, its knowledge ever broader, its attainments ever more Godlike. And the wealth of its future none can picture, for eternity alone can complete the history of its progress.

George P. Mains

Art. IV.—THE POET'S GOSPEL OF IMMORTALITY.

A French critic on Wordsworth once said that on account of the scientific tendencies of our age poetry would cease to be read in fifty years. We have just about reached the end of the allotted time. Is poetry holding its own beside science, a twin brother with science in the revelation of God? How have the poets fallen! Tennyson, and Browning, and William Morris, and Whitman, and, last of all, Edwin Arnold have dropped their pens and gone to sleep. On the muse of three of these at least science had laid its burden. It is because they were so great as poets that they set even speculation singing.

Kant said the three great inevitable problems of metaphysical reasoning are God and freedom and immortality. The same thing has been said of poetry. Poetry, and not science, has always been the bulwark of the faith and the inspirer of hope in immortality. Poetry has prepared the dying for his end, has consoled the bereaved, has immortalized the virtues of the departed in funeral elegy and epitaph. The ages change but little the simple faith of the poet. Whether it be Petrarch glorying in the triumph of love over death in those tender words:

> In her appeared what th' unwise term to die;
> And Death sate beauteous on her beauteous brow,

or Wordsworth drawing from childhood recollections his intimations of immortality:

> Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting;
> The soul that rises with us, our life's star,
> Hath had elsewhere its setting,
> And cometh from afar,

we recognize the same spirit of hope and trust. But these men lived lives apart from speculation on physical science. The faith of the one was the outgrowth of his philosophy of love. The faith of the other was the faith of a little child. Either no questions were asked or they were such as could be simply answered. But to-day our questions are not answered simply or by revelation. They are answered by pantheism, sensationalism, supernaturalism. Science has laid its hypothesis, and it is extending it year by year.

The ultimate questions of that science must always concern God himself. Until science can answer its own questions or until it can accept the answer of faith how lost is humanity! It is here that poetry has suffered. No longer able to grapple fast to the "things that cannot fail," poets have lost their faith and followed their science. There are four marked stages in Tennyson's poetry of immortality. He begins with faith and he ends with faith. In "Crossing the Bar" and "Vastness" he strikes the dominant note of late conviction that in early faith he had struck in the "Poems of Two Brothers." Between these two there was a long siege of struggle and doubt. It matters not that he would claim his second faith was based on reason. Spencer denied the premises and the cogency of the reasoning. Huxley smiled, and said, "We do not know." Joseph Jacobs says there are two forms in which the consciousness of death may strike the mind. The first is as a great unsolvable mystery which is not allowed to have practical effect on human life. The other is as a belief in the entire extinction of conscious personal life after death. Tennyson, in "In Memoriam," combats the idea that death is annihilation. If all is ended in chaos, then love is a cheat. George Eliot, however, in the "Legend of Jubal," makes the consciousness of the last parting "send thrills of finer tenderness through love and wedded bliss."

It is not that poets cannot rise to faith in immortality even through the mazes of their speculation; it is that poetry loses much of its first-hand poetic material through the intrusion of science, with its cogitations and ratiocinations on destiny and first causes and free will. Many who are brave enough to say what they think deny that Pope was a poet; he simply used his trick of rhyme and quickstep to deck out his own and other men's philosophies. Poetry loses spontaneity as soon as it begins to argue. It may well be an expression of the soul distraught, but it is not the province of poetry to relate objectively the intellectual bases of the distraction. Present-day speculation on things of the soul lends itself rather more to critical exposition than to poetic expression. Some poets have overlooked this, and in overlooking it have ceased to be poets. Tennyson, too great a poet to become

an expositor, is saved from the formalism of his speculations by the poignancy of his personal grief. We cannot imagine Tennyson to have written "In Memoriam" except under command of the call of his spirit. Subtract the personal element from the poem, the mighty love of the man for his friend, and you get a fairly accurate statement of the case of faith *versus* agnosticism and materialism. The line and the meter and feeling are those of the poet; the philosophy is that of the scientist. In this case we cannot say that the poem would have been better had the poet used the assurances of a simple and stable faith in the breathing of a memorial to his friend rather than the intellectual struggles of the student, but how impossible to another pen would be the transformation of reason to poetry! Even here it seems difficult to believe that the same pen wrote all these verses:

> My own dim life should teach me this:
> That life shall live for evermore.
> Else earth is darkness at the core,
> And dust and ashes all that is;
>
> This round of green, this orb of flame,
> Fantastic beauty; such as lurks
> In some wild poet, when he works
> Without a conscience or an aim.
> . . . . . .
> And all is well, though faith and form
> Be sundered in the night of fear;
> Well roars the storm to those that hear
> A deeper voice across the storm.

In the first two there is the struggle of a doubting soul for a groundwork of faith; in the last faith itself speaks an inspired language.

The mighty muse of Tennyson triumphed and made poetry out of logic. Browning attacked his science from another side. In Browning's poems the question of death rarely assumes a personal tone. In his exquisite poem "One Word More" there seems to throb desire for a personal immortality—"Other heights in other lives, God willing"—but rarely does he express the longing of the individual for a "better waking." His belief in immortality, far more didactic than Tennyson's, is expressed dramatically. He weaves the mottled drama of a human life and asks at the end, "Can this be all?" He studies the first principles of the soul; he glories in its long history, the varied complex preparations for

manhood, the majesty of prime, and decides, "You'll not end: it cannot be." The rich mind of Paracelsus is laid waste; Sordello, dowered with the gift of song, dies a failure; Saul sinks disappointed. Is it economy that these forces shall be dissolved? Few words in all Browning's writings could give consolation at the grave side. His poetry of immortality is a translated science, in which the matter is argued to as acceptable a conclusion as may be. Even in later years he is not moved to spontaneous utterance of faith. His assurance is always postulated and proved. This, from "The Flight of the Duchess," is perhaps Browning's tenderest statement of his death philosophy:

> 'Mid the dark a gleam
> Of yet another morning breaks,
> And—like a hand which ends a dream—
> Death with the might of his sunbeam
> Touches the flesh, and the soul awakes.

William Watson's pantheistic philosophy of death is given beautiful expression in his threnody on Tennyson. This is distinctly a philosophy and never a faith:

> He hath returned to regions whence he came.
> Him doth the spirit divine
> Of universal loveliness reclaim.
> All nature is his shrine.
> Seek him henceforth in the wind and sea,
> In earth's and air's emotion or repose,
> In every star's august serenity,
> And in the rapture of the flaming rose;
> There seek him if ye would not seek in vain;
> There in the rhythm and music of the Whole:
> Yea and forever in the human soul
> Made stronger and more beauteous by his strain.

Walt Whitman, who with one exception is held to be the truest modern apostle of immortality, also brings to poetry his peculiar philosophy of death. Immortality surely he believes in, but a scientifically expounded immortality of idealism:

> Pensive and faltering
> The words the dead I write;
> For living are the dead
> (Haply the only living, only real,
> And I the apparition, I the specter).

Amid this confusion of philosophies of immortality, which sum up best, perhaps, in Morris's refrain in the "Earthly Paradise,"

Kiss me, Love; for who knoweth
What thing cometh after death?

there has arisen a clear sweet voice calling the children of men to simple faith. The light of the author of the "Light of Asia" has but lately gone out. Already critics have begun to decry him and question the abiding power of his verse. They have called him the "journalist poet" and made aspersions on the value of his oriental work. Were the "Light of Asia" to be lost entirely to this generation Edwin Arnold's name would still be held in reverence as the poet who preaches sermons of simple faith in an age of philosophic doubt. To him immortality is not a philosophic deduction; it is a personal verity, believed in, trusted in, and taught. Edwin Arnold left England in time to escape adjustment to the scientific prolegomena then forming in intellectual society. Instead of modern philosophy he grew into the systems of the Orient. He returned to England infatuated with the philosophies of the East and on the side of philosophical abstraction, practically as innocent as a child of the complex problems of modern evolution. India, in the great fixity of her religious and political systems, had set her stamp upon him. To the end of his days he thought present-day thoughts in the terms of his Eastern philosophy.

Of all the teachings of the Indian religion the philosophy of death is most clear to occidental minds. Our Aryan ancestors believed and Indian philosophy still teaches that all things are endowed with life. Birth and death are but aspects of the same thing, that continual cycle of change that moves life on from form to form. In the teaching of Siddharta death is never an escape; it is only a passage, an exit and an entrance. Merit in this world is rewarded by rebirth in an exalted state in the life following. Demerit is punished by being remade a woman or a clod. It was largely on account of the common misery of life in the enervating climate and debauched political conditions of the old Orient that death had no horror to the Buddhist and Brahman. To him it was sweet promise of translation to other spheres, perhaps more comfortable. It was because his mind was oriental that genetically we must ascribe Arnold's treatment of death to Eastern rather than Christian philosophies. But the writings of later life clearly

indicate a philosophy of simple Christian belief in the certainty of life to come. In two beautiful poems from the Sanskrit, "The Birth of Death" and "The Secret of Death," Arnold paraphrases the Indian philosophy. In the first the brave and virtuous son of Arjuna, the young Abhĭmanyŭ, has been slain in battle, after splendid exploits, and Prince Yudhisthira is bitterly bewailing his loss. "What is death? Whence is this death?" he exclaims. The sage Vyâsa thus replies to him:

> Listen, thou long-armed king,
> And grieve no more when thou hast heard. At first,
> Far back in the beginning, He who rules,
> Almighty shining Brahma, made what lives
> To live unchanged; so was there length of days
> Illimitable, but not growth in days—
> Which comes of change.

The sage tells that Brahma, seeing his world fixed "in fair changelessness," bethought him that he should destroy his world to save it, and ordained the consuming of the heavens and the earth. Straightway there came Hara to plead for the sons of men, saying:

> Let there be henceforth
> Three states of time for children of the earth—
> The past, the present, and the future; these
> Let them possess, thou Lord of all.

This Brahma granted, and called from his thought a presence feminine, "delicate, tender, splendid, with great eyes," and called her "death" and commanded her to slay those who must die; saying, "I bid thee for the good of all." She, being tender, pleaded for the creatures of earth and dropped tears of sorrow on the hand of the god. He heard her plea and pitied her and took the burden from her, but ordained that, death being made for the good of all creatures,

> The bright tears that fell upon my hand
> From forth thine eyes I turn to woes of flesh
> Which shall consume them—aches, diseases, griefs
> Born of thy sorrows these will smite; but, born
> Of thy compassion, these shall heal with peace
> When the day cometh that each one must die.

From that time on, says the sage, the wise never lament their dead.

In the "Secret of Death" a Brahman priest and an English "Sahib" read together from a Sanskrit manuscript the first three Vallès, or "Lotus Stems," of the "Katha Upanishad." Yama, the

flame of death, coming to Nachikêtas bids him ask three boons before he is taken away. The dying man asks first

> That Gautama
> Be comforted and restful in his mind,
> Thinking fair thoughts of me, who die for him.

This Yama grants, and the dying man asks another boon:

> Make me know
> That I who die may light that holy fire,
> And come, avoiding hell, to Swarga's peace.

This also Yama grants, and the next boon asked for is the secret of death itself:

> Some say that after death the soul still lives,
> Personal, conscious; some say, Nay, it ends!
> Fain would I know which of these twain be true,
> By thee enlightened.

This boon Yama refuses to grant, striving to keep his mighty secret. But the dying man prevails and Yama tells. He answers that "what is good and what is pleasant are separate." The pleasure seekers lose life's end. In putting aside pleasure Nachikêtas has chosen the Permanent. By his second boon Nachikêtas comprehended the fruit of sacrifice and showed "a heart whose door stands open for Truth." The soul which gains these things

> Is not born. It doth not die. It sprang
> From none, and it begetteth none! Unmade,
> Immortal, changeless, primal—I can break
> The body, but that soul I cannot harm.

The philosophy is summed up in this:

> If he that slayeth thinks "I slay;" if he
> Whom he doth slay thinks "I am slain"—then both
> Know not aught! That which was life in each
> Cannot be slain nor slay!

Outside of a few paraphrases of esoteric philosophy Arnold's philosophy of death is never a system; it is always a faith. Death is not a horrible thing, a "dread mystery of forgetting." It is beautiful, and its secrets are too lovely to know.

> It is not well for Life
> To learn too soon the lovely secrets kept
> For them that die.
> . . . . . .
> What surprise
> For these who go feet foremost to the grave
> To learn the dream was Day-time, Light was Night,

Gliding—soft gliding—to that greater Life
Which always was so near; only a skin
To cast aside like the enameled snake
And then—the fresh gold and glittering blues!
. . . . . .
If I say the Dead
Catch tone of some such melting tenderness
When first their lovers in the new life flock
And greet and kiss them, telling them sweet things
Of bliss beyond, and Love crowned Conqueror;
If I should speak of children, dreaming ill,
And then grown 'ware it is the dear safe breast
Of their fond mother which they fret upon!
If I should liken hapless mariners
Snatched sudden from black gulfs, or men condemned
Ransomed from chains and led to marriage feasts—
With the swift comfort of that instant change
All must fall short!

So far from making death horrible, Arnold has endowed it with a beauty of perfect purity. To him death is a sublimation; it is a freeing from all the dross, a washing from all the loam of earthly life. Nothing is to be compared with the calm repose of death but its beautiful purity and whiteness. What a lifting joy of sorrow runs through the words on the Egyptian Princess!

There in the palace where once her laugh had loudest been,
Where but last Feast Day she had worn the wreath of beauty's queen,
She lay a lost but lovely thing; the wreath was on her brow.
Alas! the lotus could not match its chilly pallor now.

On a dead lady he says, tenderly:

Death cannot change her face, tender and fair!
'Tis she who changes Death, and makes him dear;

and in "She and He" death shows the loved one in all whiteness:

About her brows and beautiful face
They tied her veil and her marriage lace,
And drew on her white feet her white silk shoes—
Which were the whitest no eye could choose—
And over her bosom they crossed her hands.
"Come away," they said; "God understands."

Nothing can stand against the wise and tender sympathy of his consolation. Why should one grieve for a translation to the stars?

Pietro's wise Madonna
Was too wise to weep at little sorrows!
Christ, and She, and Heaven and all the angels
Last; 'tis sin and grief alone which passes.

Whether it be in the strong organ tones of his oriental philosophy

or in the gentle breathings of his simple faith Edwin Arnold's immortality is satisfying and secure. For measured rhyme adapting itself to the broad pulse of the feeling, then hasting gladly to the affirmation of an immediate conviction, nothing can excel the words from the "Song Celestial:"

Never the spirit was born; the spirit shall cease to be never;
Never was time it was not; End and Beginning are dreams!
Birthless and deathless and changeless remaineth the spirit forever;
Death hath not touched it at all, dead though the house of it seems.

Nay, but as one layeth
His worn-out robes away,
And, taking new ones, sayeth,
"These will I wear to-day,"
So putteth by the spirit
Lightly its garb of flesh,
And passeth to inherit
A residence afresh.

And what a pure optimism, like a breath from cloudless skies over white mountains of promise, seems to inspire this stanza of immortality!

Let us be like a bird, one instant lighted
Upon a twig that swings;
He feels it yield—but sings on, unaffrighted,
Knowing he hath his wings.

It is in the purity of Edwin Arnold's faith that we take greatest pleasure. That which other poets must needs defend he believes. There are no complexities of reason, no balance of yea and nay, no preponderance of probability. In lines of true poetry he publishes his faith in an after life. In "After Death in Arabia" and "She and He"—by many considered his best poems—he sums up his faith, dogmatically, certainly, but so perhaps all the more welcome to the children of men than speculation, however reassuring, could ever be.

He who dies at Azan sends
This to comfort all his friends:

Faithful friends! It lies, I know,
Pale and white and cold as snow;
And ye say, "Abdallah's dead!"
Weeping at the feet and head,
I can see your falling tears,
I can hear your sighs and prayers;
Yet I smile and whisper this:
"I am not the thing you kiss;

Cease your tears, and let it lie;
It was mine, it is not I."

Sweet friends! What the women lave
For its last bed of the grave
Is but a hut which I am quitting,
Is a garment no more fitting,
Is a cage from which, at last,
Like a hawk my soul hath passed.
Love the inmate, not the room;
The wearer, not the garb; the plume
Of the falcon, not the bars
Which kept him from those splendid stars.

Loving friends! Be wise, and dry
Straightway every weeping eye;
What ye lift upon the bier
Is not worth a wistful tear.
'Tis an empty seashell, one
Out of which the pearl is gone;
The shell is broken, it lies there;
The pearl, the all, the soul, is here.
. . . . . .

Farewell, friends! Yet not farewell;
Where I am ye, too, shall dwell.
I am gone before your face
A moment's time, a little space.
When ye come where I have stepped
Ye will wonder why ye wept.

And in "She and He," which breathes a prescient faith, the same assurance is given; but more personally here, for it is a wife who speaks to her mourning husband:

He lit his lamp and took the key
And turned it—alone again—he and she.

He and she; but she would not speak,
Though he kissed, in the old place, the quiet cheek.

He and she; yet she would not smile,
Though he called her the name she loved erewhile.

He and she; still she did not move
To any one passionate whisper of love.

Then he said: "Cold lips and breasts without breath,
Is there no voice, no language of death?

"Dumb to the ear and still to the sense,
But to heart and to soul distinct, intense?

"See now; I will listen with soul, not ear;
What was the secret of dying, dear?

. . . . . .

"I would tell you, darling, if I were dead,
And 'twere your hot tears upon my brow shed:

"I would say, though the Angel of Death had laid
His sword on my lips to keep it unsaid.

"You should not ask vainly, with streaming eyes,
Which of all deaths was the chiefest surprise,

"The very strangest and the suddenest thing
Of all the surprises that dying must bring."

Ah, foolish world; O most kind dead!
Though he told me, who will believe it was said?

Who will believe that he heard her say,
With the sweet, soft voice, in the dear old way—

"The utmost wonder is this: I hear
And see you, and love you, and kiss you, dear;

"And am your angel, who was your bride,
And know that, though dead, I have never died"?

A faith like that of Edwin Arnold is not for naught in an age of doubt. Thousands who read his poems will be drawn back from sorry speculation, which can never bring them the truth, to a serene and unquestioning belief. After all, it is no derogation of science to say that to many people its method is a sealed book and its conclusions therefore a stumbling-block. For those who can see "face to face" science may serve as such a bulwark as poetry would be powerless to provide. It is the others to whom Edwin Arnold speaks. He takes them by the hand and teaches them a consoling faith.

Thomas Dickinson

Art. V.—THE CHRISTIAN IDEA OF SIN.

In the teaching of Jesus sin is described as the loss of the soul or, according to the Revised Version, as the forfeiture of the life (Mark viii, 37). Again, the sinner is said to lose or forfeit "his own self" (Luke ix, 25). Hence those who live in sin are described as "lost"—lost to the true meaning and ends of life. The sinner is like a sheep that has wandered away from the flock into the mountains, like a son who has banished himself from his home and his father. But Jesus spoke of sin not so much in general terms as in concrete. The particular sins to which he referred most pointedly were pride, hypocrisy, resentment, and unmercifulness. Nothing was so sinful in his eyes as a selfish and malicious heart; the worst sins to him were sins of disposition. The self-righteous Pharisee cloaking deceit and selfishness under an ostentatious religiousness; the purse-proud miser gloating over his possessions; the pitiless priest and Levite whose prejudice had consumed their humanity; the merciless servant who, though "much forgiven," refused to forgive—these were the typical embodiments of sin in the view of Jesus. All sin has its seat in the heart—that is, in the inner life, in a perversion and corruption of the will. Sin is not primarily a matter of action, but of character. Man is defiled by the evil thoughts and desires which proceed from within. Hate is the source of murder. Lust is the essence of adultery. If men are justified or condemned by their words and deeds it is because it is out of the inner treasury of thought and motive that good and evil deeds alike proceed, because it is "out of the abundance of the heart that the mouth speaketh."

In the gospel of John the terms in which Jesus's teaching concerning sin is construed are different from those found in the synoptics, but their import is essentially the same. Here, too, the sinful world is lost in alienation from God; sin is moral darkness or moral bondage. Christ came to save the world, to bring to it the heavenly light, to release the enslaved wills and bring the hearts of men into the freedom which the truth gives. As man's true life consists in sonship to God—that is, in moral kinship and

likeness to him—so sin is described as a sonship to Satan (John viii, 44), a radical inner perversion, a blindness in mind and heart to truth and to goodness. This is but a graphic description of that perversion of the inner vision, the evil eye which sees all things false, the dim or broken lamp which leaves "the whole body full of darkness."

Jesus made little or no reference to what we call the "problems" of sin—its beginning, its relation to heredity, to physical death or outward calamities. He held himself entirely aloof from the fruitless disputes on these subjects which were rife in the Jewish schools of his time, and refused to be drawn into controversy concerning them. When asked whether those on whom the tower in Siloam fell were sinners above all others in Jerusalem he replied in the negative, and added only a warning of the consequences of impenitence. The Johannine tradition likewise reports him as repudiating the current view that congenital blindness was the penalty of some particular sin (John ix, 2, 3). To the first appearance of sin in the world he made no reference. Unless it be in the incidental reference to Satan as a "murderer from the beginning" (John viii, 44), his words contain no allusion to Adam or the fall. He never intimates that men are guilty for the sins of their ancestors, immediate or remote. He does not touch upon the disputed question whether or not physical death is the consequence of sin. There could be no better proof that no particular theory concerning these points is essential to Christian belief than is offered by this silence of Jesus. Our Lord spoke of sin as a fact of experience. He described it in its real character and effects. He neither exaggerated nor minimized its nature. He did not regard men—even the worst of them—as utterly sinful. He could find at least a spark of goodness in the most depraved life. He knew nothing of such artificial distinctions as that sometimes made by theologians between natural and spiritual goodness, according to which men may be described as totally depraved religiously, however numerous and great their civil virtues, such as uprightness, generosity, and charity. On the other hand, none ever estimated sin so seriously and truly. Sins were something more to him than excusable mistakes and inci-

dental lapses. He recognized the existence of sin as well as of sins. Individual sins have their root and source in the depraved heart, in the sinful character. The tree is known by its fruit. Sins are but the symptoms of the disease. Sin is the ruination of the moral health; it is an abnormal state of life. More specifically, it is disharmony with God; it is essential unreason, absurdity; it is, as the biblical words for it indicate, a missing of the mark, a false aim, an effort to realize the good by the renunciation of the right and the true.

Jesus never defined sin abstractly, but always viewed and pictured it in its actual manifestations. He exhibited its nature and heinousness by contrast with goodness. Therefore he spoke more of the true life than of its loss or perversion. His primary emphasis was upon the good life which opens before every man. Hence men are to be saved from sin by recovery to goodness. The only cure of error is truth; the only salvation from evil is through the realization of righteousness. Sin is unlikeness to God; salvation is likeness to him. Sin is the unfilial life, the life of self-banishment from the soul's true home in God; salvation is found in return to the Father's house and in the life of obedient sonship. Hence Jesus summarized all goodness and all duty in love to God, or in sonship to God. Be the sons of your Father in heaven, he said to men; become like him in the motives and spirit of your action; learn what God is, and you will know what God requires; be his true children, and all else will follow. The reason Jesus gave for not sinning was that it was unfilial. Cease from your hatreds, your cruelties and narrowness. Why? Because it is unlike God. Love all men, even your enemies; be generous and charitable. Why? In order that by so doing you may become the true sons of God, may prove yourselves to be truly kindred to him in thought and action; for he loves and blesses all, even the unworthy and the unthankful. Godlikeness, then, is the deep foundation of all goodness; to be like God—that is the reason for the good life on which all other reasons rest. By contrast, sin is the forfeiture of the Godlike life, and the curse of it is that it separates man from God, gives him a wrong direction and dooms him to moral failure. Jesus held up before men the consequences

of their sin. The misery, the penalties, the fiery Gehenna of remorse and shame—to these he pointed in solemn warning. But why do these consequences follow sin? Because of what sin *is;* because it is a perversion of man's true nature, a repudiation of his destiny as a son of God. This is the Christian doctrine of sin; this is the evil, the terrible and disastrous loss—the loss of man's true self—from which Jesus came to save him.

When we turn to the writings of Paul the principal peculiarities which we note in his doctrine of sin are these: 1. He is accustomed to personify sin and to describe it as a world-ruling power. 2. He traces its beginning back to Adam, conceives it as entering the world in his transgression and spreading itself thence upon all mankind. 3. He regards physical death as due to sin. And, 4. He associates sin with the flesh, in which he conceives moral evil as having its seat and sphere of manifestation. All these characteristics of Paul's thought are capable of a natural explanation, either by the peculiarities of his mind or by the nature of his training. The personification of sin is, of course, a realistic rhetorical figure. Sin enters the world and so takes possession of men that, as Paul expresses it, it is no longer they who govern themselves, but the sin which has mastered them. The proper ego, the better self, is suppressed and vanquished, and sin rules the life. If the inner man, the law of the reason, protests against this dominion it is, nevertheless, powerless to break it. In vain does the enslaved will yearn to be free. Sin is master; it is no longer the man himself who acts, but sin which dwells in him (Rom. vii, 7-25). In this picture of sin's power we have a transcript of the apostle's own pre-Christian experience, when he was vainly seeking peace and victory over evil by deeds of obedience to the law. Psychologically speaking, it is a graphic portrayal of that evil bias or radical perversion of the will which constitutes the very essence of sin. The clash of opposing impulses in the soul is objectified and seen as a conflict of the man himself with a power invading his life from without. The bitter strife seems like a grapple with a personal foe. Carry the personification a step further, and you have the form of thought in which men have always represented moral struggle—as a conflict with a personal

enemy, a black demon or wily Satan, as in Bunyan's description of the battle between Christian and Apollyon.

Paul's allusions to Adam and the fall are quite incidental. In writing of the resurrection he says: "As in Adam all die, so also in Christ shall all be made alive" (1 Cor. xv, 22), and in his argument to show that the grace of God in Christ is more than a match for the power of sin he declares that as sin and death entered the world by the transgression of Adam, so righteousness and life have come to men through the work of the second Adam, Jesus Christ (Rom. v, 12, 19). He makes only this illustrative use of the fall narrative, and does not indicate how he conceives the relation of the first sin to all subsequent transgressions. It cannot, therefore, be maintained that any particular conjecture which we may make regarding the nature of this relation is essential to Paul's doctrine. Whether the sins of men in general be connected with the first sin by realistic identification, constructive imputation, heredity, or a figure of speech, each theory is powerless to prove itself Pauline. Some speculations on this subject are, indeed, more reasonable than others; some are more germane to Paul's thought-world than others; but the apostle has offered us no theory of "original sin."

Paul's allusions to Adam and the fall have for us rather an antiquarian than a practical interest. They do not seem to have affected the organism of his thought or to have determined the character of his doctrine of salvation. For the most part Paul treats sin practically and experimentally. Let us inquire what the essence of his working theory is. This we can best learn from his picture of the sinful world in the opening chapters of Romans. The principal forms or manifestations of sin which he there describes are as follows: a repression of the truth, a self-blinding, a refusal to follow the light which one has, a foolish pride, a self-sufficiency, base ingratitude and indifference to the knowledge of God, corrupt and selfish passions, such as cruelty and hate, and, perhaps worst of all, an assumed superiority and self-righteous contempt of others. Further on in the same epistle he associates sin with the flesh. Sin reigns in the body of the sinner and makes his members instruments of unrighteousness; it is a law in the

members which wages war against the law of the reason; it creates a "mind of the flesh" which engenders spiritual death, so that "to live after the flesh," to be dominated by the sin which rules in the flesh, is to forfeit the life and liberty of sonship to God. It seems to some that Paul here adopts the theory that sin consists in sensuousness, that its essence is found in the carnal impulses. It was a common belief among Greek philosophers that matter was an evil principle, and that therefore the body had in it the seeds of sin. Some interpreters maintain that Paul had become acquainted with this theory, as held, for example, by Philo, and had appropriated it, so that he really offers two explanations of the origin of sin: the current Jewish explanation, which referred it to Adam; and the Greek dualistic theory, which found in the material body the principle of evil. This view is, I think, untenable for the following reasons: 1. Paul does not identify sin with the flesh or the body. The flesh is a sphere of sin's manifestation, but the flesh and sin are never synonymous. 2. The body is capable of sanctification, and even of glorification. Its members may be and should be made instruments of righteousness. 3. Paul does not advocate asceticism, as he must have done if he had regarded the body as essentially evil. The flesh is, indeed, to be crucified, but by that is meant that it should be subordinated to the uses and requirements of the spirit. While, therefore, the apostle closely associates sin with the flesh, and regards the impulses of the latter as furnishing a potent incentive to sin, he does not place the seat of sin in the body or set forth his doctrine of the flesh as furnishing an explanation of the origin of sin.

What, then, is sin, according to Paul? Of course, we look in vain for any formal definition. We must search for his idea, underlying his various popular forms of speech, as we searched for Jesus's idea—by asking what was his conception of goodness. Sin is the opposite of goodness, righteousness, virtue. If we know what Paul's conception of moral perfection was we need be in no doubt in respect to his view of the essence of sin. Now, for Paul the *summum bonum* is love; that is "the way of surpassing excellence," the most comprehensive and fundamental heavenly gift, the virtue on which all other virtues rest. He has told us what

love is and how it acts. Patient, humble, generous, true, and hopeful, love never fails; it is the eternal, abiding substance of all goodness. It is the greatest of virtues because the most permanent and inclusive; it is the essence of moral perfection; its completion would be the realization of "that which is perfect." What is this but the doctrine of John that love is of God—nay, that God is love, and that he that loveth is born of God and knoweth God; that to love one's brethren is to walk in the light, that the burden of Jesus's message is the commandment of love, and that the goal of all Christian aspiration and effort is that the love of God should be perfected in us? And what are these teachings of Paul and John but versions of the sayings of Jesus that love is the substance of all laws and commandments, and that to be perfect in love as God in heaven is perfect is the Christian ideal?

Now, define the opposite of this love, which is "the fulfilling of the law," and you have the Christian idea of sin. There may be a reasonable difference of opinion as to what single word would best express this contrast to love. Most present-day theologians have agreed upon the word *selfishness*, comprehensively understood, including all forms of self-will, self-righteousness, and self-glorification. My own opinion is that in his profound analysis of sin Julius Müller has convincingly shown that every form of sin has its root in selfishness, and Paul suggests this view when he says that Christ died to save men in order that they might no longer live unto themselves (2 Cor. v, 15). But, whatever may be thought of the word "selfishness" as best expressing the nature of sin, there can be no doubt that it is the equally explicit teaching of Christ, of Paul, and of John that sin is lovelessness; it is the opposite, the contrary, of love. Here is Paul's most graphic, concrete description of goodness: "Love suffereth long, and is kind; love envieth not; love vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up, doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not its own, is not provoked, taketh not account of evil; rejoiceth not in unrighteousness, but rejoiceth with the truth; beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things." The reverse of this picture would be the description of sin—harshness, envy, pride, self-seeking, and, perhaps worst of all, the loss of aspiration for truth and goodness.

Place in contrast with the passage just quoted Rom. i, 29–31, beginning, "unrighteousness, wickedness, covetousness, maliciousness, envy," etc. Or place side by side the description of the "fruit of the Spirit" and the "works of the flesh" in Gal. v, 19–23: on the one side, "love, joy, peace, long-suffering, kindness," etc.; on the other, "uncleanness, enmities, jealousies, envyings," etc. Whatever views Paul may have had of the origin of sin, these contrasted passages show clearly what was his conception of its actual character and manifestations.

Paul made no application of the connection of later sins with that of Adam in his practical use of the doctrine of sin. Whatever views he may have entertained on that point—and precisely what they were has never been determined—they are purely incidental and form no essential part of his conception of sin's *nature*, much less of the specifically Christian conception in general. In whatever sense the apostle conceived of all men being "constituted sinners" by Adam's trespass, he does not describe them as being from birth and by nature guilty sinners and objects of God's wrath. Formerly this idea was deduced from the phrase in Eph. ii, 3: "And we [Jews] were by nature children of wrath, even as the rest [Gentiles]," but this was done under stress of dogmatic necessity and in defiance both of the context and of Paul's general teaching concerning the natural relations of the Jewish people to God. The interpretation in question has been so amply and repeatedly refuted that it would be superfluous to dwell upon the passage here. The meaning is that the Jews have by their evil manner of life, in the course of their sinful moral development (*φύσει*), made themselves the objects of God's wrath, as really as the Gentiles are.[1] The people of God, the natural branches of the sacred olive tree, who should have been the "beloved" of God (Rom. xi, 28), have become "sons of disobedience" and so "children of wrath." The apostle certainly took a most serious view of sin, its heinousness, guilt, universality, and terrible consequences; yet he did not describe men as utterly destitute of goodness. Even the depraved heathen not only had a law of God

1 So, for example, Meyer, Weiss, von Soden, T. K. Abbott, Tennant, and Armitage Robinson.

written on their hearts to whose meaning and authority they were not utterly blind, but in some cases at least more or less fully obeyed its requirements. The book of Acts represents Paul as recognizing in the more than ordinary religiousness of the Athenians a point of approach for the Gospel, a capacity for a more enlightened piety.

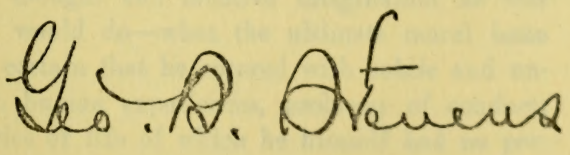
Concerning the Christian doctrine of sin, then, we may say, negatively: 1. It offers no explanation of sin's origin or of the mysterious relation of heredity to the moral life of man. It does not, of course, follow from this that these are not proper and important subjects of study, but no particular speculation concerning them is entitled to be called a Christian doctrine. It is more and more generally rec gnized that the problem of the origin of sin should be withdrawn from the fields of exegesis and of theological speculation and remanded to the realm to which it properly belongs—the scientific investigation of heredity and of moral evolution. 2. The Christian conception of sin is not that it consists in sensuousness or animalism—an ancient and widespread theory, indeed, but one which, if it has any philosophical foundation at all, must rest at last on a metaphysical dualism which views matter as essentially evil. Nevertheless, it is true that the sensuous impulses are among the most potent incentives to sin, and it may be true that sin began in a failure to control and "moralize" them. This appears to have been the most widely received Jewish view, and, in the judgment of some scholars, was the original import of the fall story which we now read, in a comparatively modernized form, in the third chapter of Genesis.

We may say positively: 1. That the Christian view of sin rests on the assumption that it is a voluntary affair. Not only does sin have its seat in the will; it is a state of the will. It is not merely a series of voluntary acts; it consists rather in the fixed moral preferences; it is a character. Hence sin is not merely error or weakness or natural imperfection; it is a moral perversity, a false direction. It follows that sin cannot be merely negative—a mere absence of good. Sin is as positive as goodness. It is an act, a choice, a moral condition. It is a self-affirmation, albeit a false affirmation. But these are formal statements. We may

add: 2. That sin is discord with God, disharmony with his will and nature, and so an offense against man's own well-being. Sin may be defined as transgression of God's law, but his "law" is not a statutory system. God's law is a name for those demands upon mankind which arise out of God's nature and out of the nature of man's relation to him. 3. It follows, of course, that sin is blameworthy. Guilt, in various degrees, attaches to all sin. Moreover, since sin is a character, every man's sin is his own. This has been denied only by resolving sin into a pale abstraction. When sin is viewed ethically and experimentally it is self-evident that every man's acts, choices, and character are his own and not another's. He could not inherit them; much less could he perform or acquire them before he existed, and even less still could God reckon them to him in sheer arbitrariness. The newly born infant is not guilty, nor is it the object of God's wrath. No man ever sinned in his grandfather, whether to the first, second, or *n*th power. A far better argument could be constructed to prove that Adam was guilty for my sin than can be framed to show that I am guilty for his. No man with any sense of humor could ever set himself to repent of Adam's sin, and I have never heard of any theologian, even if lacking in that important qualification for his calling, who was ever known to confess his part in what he had, perhaps, demonstrated in his book to be his first, chief, most damning and soul-destroying sin. 4. Sin is the negation, the opposite, of love. It is the repudiation of the requirements of love; it is selfishness. It is the life of self-banishment from the Father's love and fellowship. This is the specifically Christian conception of sin. To live the life of sin is, according to the Johannine definition, to walk in the darkness instead of in God's light, and his light is his love. Or, if we speak the language of Paul, sin is the renunciation of the duties and obligations of love, which is the crown of the virtues, the bond of perfection, the fulfilling of the law. This is but saying in other, but equivalent, words what our Lord teaches. If love is the sum and substance of all laws and commandments, then lovelessness is the essence of sin.

One question remains: What would constitute salvation from sin as thus defined? When sin is viewed as an accumulation of

back debts we may naturally speak of some provision for their cancellation. If our sinful characters are best described as a kind of old score, then we need some bookkeeping analogy to show how our account may be balanced or our indebtedness expunged. Or, if sin is best described as a breach of the Sovereign's code of honor, a supreme personal insult (as by Anselm), then, of course, salvation must be provided for by some reparation. Or, again, if sin is to be described as a crime, an offense against the divine legislation (as by Grotius), then the analogy would suggest that the first requisite is the infliction of the statutory penalty. Or, once more, if sin is something quantitatively infinite (as Edwards contended), then the notion of a quantitative satisfaction for it lies near at hand. But if these are only figures of speech, and some of them rather infelicitous and misleading figures at that, then the descriptions of salvation which are based upon them will seem the more inappropriate and unsatisfactory. If sin is a moral state, a character, what can save from it but a change of life, and what means and measures are adapted to that end except those which help us into a new character? How can sin be overcome except by being replaced? How can plans, schemes, balances, or even forgiveness, serve really to save us to our true life and destiny as sons of God except so far as they bring us into harmony with him and into loyalty to his truth? Salvation is not primarily a legal *status*, but a moral relation to God. Salvation from sin is therefore recovery to right relations to God, to the life of love, obedience, and sonship. This is the work for which Christ came, lived, labored, suffered, and died.



Art. VI.—HAWTHORNE AS A LITERARY ARTIST.

Through Hawthorne's work there is diffused the light and color of genius. He drew his inspiration from remote and hidden sources—sources too deep and high to be explained by the speculative intellect. The light that glows with mellow and mysterious radiance upon his pages is "light from heaven." He recognized this supernatural element in his art, and when in the exercise of his peculiar gift repelled all outward interference and shrank from contact with hard, sordid, and insistent minds. His genius was sacred to him. He felt its approaches, and yielded to its workings with a certain awe. This reliance upon an inspiration from above, and this tendency to hold his gifts from stain or violence, accounts in some measure for the shyness of his nature and his somewhat indolent disposition. His spiritual solitude was an inevitable condition of his genius. The cargoes that he brought to lay at the feet of humanity were to be secured only on lonely seas by an intrepid and solitary navigator. Nor was his idling vain. He communed with his own spirit; he fed his imagination upon pure and high things, and upon moonlit isles of fancy and shadowy tropic seas gathered the airy material and secured the poise of mind that were to enable him to shape for us imperishable creations of art. His imagination was highly creative, and it worked at times beyond his conscious effort or control. When once his characters had come to life under the spell of his intense thought and creative imagination he was uncertain what they would do—what the ultimate moral issue might be. It seems certain that he entered with subtle and unexpected insight into human experiences, problems of conduct, and profound mysteries of life of which he himself had no personal knowledge and that were beyond his intellectual comprehension. It is this marvelous intuition that gives such elevation to his art and that quickens and ennobles the soul of the reader. It is, too, this ability to work from within that gives organic quality to his productions and that universalizes the moral ideas and human emotions that he portrays.

His mood was distinctively romantic. Though a keen, cool, accurate observer of the external facts of life, and notwithstanding that he often pens a sketch with photographic accuracy of detail or embodies in his imaginative works a passage of cold, solid, unadorned realism, his habitual atmosphere is that of dusky dawns and twilights, sylvan solitudes and moonlit landscapes. He could not endure the clear, sharp light of high noon. He deplored the fact that America as yet offers no gray ruins or landscapes rich with immemorial suggestion. In the preface to *The Blithedale Romance* he says: "In the old countries with which fiction has long been conversant a certain conventional privilege seems to be awarded to the romancer; his work is not put exactly side by side with nature, and he is allowed a license with regard to everyday probability in view of the improved effects which he is bound to produce thereby. Among ourselves, on the contrary, there is as yet no such Faery Land so like the real world that, in a suitable remoteness, one cannot well tell the difference, but with an atmosphere of strange enchantment beheld through which the inhabitants have a propriety of their own. This atmosphere is what the American romancer needs. In its absence the beings of imagination are compelled to show themselves in the same category as actually living mortals, a necessity that generally renders the paint and pasteboard of their composition but too painfully discernible." He was, nevertheless, always able to "so manage his atmospherical medium as to bring out or mellow the lights, and deepen and enrich the shadows, of the picture." But this romantic temperament is shown quite as much in the choice and treatment of his themes as in the background against which he sets his pictures of life and the atmosphere that he throws about them. His art deals fundamentally with the haunting mysteries of the human soul. His mind is fascinated with the secret workings of conscience; the effects of crime upon the perpetrator; subtle, peculiar, and sometimes morbid problems of conduct; and the secret, vagrant, unspoken impulses and passions that, for good or for evil, ruffles the bosoms of stainless maid and hardened criminal alike. And his nimble fancy and powerful imagination, pondering over these strange and weird materials with curious and

creative interest, body them forth with surprising variety and ingenuity of invention. He gradually vivifies his conception by hint and suggestion, by guess and surmise and veiled allusion, by delicate description, dramatic foreshadowing, and charming fable. But his most characteristic and successful device is to incorporate his spiritual truth or his moral teaching in some fascinating physical image which gradually, under the vivid spell of his imagination and the exhaustless resources of his expressive art, comes at last not only to clothe the idea that has possessed his mind, but to take on an emotional value and significance of its own. This is particularly true, for example, of the scarlet letter embroidered upon the breast of Hester Prynne, of the fairy hand that stained the cheek of Georgiana in the story of *The Birthmark,* and of the gorgeous butterfly in *The Artist of the Beautiful.* Still another evidence of the romantic tendency of his art is to be found in his practice of isolating the life of his characters by bringing them under the shadow of some great sorrow or dreadful crime, or by calling down upon them some curse or gloomy hereditary environment, or by inclosing them within the circle of some temperamental necessity that shuts them out from intercourse with their fellows. Mr. Woodberry very aptly alludes to this special trait of isolation as "the birthmark of Hawthorne's creations." Almost every story, long or short, that he has written illustrates it; and it holds good not only of the restricted and secluded life of each group of characters as a whole, but of the individuals of the group as well. It is thus that he keeps us in the shadow, away from the sunshine and the glad haunts of men, and weaves about us a spell of awe and mystery. His action is focused and intense. We miss the multitudinous life that enchants us when we read Scott and Cooper and Stevenson: the golden sunshine, the mad race for life, the gay cavalcade, the shock of battle, the white sails and blue sky and salt spray and the bounding motion of the pursued vessel as it cuts the waves. Instead we find ourselves in some somber bit of forest, or in some dim, gray room or secluded garden, or, still worse, gazing with entranced horror into the depths of some tortured soul in its hour of agony.

And this last suggestion concerning Hawthorne's tendency

to lure us away from the genial daylight of ordinary life into the mysterious haunts of sorrow and crime calls up another distinguishing peculiarity of his romantic art that has been treated with rare skill and discernment by Mr. R. H. Hutton. In one of his shorter stories, *Rappaccini's Daughter,* Hawthorne exclaims, "Blessed are all simple emotions, be they dark or bright! It is the lurid intermixture of the two that produces the illuminating blaze of the infernal regions." Yet it was just such opposite emotions that he himself so frequently depicted in conjunction; did it, too, with such a fascinating and remorseless power as to arouse in the reader a restless ecstasy between horror and delight. The originality of his imagination is nowhere more vividly seen than in such passages as these, for they reveal an insight into the complex workings of the soul as rare as it is accurate and instructive. There is, though, always a sane, genial, and wholesome setting to his convulsive picture; for he loves the sweet blossoms of innocence, even though they bloom where the serpent coils, and he sees to it that the springs at which he bids us drink are poisoned by no infusion from his own life. Illustrations of this "lurid intermixture" of dark and bright emotions may be found in the story of *The Birthmark,* in the young husband's frenzied absorption of mind in the slight stain upon the cheek of his otherwise faultlessly beautiful bride; in the mingled love and horror of Giovanni when he discovers that the pure, lovely maiden who has both won his affection and yielded hers to him is a living vial of poison; in the painfully abnormal relations that exist between little Pearl and her guilty mother, whereby Hester's heart must forever smart with the thorn of love that she herself is compelled to press into it; and, finally, most striking of all, perhaps, in the scene where Hawthorne causes the tender emotion of maidenly love to burst into full-blown life, in the heart of Miriam, for the man who has that instant hurled a fellow-man to death.

In the delineation of character Hawthorne was not supreme. He seems to conceive his characters with sufficient vigor and distinctness and to render them consistently, in so far as they take on the habiliments of flesh and the earthly occupations of men; but too frequently it is just here that Hawthorne falls short of the

highest art. His characters are too often thin and bloodless men and women who are called into being to illustrate and embody the idea or conviction that has possessed the mind of the author. Having no vital and peculiar interests of their own, they have too little to do. They lack action and initiative. Hawthorne portrays them through description rather than through action. It is only rarely that he brings them into the scope of our sympathy and affection, and this is doubtless because he himself does not love them with the devotion that an author should feel for the children of his brain. Instead of entering passionately into their subjective life with them he analyzes their emotions and dissects their passions with the cold, disinterested temper of a man of science. He does sometimes put the stamp of reality upon them, so that we feel a kinship for them whatever may have been his own feeling toward them. This is true of Donatello. We have a very marked sentiment of fellowship for him. Hepzibah and Phœbe, too, are beings such as we might have known—women we should have liked to protect and defend. Miriam's character, also, is womanly and attractive, and we crave for both her and Donatello happier fortunes than Hawthorne ordains for them. He has skill in descriptive characterization. His characters are fitly organized and properly outlined. The temper and disposition of a given person are in keeping with the deed which he is represented as performing, so that we should be surprised if some such action as the author narrates were not the outcome of the character depicted. Hilda, for instance—fair, fragile, spirituelle—is the personification of innocent and chaste maidenhood, while, on the other hand, in the very port and poise of Hester Prynne there is tragedy. Hester is a superbly compacted flesh-and-blood woman. Her nature is tropical and impetuous, yet nobly contained; the light of the Orient is in her lustrous eyes, and the warmth of the South is in her veins. The same is true, also, of Miriam, Hilda's opposite.

Hawthorne is a good story-teller, but he does not give particular attention to plot, intrigue, and the technical devices of the professional romancer. His artistic impulse does not have its rise in the story-teller's passion to trace an action in its origin, its development, and its climax. It springs rather from a desire

to work out in the lives of his characters some idea or moral truth that his inquisitive intellect has fastened upon. His plots, therefore, are sometimes vague, loose, and unsatisfactory, as in *The Blithedale Romance* and *The Marble Faun*. Our legitimate interest in the history and early condition of the characters is left unsatisfied. To be sure, when he does stamp the children of his mind with individuality they create the plot themselves by working out consistently, in their contact with one another and with circumstances, the organic and essential laws of their inner being. Such art is the highest art, for it is the way life itself proceeds. Such plots we find in Shakespeare and George Eliot. But the trouble is that Hawthorne too seldom endows his characters with this intense and organic life. Nor does he often make use of dialogue to advance his plot and individualize his characters, and, in consequence, his page is sometimes made up of solid black print. He does not, as do Scott and Thackeray and Dickens, crowd his canvas with "all sorts and conditions of men." Sometimes a single character serves to illustrate his truth. Most frequently he limits himself to four chief characters, and each of these he places at some spiritual parting of the ways, or in the intense light of a detached, solitary, absorbing occupation, so that we get only aspects of life and limited areas of action. His most startling and powerful effects are brought about through dramatic situations that determine once for all the destinies of his characters, by picturesque conjunction, by introducing some shadowy and haunting element of mystery, and by vivid character contrasts; as, for example, Phœbe and Hepzibah, Judge Pyncheon and Clifford, Hilda and Miriam. In the use of background Hawthorne is more skillful than in his ability to construct a plot; for he depends much upon atmosphere, and his genius unerringly guides him in the choice of romantic setting and drapery. Sometimes his story is given a setting with reference to historic fitness; sometimes a certain religious régime or social movement affords the required atmosphere; and, again, physical nature is utilized with exquisite appropriateness and success. By using nature as an adjunct, indeed, he secures some of his most poetic effects. By invoking thus the aid of the external world he is able to suggest

character, to intensify the dramatic situation, and to heighten human passion. What, for instance, could be more suggestive than to place the white Hilda in her aerial tower to tend the Virgin's lamp and to be visited by innocent doves? What more charming than to entice Donatello into the solitude of the suburban villa, away from the eyes of men, so that he might be himself with the wild things of the woods? Or, if it should be required that out of the entire range of his writings we select at least one passage to place side by side with the best effects of this kind produced in literature, need we hesitate to refer to that intense, palpitating night scene in *The Scarlet Letter* where Dimmesdale, in his penitential vigil, stands upon the scaffold with Hester and little Pearl, while in the unnatural light of the shooting comet that illuminates the entire scene with photographic detail for a single moment the minister sees the livid face of old Roger Chillingworth glaring at the trio? For a scene to surpass this in its power to heighten human passion by bringing it into dramatic conjunction with natural background we must go to Shakespeare.

It is, however, in Hawthorne's style that we find his most distinctive and undeviating excellence as a literary craftsman. Of it nothing need be said; yet just because it is of flawless quality and satisfying in high degree to the lover of phrase and epithet and metaphor—not to mention more subtle and emotional elements—the student would feign linger over it. It possesses all the virtues that we can desire of a prose writer. It combines ease and poise with flexibility and precision. It is rich and faultlessly modulated, and at the same time direct and vigorous. It is a delight to read it merely for its phrase, its melody, and its imagery. Yet it is never forced. Its supreme merit is its naturalness and sincerity. If the real Hawthorne ever did actually embody himself on earth he achieved this in his writings. Men never quite knew him in the flesh; we shall never know him through history or biography; but in his books we get very close to his real essence. We find his page somber at times, to be sure, but this somberness is a part of his nature. He realized that he could not write a sunshiny book, and he regretted it. Yet we should not conclude that he is morbid or profoundly melancholy,

for subtle and subdued humor now and again irradiates his page, like sunshine straggling through the clouds, to assure the world that within, at least, everything is warm and genial. There is revealed here also a rare tenderness for womanhood and a sincere and unfaltering faith in an active Providence and in a future life. His pure, limpid children's stories owe their origin as well as their charm to the chaste and transparent soul of their creator; and the fact that young children in their teens can read almost any one of his romances—not only without moral shock or hurt, but with actual appreciation and delight—is not the least brilliant star in his diadem of authorship.

A prolonged study of Hawthorne brings me to the conclusion that, great as his achievement has been, he was never able to bring his inherent qualities of genius to full fruitage. It is almost a marvel that he entered upon the paths of high literary endeavor at all. At the time he began his hermit's life at Salem he was without energy of ambition for renown in art; he had no definite aim before him; he had no insistent ideas that demanded embodiment in art, no tormenting ideals or visions or dreams that must either out or consume him soul and body, no encouragement from without to spur him on to effort. As we compare his condition in youth with that of such writers as Longfellow, Ruskin, and Tennyson we are amazed at the power, latent at first, that he afterward developed. There was, too, throughout his life much to chill, repress, and hamper his peculiar and sensitive genius. The seclusion in which his early childhood was set by reason of his mother's mistaken habits of life; the reactionary tendency of his Puritan nature; the extreme poverty that laid its clutch upon him and forced him to give his first attention to the problem how to earn his bread; the cold, thin, austere New England atmosphere of his day; and, finally, ill health and death just at the time when leisure and ripened powers should have assured supreme accomplishment—all these influences militated against perfect self-expression. Yet his limitations were almost wholly those of temperament and environment. We may complain, and justly, that his genius is not of the affluent and all-embracing type that we find in a Shakespeare, a Scott, or a Hugo; that he limited himself

too strictly to the obscure, anomalous, and abstract experiences of the soul; that because of his habitual detachment from the social, civic, and moral problems of his age he lacks the note of authority and moral conviction; and that, by reason of his Puritan birth and environment, he failed to conceive and to portray the redemptive and healing influences that are abroad in God's universe, and thus left a distorted or partial view of divine compassion and, in consequence, of the possibility of restoration. If we compare him with his own associates in New England we must admit that his genius did not burn with such intense white heat as did the genius of Emerson; that he lacked the sympathy, breadth, and versatility of Lowell, and the scholarship, urbanity, and cosmopolitan culture of Longfellow. But, when all complaints have been entered and all deductions made from the sum of his possible attainments, the great truth remains that, by virtue of his finer original endowment and his more perfect command of the technical resources of literature, we have come to point to him as America's most faultless literary artist. He has won immortality of fame and has taken his place within the magic circle of the great and select spirits of earth.

Frank C. Lockwood.

Art. VII.—WILLIAM JAMES AND THE PHILOSOPHY OF EMERSON.

Much that one hears of to-day as new thought is but a part of that philosophic drift toward monism of which Mark Hopkins gave notice nearly forty years ago. To the Williams graduating class of 1866 he said: "You are entering life at a period when the thought of the world, so far as it separates itself from the Bible, tends toward pantheism. Modern infidelity has various names and forms but the substance is that, and under whatever form it is sure to chill and dwarf man and disintegrate society. Of pantheism as a system the mass of the people as yet know nothing and for it they care nothing, but through conversation, the lecture, and the press the tendency reaches them, coming in like a mist and affecting, chilling, deoxidizing, their whole atmosphere of thought." In a brilliant address on "Philosophic Conceptions and Practical Results," delivered before the University of California in the summer of 1898, William James, of Harvard, registered what Mark Hopkins had prophesied. He said: "In the philosophy of the absolute, so called—that post-Kantian form of idealism which is carrying so many of our higher minds before it, we have the triumph of what in old times was summarily disposed of as the pantheistic heresy." Ours is an age which no longer holds it quite good form to employ such terms of disparagement as "infidelity" and "heresy," and William James is entirely at home in our age. Carlyle has preserved a flash-light of John Sterling in debate "looking hurt" at a certain thrust of "flippant heterodoxy." Sterling had charged, "It is mere Pantheism that! flat Pantheism!" "And suppose it were Pot-theism," came the retort, "if the thing is true!" It has not been recorded of the Harvard professor that any instance of heterodoxy ever caused him to look hurt. "Live and let live," is writ large in his philosophy. Perhaps nothing is more characteristic of him than what he calls "a sportsmanlike love of fair play." That preliminary scientific attitude of "pure agnosticism" for which Romanes latterly contended has seldom been more perfectly exemplified than in him.

This spirit has been witnessed by his own scientific caution. Wise enough to know that "metaphysics is only an uncommonly obstinate effort to think clearly," he nevertheless, in his *Principles of Psychology,* fought shy of metaphysics to the point of impossibility, confined his psychological concern to the phenomenal stream of consciousness, and declined to the end to assume such an entity as the soul. It may fairly be said that the question with Professor James in any case is precisely *whether* "the thing is true." But in the interests of the fullest truth he has felt called upon to oppose whatever dogmatism has seemed to him to ignore or warp facts for the sake of theory, even though that dogmatism chanced to be the fashion of his own camp, and arrogated to itself a peculiar claim to the banner of truth. No student of his *Psychology* will forget his challenge of the assumptions of materialistic science, when he so raked the position of the "Mind Stuff" theorists as to drive them to a new respect for the spiritualistic view. "Consciousness," he declares, "however little, is an illegitimate birth in any philosophy that starts without it and yet professes to explain all facts by continuance of evolution;" and he concludes: "If there be such entities as souls in the universe, they may possibly be affected by the manifold occurrences that go on in the nervous centers. . . . I confess, therefore, that to posit a soul influenced in some mysterious way by the brain states, and responding to them by conscious affections of its own, seems to me the line of least logical resistance so far as we have yet attained. If it does not strictly explain anything, it is at any rate less positively objectionable than either mind-stuff or a material-monad creed."

But this skirmish with materialism is only an incident in a wide campaign. Beneath all monad theories and the like lies a certain radical and ultimate fact—the deep and constant longing of the human reason to reduce its manifold experience to unity. This is the meaning of philosophy's endless quest, and hence has sprung much legitimate impulse toward faith in the one world-ground of theism. Yet pure intellect has an appetite for unity which is often tempted to satisfy itself in an illegitimate way; there is a rational greediness which having refused to halt at

human freedom speedily draws both God and man into the one fact of a fate-bound universe. The conception of wills, human or divine, transcending the uniformities of physical nature and refusing their yoke, is an embarrassment to that speculative tendency which would "drink up" the sum of reality in knowledge —would pluck out the heart of its secret and by one theoretic clue follow its eternal course without break or hindrance. Hence the effort of monistic thought to assimilate the incalculable factors of personality to the processes of a seemingly necessary and impersonal and abiding order. This effort has many forms and names; it may call itself materialism or pantheism or transcendental idealism, but its essential meaning is the same—a fatalistic unity for thought at the expense of that true manifold of selves which is indispensable to the moral life. It is against this monistic aggression that Professor James's fundamental protest is directed, and his championship of a radically contrasting system of thought constitutes one of the most original and significant chapters in American philosophy. In place of the dogmatism of synthetic reason he offers an attitude of teachableness which he terms "radical empiricism." "I say 'empiricism' because it is contented to regard its most assured conclusions concerning matters of fact as hypotheses liable to modification in the course of future experience; and I say 'radical' because it treats the doctrine of monism itself as an hypothesis, and, unlike so much of the halfway empiricism that is current under the name of positivism or agnosticism or scientific naturalism, it does not dogmatically affirm that monism is something with which all experience has got to square."

It will be seen how far the discussion of monism is here lifted above the plane of the old debate between monism and realistic dualism. Two passages from *The Will to Believe* will serve to show concretely the nature of the issue joined. Now he is speaking of Herbert Spencer's theories: "The plain truth is that the philosophy of evolution (as distinguished from our special information about particular cases of change) is a metaphysical creed and nothing else. It is a mood of contemplation, an emotional attitude, rather than a system of thought—a

mood which is old as the world, and which no refutation of any one incarnation of it (such as the Spencerian philosophy) will dispel; the mood of fatalistic pantheism, with its intuition of the One and All, which was, and is, and ever shall be, and from whose womb each single thing proceeds." Now it is of Hegel he writes: "In short, the notion that real contingency and ambiguity may be features of the real world is a perfectly unimpeachable hypothesis. Only in such a world can moral judgments have a claim to be. For the bad is that which takes the place of something else which possibly might have been where *it* now is, and the better is that which absolutely might be where it absolutely is not. In the universe of Hegel—the absolute block whose parts have no loose play, the pure plethora of necessary being with the oxygen of possibility all suffocated out of its lungs—there can be neither good nor bad, but one dead level of mere fate."

Among all the forces making for this monistic mood in America probably none are to be compared for popular influence with the essays of Ralph Waldo Emerson. It might seem difficult to attribute any view in particular to a man who professed all views in turn; but "Omnes"—that watchword of Walt Whitman, the "enfant terrible" of the pantheistic renaissance, a watchword which Emerson himself might well have adopted—is itself only a party cry. "I am always insincere," wrote the Concord dreamer, "as knowing there are other moods;" to certain of these moods we owe heroic strains that call to duty even unto death; in one of the later moods he gratified Bronson Alcott by permitting himself to be classed as a Christian theist. But the mood lying back of and conscious of all others, the dominant speculative mood of the Emerson of fame, that Emerson who prepared Boston soil for Mother Eddy's profitable husbandry, is unmistakably pantheistic. That his essays were in President Hopkins's thought at the time of the quoted baccalaureate there can be little doubt. Years before, the great educator had become aware of the tendency of Emersonianism by a chance collision with it at a point which to him was vital. Opening his newly purchased copy of the second series of essays, he had encountered the passage in "Nominalist and Realist" which reads: "Jesus would absorb the race, but Tom

Paine or the coarsest blasphemer helps humanity by resisting this exuberance of power." Forty years later, in his "Scriptural Idea of Man," he recalls the pain caused him by those words concerning One "who was to him the Redeemer of the race, *the Man,* and whose influence was for him the hope of the race." It is not within the scope of this article to discuss Emerson's attitude toward historical Christianity; his was but the old gnostic attempt, once more, to transcend Jesus by including him. The denial that a value unique, universal, and ultimate may inhere in a personality appearing in time is but one of the many implications of that monistic world-view which he held and whose basal meaning it has been our purpose to suggest. Happily the light by which we have sought this meaning has recently been flashed directly upon the very genius of transcendentalism himself.

In the already famous Gifford lectures by Professor James on "The Varieties of Religious Experience" occur two passages which lay bare the fatal weakness of Emerson's thought—his failure to accord its rightful place to personality human or divine. The chapter on "Conversion" includes a note of comment upon Emerson's well-known passage from "Spiritual Laws:" "When we see a soul whose acts are regal, graceful, and pleasant as roses, we must thank God that such things can be and are, and not turn sourly on the angel and say: Crump is a better man with his grunting resistance to all his native devils." "True enough," adds his critic, "but Crump may really be the better Crump for his inner discords and second birth; and your once-born regal character, though indeed always better than poor Crump, may fall far short of what he individually might be had he only some Crump-like capacity for compunction over his own peculiar diabolisms, graceful and pleasant and invariably gentlemanly as these may be." Here we have Emerson's favorite conception of human character as a growth of nature, unfolding under necessary laws like the rose. Preceding the quoted passage are the words: "Our moral nature is vitiated by any interference of our will. People represent virtue as a struggle, . . . but there is no merit in the matter; either God is there or he is not there." In "Self-Reliance" we find: "I suppose no man can violate his nature.

All the sallies of his will are rounded in by the law of his being, as the inequalities of Andes and Himmaleh are insignificant in the curve of the sphere." In the essay on "Intellect" he writes: "What has my will done to make me that I am? Nothing. I have been floated into this hour by secret currents of might and mind." It takes no morbid fancy to see in such words, "preached as truth to those that eddy round and round," a call for warning as stern as Tennyson's lines,

> Hold thou the good: define it well:
> For fear divine Philosophy
> Should push beyond her mark, and be
> Procuress to the Lords of Hell.

From all this pernicious half truth Professor James has been delivered by two considerations which should keep any man immune from the present epidemic of shallow thinking. To begin with, the latest word of psychology is that thought is not the supreme function of man; thinking is only the connecting circuit between feeling and volition, and its proper business is to answer the practical question, "What is to be done?" Thought is never an end in itself, but a means to choice, a counselor of the will in sanctioning, directing, or inhibiting the impulses of the subrational nature. We have then, as the maturest conception of psychology, the will at the core of human life, where James places it and Emerson does not. And again Professor James has never forgotten, what Romanes came only through sad struggle to appreciate, that the most indispensable of all data for a symmetrical science are the facts of human consciousness itself. For William James personality has always possessed the deepest significance and charm. He is a born humanist and has become an absorbed observer of the inner life, not only schooled in introspection but revealing a dramatist's insight and sympathy in the interpretation of the consciousness of others. In his hands that consciousness remains a living thing. No complexity of its deeper elements, no richness of inarticulate feeling and resolve, is willingly sacrificed to the barren simplicity of abstract thought. And thus the subrational elements of consciousness, so often ruled out of court, are summoned by him to give their full testimony.

Especially is conscience bidden speak, and her voice confirms the verdict of psychology that the supreme significance of human life lies in the fateful power of human choice. Emerson felt the antinomy between intellect and conscience, but as a speculator he drove conscience from the judgment seat. "Saints are sad," he declared, "because they behold sin, even when they speculate from the point of view of the conscience and not of the intellect—a confusion of thought." "There is no crime to the intellect."

William James's first article of speculative as well as of practical belief might read: "I believe in the moral life." To the young philosopher he would say as in Borden Bowne's pregnant classroom phrase: "Pool your mysteries in freedom." His essay on "The Dilemma of Determinism" and Bowne's on "The Speculative Value of Freedom" are twin torpedo boats capable of retiring an Emersonian fleet. If human choice be a reality personality must become the dominating conception of all thought; it must assimilate nature, and not nature it. Thus we have the philosophy of the heroic life—an atmosphere fit for the training of Asburys and Roosevelts and such other rough-riders in whatever high emprise; a philosophy with room for men who are greater than their environment, who can make and unmake *zeitgeists;* who have larger dealings with the future than with the past; aye, a philosophy with room for Him "who, with his pierced hand, has raised up empires from their foundations, turned the stream of history from its old channel, and still continues to rule and guide the ages." And so "life feels like a real fight" to William James. Responsibility and remorse are no illusions. After all, the vital differences for a man are the differences that he can make, and not those, however great, which are wrought for him by cosmic forces. Moral worth is not to be determined by a bird's-eye view of human manners, but the eyes of Him with whom we have to do discern the intents of the heart. It is not Crump's handicap but his running that should concern him. The objective difference between him and the "regal soul" is a negligible accident, but the difference which each of the two is making between his own yesterday and his own to-day is of incalculable moment. Time is cheap; it is tendency that counts; and if Crump be mounting "on step-

ping-stones of his dead self to higher things," while the "regal soul" rests in his graceful diabolisms, it is Crump and not the "regal soul" who is on his way to an abiding throne. This conception of an undetermined future, with real values to be lost or won, affords us the arena of a daring faith; that faith which is largely volitional, a declaration of principles, an achievement of freedom. Here is no mystic intuition that the future and the past are one, but a sublime hazard to make real what never yet has been. The vindication of this faith must be in that future toward which it bends its creative energy. Evidence cannot compel it; a man must take sides before the issue. Highest wisdom is justified of her children. And through this choice and strife, and not by passive contemplation, we gain the truth. It is the will that makes immediate contact with reality; intellection is but a secondhand dealing with the universe by means of concepts; in willing we are inside the secret of the world. Through acquiescent energy we receive our truest illumination—that peace that passeth all understanding, that wisdom hid from the wise and prudent. "Obedience" becomes "the organ of spiritual knowledge." The world is thus a field for that fight whose criticalness has laid its earnest spell upon all our greatest poets and upon none more than Robert Browning, the laureate of the moral life.

> When the fight begins within himself
> A man's worth something. God stoops o'er his head,
> Satan looks up between his feet—both tug—
> He's left, himself, i' the middle: the soul wakes
> And grows. Prolong that battle through his life!

In conclusion it remains to ask how far the thought which saw in human life no battle of the soul could see above that life a God stooping in conscious sympathy and succor. In the second of his Gifford lectures Professor James characterizes Emersonianism as one of the "godless or quasi-godless creeds." "In strictness," he writes, "the Buddhistic system is atheistic. Modern transcendental idealism—Emersonianism, for instance—also seems to let God evaporate into abstract ideality. Not a deity *in concreto*, not a superhuman person, but the immanent divinity in things, the essentially spiritual structure of the universe, is the object of the

transcendentalist cult. In that address to the graduating class at Divinity College in 1838 which made Emerson famous the frank expression of this worship of mere abstract laws was what made the scandal of the performance. . . . The universe has a divine soul of order, . . . but whether this soul be a mere quality, like the eye's brilliancy or the skin's softness, or whether it be a self-conscious life, like the eye's seeing or the skin's feeling, is a decision that never unmistakably appears in Emerson's pages. It quivers on the boundary of these things, sometimes leaning one way, sometimes the other, to suit the literary rather than the philosophic need." Doubtless this passage will carry greater weight in the home of transcendentalism than an earlier Boston opinion expressed by Emerson's friend, Father Taylor: "Mr. Emerson is one of the sweetest creatures God ever made; but he knows no more of the religion of the New Testament than Balaam's ass did of the principles of the Hebrew grammar." The Harvard professor goes farther than the sailor preacher, denying to Emerson any proper title to the name of theist. Such is the final impoverishment of monism, however it may for a time be disguised by poetic imagery and personification and by the afterglow of a vanishing Christian faith; such is the impoverishment that must attend any so-called "divine immanence" that is not the indwelling of that Spirit infinite in transcendent life, whose life in the fullness of time became the light of men. It is small wonder that a religion of mere "cosmic emotion" should feel that "historical Christianity dwells with noxious exaggeration about the person of Jesus." One who believes in "the divine Man" only as he believes in "the divine oyster" clearly has not the faith that overcomes the world. It is true that, like Emerson, William James reveals a deficient sense of the unique historic fact of Christianity; but he is not barred from a more adequate appreciation by a philosophy which prejudges the evidence. In the concluding chapter of *The Varieties of Religious Experience,* his refusal of the boundaries of "sectarian science" marks a transcending as well of Emersonian thought; for while, as Tyndall admiringly said, Emerson "constantly transmitted scientific conceptions into the finer forms and warmer lines of an ideal world," he offered noth-

ing to hinder a Strauss from passing from pantheism to atheism when the ideal light faded for him from the one inevitable world.

"Of course," writes Professor James, "I can put myself into the sectarian scientist's attitude, and imagine vividly that the world of sensation and scientific laws and objects may be all. But whenever I do this I hear that inward monitor, of which W. K. Clifford once wrote, whispering the word 'bosh;' humbug is humbug, even though it bear the scientific name, and the total expression of human experience, as I view it objectively, invincibly urges me beyond the narrow scientific bound." Not without reason did an agnostic critic of William James once exclaim, "Here comes a great Goliath of science with newly furbished weapons from the old orthodox armory!" By his vindication of the personal way of taking the universe, by the unending teachableness of his "radical empiricism," by his "practicalism" in testing notions by their value for experience, he has made room for a faith beyond his own entering in. Supplement *The Will to Believe* by George Adam Smith's *Historical Geography of the Holy Land,* Simpson's *The Fact of Christ,* and Dennis's *Christian Missions and Social Progress,* enrich the list if you will with a copy of Browning, and you have an admirable modern library of Methodist apologetics.

Francis Theodore Brown

Art. VIII.—THE BUGLER OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE, AT NINETY-FIVE.

O BUGLER brave, whose call rang clear
  Upon the crisp November air
With Cardigan, while on the rear
  Dashed the Six Hundred charging there,
The smoke, the crash, the stain are gone,
The bugle fifty years unblown.

"Move!" "Trot!" "Charge!" swept the column on
  Where thirty thousand waiting stood,
While spoke the guns their awful tone
  And shrieked all horror's frantic brood.
"Retire!" was called. The fray was o'er.
How many heard that call no more!

The winter snow, the spring's soft rain,
  The summer's verdure heal the ground;
The war-vale keeps no scar or stain;
  The songs of birds are sweet around.
The bugler far away still dreams
Of rush and smoke and war's red gleams.

Then to his lips his bugle lays;
  "Move!" "Trot!" "Charge!" breathe upon the air.
Where are the men of bygone days?
  No Light Brigade sweeps forward there.
Do horse and man, a ghostly train,
Rush viewless down the Vale again?

Hero of years, at front no more
  With Cardigan to sound his call,
The Light Brigade has gone before;
  Thy breath sings requiem for all.
Rest, soldier born, thy laurels won,
A warrior's, Christian's service done.

The bugler of Balaklava, now the sole survivor of the Six Hundred, has long been my friend and neighbor. At ninety-five he is in good repair of mind and body, and many a conversation do we have of old far-off, unhappy things and battles long ago. His modesty, frankness, and simplicity are charming, and I have no doubt of his record. He is a soldier to the manner born. His grandfather was a general under Wellington on the Peninsula. His father fought at Waterloo and, as officer of the guard, had many a conversation with Napoleon

> On the lone barren Isle where the loud roaring billow
> Assails the stern rock and the loud tempests rave.

He rode at Lord Cardigan's side that chill November morning and gave the calls responsive to which the Light Brigade rode into the Valley of Death. He saw the long siege and the taking of Sevastopol, the whole Crimean War that fills an historic page with a story of waste and suffering brightened only by the ministries of Florence Nightingale, now a star on life's horizon, but then full-orbed and rising to rule the ascendant and brighten the grim visage of war. He early came to our region, where he raised our first company of Union cavalry. He might have been its captain, but he chose to be simply its bugler and a private. After serving our entire war he took up among us the arts of peace, and to-day in his cottage kept by a daughter's hand he watches the present and calmly recalls the panorama of the bygone. That I find him immensely interesting it is needless to say, but to study how a soldierly career unfolds and trains character has been to me pleasing and useful—pleasing yet shocking! War's wrinkled front is ghastly horrid. But when will its destructions come to a perpetual end? "The unfortunate, entangled young man" upon the Russian throne—so calls him Tolstoi—who so lately was urging the mood of peace upon the world takes, now, upon a giant scale the festivities of Mars. Our own land, divinely above all others placed for the world's peace, spends millions on warships for opportunities yet to come, some strenuous mock-heroic dash at some other Spain. If, then, war is indefinitely possible, and the last days when the nations shall learn war no more so long delay their coming, the military character is a fit subject for study. One finds it not devoid of noble elements. The New Testament surely presents the soldierly character in no unfavorable manner. John the Baptist outlines a military duty, seeming to reckon it quite as legitimate as a publican's, though that does not carry a divine approval of war, as Paul's prescribing to servants and masters their duties does not assume the divine approval of slavery. The centurion at Capernaum, humble and trustful among his official enemies, "loveth our nation." "Certainly this was a righteous man," was the frankly told conviction of the open-minded captain at the cross. "Julius courteously entreated Paul," and in Cornelius so many graces of character and conduct

appear that he nobly heads the ever-growing procession of heathen converts into the Christian Church. Our own times, still freshly historic, have record of men like Havelock and "Chinese" Gordon. In our own civil war one knew privates steadfastly most prayerful, while subalterns like Henry Ward Camp and generals like Jackson and Howard adorned our annals "beyond all Greek, beyond all Roman fame."

Conversing intimately with my bugler, a private and nothing more, though, I think, an ideal one, I find in him some features that the world has admired in Philip Sidney, the soldier gentleman, and Pierre Bayard, the final, consummate flower of chivalry. And first I mark my friend's plain, unvarnished truthfulness. Of the great charge—how it shrivels compared with Pickett's at Gettysburg!—he reads Tennyson and says, "The poets tell things as they fancy, with color and glamour." He gives everything as he saw it, mostly over his horse's ears in the smoke, with slung bugle and flashing blade, alert for Cardigan's command. He is no *miles gloriosus*. In the trenches and at the city's fall his own part, a single thread in a complex weaving, he clearly traces, and how he fared with his fronting foe. Truth is the first element of the knightly character. Not only is the cadet trained to reckon a lie a sneaking meanness, "unbecoming an officer and a gentleman," but the mere insinuation of falsehood provokes hot wrath and formerly the deadly duel. Feints and stratagems are not counted falsehoods; they are challenges to the enemy. "Find out if you can!" They all are fair play in war, though Bayard, the first soldier of his day, never, as I can find, deceived his enemy. The scout or sentinel, reporting to his officer, must tell things exactly as he saw them, or harm to many may come of miscalculation. Truth, indeed, is needful in all character and callings, in all human affairs, but in war's dark ways it is a light shining where light is sorely needed or woe ensues. Truth holds the army together as—*Stoice*—the soul holds the body. Courage is strong in the character which we are presenting. Bravery is by its Celtic etymology a quality of show and splendor, a dash and display. Courage is that calm flow of temper that moves to any form of service that duty may offer. It shrinks from no toil or hardship that the

occasion brings, though it be in darkness or solitude beyond all dream of honor or advantage. "Were you ever afraid of getting hurt?" "Never thought of that," said my bugler; "thought only of what I was to do." The soldier becomes subdued to what he works in, to danger and difficulty, becomes quite unconscious of his courage, and goes almost mechanically to the watch, the rifle pit, or the charge. "Always I felt indifferent, sometimes even desirous, about falling." Strangely, in his years of service he suffered no hurt but a leg-scratch! "God ordered it," and his deep belief in Providence gave common "courage" but small opportunity. In the military character loyalty is prominent. "Gehorsam ist die erste Pflicht," and obedience is written in the articles of war. The penalty of disobedience is death. Army discipline, whether at West Point or in the ranks, has tamed many an unruly temper, and after our war old soldiers were the best of employees. They had gained the habit of doing as they were told, without retort or argument. Commands may in stress of battle be terrific. "Were your officers drunk or crazy," asked a Russian after Balaklava, "that they sent six hundred against thirty thousand?" "Not theirs to reason why." At Chancellorsville Major Keenan, of the Eighth Pennsylvania, with his men dashed unreturning into the jaws of death in one of the most effective charges of the war. Such loyalty holds an army as a body "compacted by that which every joint supplieth," as a solar system, confident in order and movement. Fidelity to the colors, *esprit de corps* in the organism, trustful comradeship among the men, and instant movement at command—these beautifully relieve the wrinkled front of war. A battle once seen can never be forgotten. Men do as ordered or fall in the doing, but there is a unity of plan, a harmony of action, a devotion to purpose most admirable, and the fate of the individual, "less often sought than found," seems like the quenching of a star in its appointed orbit. At Balaklava "Retire!" was given vocally in the smoke and crash, each obeying as he could. Had that word been unspoken, all the brigade would have fallen. "Would you shoot *me?*" "O yes, at command, or shoot myself." Obedience is to the soldier more than safety or sacrifice. Compassion, too, belongs in the soldierly character,

laid as an ennobling tint upon its other qualities. The soldier has a human heart, wild as may be the rage of battle. "Be sure the hand that's foremost there has wiped away a tear." Bayard sent food to a starving though unyielding foe, and Grant, I know, was as tender in the hospital as he was determined in the field. How touching it sounds from one bending over a fallen foeman, "I'm sorry, but I had to do it"! "Yes," came faintly, "I know it; you did only a soldier's duty." One not himself a combatant but in the smell of villainous saltpeter saw amid things fierce and grimy instances of tenderness "passing the love of women," the tears of warlike men.

If one reckons these features of the chivalrous, the military character, as it appears not in men of renown, in heroes touted by Fame's obstreperous trumps, but in simple privates who have small share in war's pomp and circumstance, but who know its demands of toil and suffering, one asks if the unfolding and training of such is any compensation for war's evils. Of course not. All this may come to the physician, to the locomotive engineer, to the sailor, to other workers in the arts of peace. It is the dark background of war that makes them here conspicuous. The matter has an impressive religious aspect. St. Paul vividly tells in military rhetoric the qualities needed—and the habits as well—of one who would follow Him who came to send upon earth not peace but a sword. The hymns of our liturgy set forth the Christian life as a warfare, and that we are called as to a soldier's service. The Crusaders exaggerated this idea, but it has not vanished, it will not vanish, from Christian thought. One might say that the preacher is a bugler, sounding the call that is bidden him—"I am the voice." And how these soldierly traits unfold in Christian workers in far-away lands, in slums at home, in continuance of service manifold! The field of conflict is the world, and on every part of it is the Commander's eye. "He that overcometh shall be clothed in white raiment."

A. B. Hyde

Art. IX.—THE CHILDREN'S HOUR IDEA.

I. *The Need of Something.* During the closing years of the life of that very remarkable man, the Rev. William Taylor, Bishop of Africa, he appeared one Monday morning on the platform of the Methodist Mission Rooms in New York city and addressed the Preachers' Meeting. Bishop Taylor was a man of great experience in planting missions in different parts of the world—in South America, in India, and at last on the Dark Continent of Africa. His was a world-wide plan of Christianizing the peoples of the earth. He had such breadth of view, such strength of faith, such a common-sense expression of fact and thought and feeling as might well win the respect not only of ministers and missionaries, but also of philanthropists, educators, and statesmen. On the occasion referred to, a little child brought from Africa by the good bishop was the object lesson of the day. Holding that child up before the large audience of Methodist ministers who were gathered, Bishop Taylor said, in substance, "The Christian nurture, education, and training of the little children of Africa—as of all nations—is the real ground of rational hope on the part of the Christian Church and of all earnest workers in the great missionary world to-day." The simple-hearted enthusiasm of the old bishop was something beautiful. The thought he sought to convey is not one to be dismissed with a charitable smile. Under God it has in it the life-principle of a new missionary era in American homes and towns and cities as well as in far-off heathen lands.

Apropos to recalling this striking incident is the fact that the new pedagogy and the new psychology have united their investigations in these later years. To-day they are pluming themselves on certain remarkable results. One investigator puts the matter in this phrasing: "In a century of wonderful discoveries, perhaps the most wonderful, all things considered, is the discovery of the child." There is certainly an ever-increasing interest in childhood now being developed with each added year of the opening century. According to the official count of the chief statistician at Washington, D. C., in 1899, there were 36,727,363 persons

twenty-one years of age or under to be found in the United States. More than 21,800,000 of these were within the scholastic age, from five to eighteen years; 15,138,715 were to be found under instruction in our public schools. Millions of those who were infants at the time of the compilation of these figures are now among the growing children of the nation. The study of child life since the year 1880 has been a specialty with others than the new psychologists. "Child Study in the United States" constitutes an important chapter in a recent report of the United States Commissioner of Education. President G. Stanley Hall, of Clark University, is a chief contributor to the scientific observations contained in this report. The following is one of the scientific—mark it, not merely theologic or clerical—conclusions reached: "The returns clearly point to the important duty of parents and friends to give proper religious instruction at a very early age."

It would seem, then, that the importance and need of philanthropic, reformatory, Christian work among children is not likely to be emphasized unduly. The merely materialistic theory of education will not meet the needs of the child or the demands of the age. Is there a growing laxity of morals among the young in city and in country? This is widely affirmed. Yet the Society for the Suppression of Vice is to-day the chief, if not the only, agency definitely and positively enlisted for the defense of the moral purity of the children of the nation. Christian ideals and teaching, it is insisted, afford the "only possible dynamic power capable of correcting the present loose morals of young people." Therefore the question of the Christian nurture of childhood and youth is, among thinking men and women, one of primary, not to say of supreme, importance. Mr. John Wanamaker, speaking in reference to Sunday school work and workers, is reported as having said, "When you save a man or woman you save a unit; but when you save a boy or girl you save a whole multiplication table."

II. *The Need Further Defined and Emphasized.* Among the many ways of interesting the young, and helping to higher thought and to a higher life, it is desired at this time to define and emphasize only one. It is not intended to try to nullify or to supersede any

form of catechetical or catechumen work among the young. The baptized children of the Church have rights which should be more widely recognized than they are. Boys' Clubs and Girls' Clubs, with many other methods devised to enlist the interest and sympathies of the young in any desirable direction, are all worthy of consideration and commendation. This paper has to do directly and only with the Children's Hour idea. What, then, chiefly and briefly, is that idea? It may be put in few words: It is to supplement the secular instruction of the public school by special moral and spiritual teaching at some definite hour during the secular week. It is matter of observation and complaint that, with all the confessed excellences of our American public-school system, that system does not provide adequate instruction—if any at all—in the knowledge of religion or even in that of common morals. Our public schools are intended for all classes of children and youth, irrespective of racial peculiarities or of any distinction in religious belief. While foreign immigration has come to be, at last, a menace to our nation's best interests, religious toleration is still one of the foundation stones of our American republic. Each man, woman, and child of the immigrants who seek our shores must be permitted to worship God or not to worship God, according to the dictates of the individual conscience. The atheist, infidel, and agnostic may object to any religious teaching whatever. The Jew objects to any Christian instruction of his children. The Romanist resents any form of Protestant teaching, influence, or bias. He regards the public-school tax as an imposition and a hardship put upon those who are of his faith. He often stands steadily for the public maintenance of the parochial school. However important and desirable that the blessings of education may extend not only to the mind but to the morals, in the recognition and development of the entire intellectual and spiritual life, still, seemingly, some other way must be devised than that afforded by our present public-school system. The communication of distinctive religious truth appears to be impracticable. Not only among the parents of the children is there a wide divergence in religious belief, but also among the public-school inspectors, principals, and teachers. In former years, and under other conditions,

Jewish or Romish teachers in our public schools were comparatively rare and uninfluential. To-day in normal school and in city college the proportion of Jewish pupils is excessive, and the growing influence of Roman Catholicism on school boards and in schoolrooms is something to be recognized, if not regretted. By the laws of the State of New York and of other States in the Union the public moneys cannot be granted to sectarian schools. This fact is, of course, to be commended. In very many instances the reading of the Bible is excluded. All reference to religion, as, sometimes, to partisan politics, is interdicted. In other cases a select portion of the Bible—usually from the book of Psalms—is read, without note or comment. In rare instances, perhaps, choice hymns of the Christian Church are sung. Concerning the latter fact, curious to note, no unfavorable criticisms are heard. But direct religious and spiritual instruction is withheld. Even among Protestant ministers there are found those who concede that the objections of atheist, Jew, and Romanist must, in fairness, be respected. There is no recognized system of moral teaching in our public schools—no juvenile edition of anything like Wayland's *Moral Science* introduced. It is an open question whether the teachers in our public schools afford any positive moral help of any kind to the pupils under their care. The character of these teachers may be irreproachable. Their individual influence may be of the very best. But direct moral instruction is practically under the ban. The conviction that, despite all objections, the Bible should be read and its teachings inculcated even in our public schools is coming to be more general, perhaps, than it has been. As moral beings we must have cultivated moral sense. The need of a great moral reform has at no time been more evident in the history of our native land. Illiteracy is not our only national peril. The attitude of the Junior Order of American Mechanics is noteworthy. It is an order having in its ranks two hundred thousand members. It recently made this affirmation of one of its principles:

> We believe that the Bible should be read in our public schools. It is the recognized standard of all moral and civil law. We therefore believe that our children should be educated in its teachings.

III. *The Nation's Need is High Moral Ideals.* We are not making an argument at this time for the reading and teaching of distinctive Bible truths in our public schools. We aim only to show the admitted need of moral and spiritual instruction among their millions of pupils. Up to this hour this need has not been adequately supplied. The question this paper seeks to answer is: Can some means be devised to largely harmonize differences and to afford moral and spiritual instruction to a greater number of the young at some time during the secular week—instruction which shall be not only helpful but agreeable, attractive, and free?

Before this question is answered more directly, another fact presents itself. A doubt has been expressed whether our public-school system in this country is not really vicious. A distinguished prelate of the Roman Catholic Church—Cardinal Gibbons—has recently entered an urgent protest, clearly and frankly expressed, which has excited wide attention. The cardinal is reputed to be broad-minded. In his view, and in that of many others, this question of the need of moral and religious instruction in American school life is incomparably the most important public question confronting the American people to-day. Those in whose mind utility is the leading idea in public instruction are often seemingly indifferent to all except the future material interests of the young. They would confine all religious or spiritual teaching to the Sunday school or to the home. But it is evident on every hand that the home circle does not meet the demand. The proportion of those who can be influenced to attend either church or Sunday school, large as it may be accounted, is nevertheless comparatively small. One of our daily papers may be quoted:

> Incidentally, Bishop Johnston, in arguing the necessity of religious education, touched a very serious question when he prophesied that the inability of the public schools of our land to teach any system of morals is going to lead, within a few decades, to a struggle the like of which this country has never seen, and it will be with a generation that won't believe anything at all.

Gladstone made a similar prophecy concerning England in private conversation during the late years of his life. The idea of the Children's Hour—to repeat—is to afford children such attractive

forms of moral and spiritual instruction as may be a pleasing variation on the routine of Bible-school study, introducing some features which, while commendable in themselves, it might not be practicable to present in the Lord's house on the Lord's Day.

True patriotism is a part of true religion. The nation's flag is shadowed only by the cross. General Grant, in a message to the Sunday schools of our country in 1876, said: "Hold fast to the Bible as the sheet anchor of our liberties. To the influence of this book we are indebted for the progress made in true civilization, and to this we must look for our guide in the future." Daniel Webster is quoted as saying: "If we abide by the principles taught in the Bible our country will go on prospering and to prosper. But if we and posterity neglect its instruction and authority no man can tell how sudden a catastrophe may overwhelm us and bury our glory in profound obscurity." With these great basal patriotic truths in mind it must be confessed there is, outside the weekly Bible school, a need of some inoffensive yet aggressive agency which, whether Protestant, Romanist, or Jewish, may seek more directly to deal with the moral and spiritual life of the children in every community.

The testimony often has been that the Children's Hour as illustrated in New York city and in Cincinnati, Ohio, is cooperative with the best interests of the public schools. It aims not to interfere in any way. Principal and teachers have their authority recognized, their position and their work respected, and are never referred to except in terms of high estimation.

IV. *Certain Distinctive Features of the Children's Hour.* A distinguishing idea of the Children's Hour—in its largest presentation—is its undenominational, unsectarian, evangelistic, missionary meaning. In more detailed explanation, the Children's Hour seeks, among other methods, to reach the intelligence of young people of public-school age, to awaken interest, to arouse curiosity, and, by the laws of association, to help the memory, and, at last, to induce reflection and resolution on the part of the most juvenile type of mind and character. To hang a moral lesson on a conspicuous object is a not unworthy deed. "Through the eye to the heart" is coming to be very widely the idea of wise instruction

everywhere. It was largely God's method with the children of Israel during their forty years' preparatory course in the wilderness. Again and again this method was illustrated by the ancient prophets. It was the distinguishing feature in the method of the Great Teacher. He sought to associate spiritual truth with objects the most familiar. In his teaching—to which the great mass of the people listened with delight—our Lord availed himself of concrete rather than of abstract forms of truth. Nor did he hesitate to deal in multiplied illustrative incidents called parables. The Twentieth Century Version gives many an æsthetic critic and carper food for thought where it says (Matt. xiii, 34, 35): "All this Jesus told the crowd in stories. Indeed, to them he never spoke except in stories, in fulfillment of the words in the prophet, I will speak to them in stories: I will utter things kept secret from the foundation of the world." Froebel and others of the great pioneers in pedagogy adopted only in part the peculiarly simple and successful methods of their greatest predecessor. Material object, blackboard, and picture are to-day an important part of the equipment of the most advanced instruction. Indeed, the stereopticon exhibition is now a popular means of information on platform and in pulpit. The stereoscope—with its striking realism—is yet more generally to be introduced into the classes of academy and Bible school. Curiosity in children is not to be disregarded in any educational work we may attempt among them. To pique curiosity in various ways is to awaken interest and to secure attention. This may be done by the character of the card of admission—needing to be punched each week; by the anagrams, rebuses, and conundrums—brain-teasers all—but especially by the initial letters of each succeeding object and by the final motto of the entire season. This last they have three months in which to guess. Said an appreciative Bible-school superintendent—referring to the Friday afternoon Children's Hour as held in the body of the church, where each week more than five hundred people gathered, "My! what an exciting time these children must have guessing what the next object will be!" The pleasant, though puzzling, question each week—"*Cum je cum?*"—preceding a twenty-minute object lesson, would materially focus the curious thought

of any audience, whether of people large or small. An audience of eight hundred such has been attracted and held of a Friday afternoon in the city of New York.

All this, or something like this—with brief exercises by the children themselves, under the wise direction of a competent committee of ladies; for you must give the children themselves something to do—all this will go far toward awakening the interest and cultivating the good will of many in any community, however conservative it may be.

An old farmer, who had been listening to a learned discussion of a certain form of proposed temperance legislation, shut his knife with a snap and said, "I don't know nuthin' about the law, but I've seven good reasons for votin' for it." "What are they?" asked a lawyer. And the grim old farmer responded, "Four sons and three daughters." The Children's Hour idea—apart from its direct religious bearing—is to emphasize the value of a well-rounded education, of honesty, industry, frugality, and temperance. In its spirit the Children's Hour is practically a "Band of Hope," and it is so advertised. If there were nothing in connection with the Children's Hour but its brief responsive service, occupying less than five minutes, this would afford such wise suggestions, such instruction, incentive, and inspiration, as must in the end be helpful to any child who ever reads this service. Its repetition is economic of time. It is a weekly reminder of the high moral purpose—patriotic and religious—of those who may have these services in charge. It is not necessarily a series of promises. It is a condensed, consecutive putting of the things aimed to be accomplished from week to week. It obviates the necessity of making announcements which may be needless or distracting, or which may occupy valuable time.

Mr. Jacob Riis—that most genial and sympathetic of reformers and philanthropists—seriously proposes that the Board of Education of New York city should throw open the public-school buildings of the city on the Christian Sabbath. He suggests and urges that popular address and lecture, though not of a religious but of an entertaining character, be furnished men, women, and children on this sacred day. He hopes in this way, among others

less eccentric and more to be commended, "to lift neighborhood gatherings from the level of the dance hall and saloon to the level of the schoolhouse." But this would be a movement, we think, in the wrong direction. It would lead away from the church and Bible school, with their preaching and teaching of divine truth. Under the sanction of the Board of Education it would, in time, pander to the mere pleasure of the people. It would take away from the sacredness of the Christian Sabbath. It would put a slight upon the preaching of the word and upon the house of God. It would sanction, if it did not positively encourage, a disregard of God's laws and an absenteeism from Christian worship which is already coming to be so noticeable and so deplorable. Christianity cannot afford to make a retrograde movement like this. We have already enough of false compromise and of sinful concession. But Mr. Riis's proposed reform gives added emphasis to the Children's Hour idea. The pull, however, is in this case, so far as specially concerns children, in the right direction: it is in the interest of Sabbath observance and of church attendance. It leads from the public school *to* the church. It affords needed moral instruction incentive and stimulus, with such simple forms of innocent diversion as Mr. Riis himself would be prompt to approve and applaud. God is still saying to our Boards of Education as really as to our churches, "Take this child and train it for me."

V. *The Main Idea: How to Make it Practical.* The Children's Hour idea is that each child now belongs to Christ—of purchase and of right. It seeks to encourage the child to submit at once to his divine authority and to the leadings of his Holy Spirit. It confines the season of special effort to three months in the year—October, November, and December. It selects the most desirable day—Friday. It encourages the children to come direct from the public schools, bringing their schoolbooks with them. It confines its direct work to a single hour. It speaks of this hour as "sixty minutes of sunshine." The address, given preferably always by the pastor, will be in many instances the only religious address—presumably, as things go, the only sermon—most of the children will have heard for the entire week.

In the preparatory arrangements for and in the final organization of a Children's Hour of the type thus too briefly outlined, certain essentials must be assumed. There must be real sympathy, even a marked solicitude, felt and shown by the acting pastor. There must be generous financial backing by the church and a willingness to exert themselves on the part of a select corps of competent order-loving helpers. The way to learn to preach is to preach. The way to have a revival is to have a revival. And the way to have a Children's Hour is to have a Children's Hour. The consent of parents is, in every instance, the *sine qua non* of admission to and connection with these meetings.

Any preacher, if really interested, judicious, and tactful, will be welcome to the platform of any of our public schools. He may be asked only to read the Scripture. He may even be asked to say a few words to the pupils. He will speak briefly and to the point. He will avoid any allusion to his contemplated enterprise, or, indeed, to any subject which may suggest difference or produce unfavorable criticism. He will speak in honor of the public-school system and in support of the principal and teachers. He may stimulate and encourage the children to apply themselves, to observe order, to respect law, and to prepare for high usefulness and good citizenship. Preachers and even parents are too little in touch with our public schools. Principals and teachers feel lonely. In some instances they are not strangers to a sort of social ostracism. Cases have been known where principals were more than appreciative, were proud of the kind words addressed to them and their schools, and where tearful teachers have gathered around a Christian minister at the close of such an address and have said, "O, if other pastors would only come to see us, as you do, and say a few words of good cheer to us, once in a while, how grateful we would be!"

Guards and guides may be needed in the attempt to establish a Children's Hour in any place. Here are a few: Do not begin a series of such meetings unless you have thought it all out, made every needful provision, and clearly see your way through. Do not attempt to hold them for over three months at a time, and never hold them on any other day than Friday. Secure the pledged

support of your official brethren, your Sunday school superintendent, and of all needed helpers. Such a thing as jealousy on the part of your Sunday School Board or of others may not be altogether impossible if you score a pronounced success in your enterprise. Avoid the merely sensational. Do not be eager to court a laugh. Do not talk "baby talk." Never lose sight of your high moral purpose and of your ultimate spiritual end. Keep your object ever in view. Do not multiply speakers. Keep the reins in your own hands. Avoid digression and distraction. Adhere to a time table. Remember, *one* object is enough. A formal weekly program—printed if possible—is desirable and even needful. Such a program may be made very simple. Multiplied by the hectograph process, it may be inexpensive. It may be elaborate, and even illustrated. In either event the children who take part will be pleased to see their names duly honored.

To hold a "Children's Hour" the encouragements are many and great, but the difficulties are not a few. The expense may be little or much. Objections must be kindly met and patiently overcome.

VI. *What are Some of the Objections?* Some may look upon this new form of organization and of effort coldly. They may not adequately appreciate the importance of such special labor among children. Others—influenced in part by sectarian suspicion or prejudice—may be willing to concede only that, on the whole, this meeting may exert an influence for good. Others, still, will generously admit the value of the idea and may be disposed by their indorsement and cooperation to make it more comprehensive, more thorough, and more far-reaching in its beneficial results. Among the many objections which, in large cities, may be reasonably apprehended are the following: "Doesn't it all mean very hard work?" It may be answered, Many hands make *light* work. The satisfaction, pleasure, and reward afforded the earnest worker will more than counterbalance the painstaking ingenuity and effort he may display. "Doesn't the Children's Hour idea involve possible interference with neighboring churches and Sunday schools? Doesn't it look like proselyting? Is it not taking an unfair, unfraternal advantage of sister churches and of

brother ministers?" Again it may be answered, Means can be taken to inspire confidence on the part of all. The Children's Hour idea—it must be ever borne in mind—may be absolutely undenominational. A pastor might have such a service weekly, strictly sectarian, for his own young people. He might have fifty present. He throws his meetings open to all on a definite age limit, say between six and eighteen, and may speak each week, without a suspicion of any indirection, to a popular audience of five hundred—many more, indeed, than he could secure for his own congregation on Sunday. But observe: he is on his honor. He must not invade the rights of others. He must take no unfair advantage. What he does he does for the general good. His ministerial brethren believe in him. When, however, there is any doubt existing a written note from the parents requesting the enrollment of a child will go a long way toward obviating serious difficulty. In cases of extreme delicacy a union effort might be inaugurated. It might be sustained by several churches and their pastors. It might itinerate from church to church with each succeeding year. Better, however, have one place, one pastor, and the firm, fraternal confidence and warm sympathy of all. Children may express on their Decision Cards their preference for the pastor under whose spiritual instruction they desire to be placed. These cards, duly sorted, should be confided to the brother ministers thus designated. Children by their own choice thus become the objects of special pastoral care. In large cities the objection may be made, "Jews will come; Catholics will come." But this should never be without the consent of parents. That consent will sometimes be secured. The curiosity and interest of the child with the common sense of the parent may be trusted to obtain it. Every Protestant church should be open to Jew and Gentile.

Many years ago Miss Harriet Livermore was a missionary from this country to the Jews in Jerusalem. To-day the Jews throng our business thoroughfares, especially in our great cities. Why should we not invite their attendance upon our churches? The distinct mission of the church of the Paulist Fathers, in New York city, is to reach the Protestant population of that city. The

church bulletin at its doors, in connection with the work attempted to be done, specifically invites Protestants to attend their services and seek instruction. We send Dr. Wood to South America, Dr. Butler to Mexico, Dr. Drees to Porto Rico, and Dr. Burt to Rome itself—great Catholic countries. We pay our good money for their support while they make converts from Rome. Their congregations, in many instances, would not begin to have as many Romanist children in attendance as will, with the consent of intelligent Catholic parents, seek admission to a well-conducted Children's Hour in one of our large cities. Yet we sometimes hear the objection made by not the most thoughtful, benevolent, or sincere, "What good can we hope to do the Catholics and the Jews?"

If the question is raised, "How much does the hope of a reward at the final meeting have to do with the numbers in attendance from week to week?" the answer is, We have no means of knowing. Gifts may be of inconsiderable value. They need express only the real interest and affection felt by the donors. There should be something to take home, to keep, to read, to refer to in after years. It is very gratifying to a pastor to meet attendants of former years upon his Children's Hour and to learn that they are members in the church, perhaps holding official positions, and to hear them say with genuine feeling, "Even to this day I have that little book of Psalms you gave me." The souvenirs given, the rewards promised, to children who read the Sunday issue of our yellow journals may well lead some very conservative people to revise some of their former notions. "The children of this world are wiser in their generation than the children of light."

If it be asked, "Is it wise to have these meetings open to the general public?" the answer is, If the church has galleries it is most desirable to encourage the presence of the parents and friends of the children. Like the children themselves, however, adults should gain admission by an appropriate card.

Among your embarrassments and discouragements will possibly be the financial outlay grudgingly afforded by the officials of your church, the real want of sympathy you may find even among your helpers, and the cruel want of cooperation and even of interest

among the parents of the children who may come to your services. Expense may be met, if not by official provision, by special collections or by subscriptions obtained from parents, friends, or recognized and honored patrons. You make friends with parents when you interest or are yourself interested in their child.

VII. *Some Further Things Suggested.* There must be the spirit of Christian consideration and courtesy—and no lack of Christian tact and courage—evident in the inception and prosecution of such work as belongs to the Children's Hour idea. In illustration it may be said that one of the most successful Children's Hour services was held in the city of Cincinnati nearly a score of years ago. At first the difficulties seemed almost insuperable in the way of having a series of meetings which should not meet with Romish opposition. But when a public-school principal—himself not connected with any Church—called attention to a certain provision made in the laws of the Board of Education the way seemed clear. The provision referred to was explained as being very largely in the interest of children of the Romish faith who might desire special preparation for admission to the Church as communicants. The paragraph read as follows:

> 101. Pupils shall be excused for absence not exceeding one half or two quarter days each week, for the purpose of taking lessons in such branches of education as the parents or guardians may desire, provided arrangements for the same be personally made by the parent or guardian with the principal of the school. (Dec. 28th, 1857.)

Under that provision all sectarian difficulties disappeared.

Those who insist upon what latterly has been called the rupture theory of conversion, in allusion to Paul's experience at Damascus, and who insist upon this as the only experience for even young children, may see in the Children's Hour idea only an expedient which may lead ultimately to self-deception. But those who have any acquaintance with that epoch-making volume, *Christian Nurture*, by Dr. Horace Bushnell, will probably take a more hopeful view. Like so many of the means employed during the last fifty years, the Children's Hour idea is to make much of the possibility of the "Divine Spirit exercising regenerative influence through the channels of nature and nurture." It is a seed-

sowing instrumentality. It may be made most instructive and attractive. It may be supplemented by other hand-to-hand and heart-to-heart agencies for bringing the young to Christ. It may be made tributary to the Junior Epworth League and to other similar organizations for the young. All forms of spiritual instruction and of innocent entertainment may be made to lead, should be made to lead, directly up to a Decision Card and a "Decision Day."

The crisis type of conversion in children is a type not so frequently seen as in other years. Call it the rupture type or the rapture type, it is now rarely seen anywhere. But the facts of regeneration and conversion may still be just as real in boy or girl. Given the heaven-born disposition and decision, under wise instruction, to come to Christ, and then follow, naturally, the words of Christ, "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not." The Jesuitical sagacity of the Romish Church asks the spiritual care of a child only till the age of twelve. It is confident then of what the man or woman will be. The indifference of churches in relation to their children is equaled only by the practical infidelity of parents themselves. The false ideas of fathers and mothers, with the lack of earnestness on the part of even Christian teachers, interpose the most serious obstacles a well-meaning or really awakened child has to meet.

The interference of professedly Christian parents, having only in view the child's pleasure-seeking future, is one of the most melancholy factors in time of revival and in Christian America's family life. Solomon did not say, Teach a child the way he should go. He did say, "Train up a child in the way he should go." It is largely a question of parental example and practice. It was the judgment, confided to the writer, of a New York principal of forty years' experience in one of our best public schools: "Parental discipline is relaxing more and more every year."

If it be asked, "How can we harvest the fruit of the Children's Hour?" the answer is at hand: The signers of Decision Cards may be placed in special classes for Christian training. A private "Pastor's Class" may succeed the Children's Hour for a period of three months prior to admission to the Church or to formal proba-

tion. The influence of a well-instructed child in the home circle may be regenerative or reformatory. The children should be encouraged to a "Friday Night at Home"—a night in which they are to endeavor to make home specially attractive. This can be done by their kind attentions, their little thoughtful courtesies, and particularly by showing their programs and by outlining at table or in the later evening the address or object lesson of the afternoon.

May not the Children's Hour idea have a broader development in the future? It is with reference to this possibility that the author of this paper has been induced to exploit its helpfulness thus far. It has been conceded already that other means of reaching children, so far from being neglected or depreciated, are to be the more generally respected and adopted. Anything reputable, tactful, and pleasurable which is not in contravention of Scripture teaching, and which is adapted to waken the moral sense and to recommend the religion of Christ to the respect and affection of the child, is always to be welcomed. But it is to be said again, in favor of the Children's Hour idea, it is distinctively an undenominational, unsectarian idea. It is a pedagogic idea. It is a patriotic, temperance, evangelistic, missionary idea. The question is now at last raised, Why should there not be such an "Hour" observed weekly in every town in the country? Why should not scores of such "Hours" be held in every city of the land? If held in the right place, at the right time, by the right man, with the right motive, and in the right way, it will form a seed-sowing agency of inestimable value for the moral and spiritual improvement of the young, for the betterment of society, and for the protection of the most sacred institutions in patriotic American life.

John J. Reed

Art. X.—"THAT FAMOUS INSTRUMENT OF THE LORD, MR. JOHN ELIOT."

Some one wrote an ingenious book a few years ago in which he showed that, since light travels only at the rate of something less than two hundred thousand miles a second and the stars are separated from the earth by very considerable distances, a person who could see the earth from a star would see things not as they are, but as they were when the ray of light that enters his eye started on its journey from the earth. If, therefore, you could sit upon a star of just the right magnitude to bring October 28, 1646, before your eye you would see the enaction of a memorable scene in and near Roxbury, in the colony of Massachusetts. You would first notice that instead of the wearisome monotony of stone pavements and dreary alleys of brick tenements, with here and there a church spire pointing heavenward for a blessed relief, there were rolling, breezy pasture lands, winding alleys of stately trees, and the groves that were God's first temples, with a little settlement in the middle, and one church, set down on the edge of the great wilderness. But if you should look then for the thing that made that particular day illustrious you would see four men set out from the little town and strike into the wilderness upon a high and holy mission. You would see them after a journey of several miles reach an Indian settlement, where they are received with manifestations of great pleasure. And finally you would see the leader of the little band stand forth and address the savages. This was the man whom Edward Winslow called "that famous Instrument of the Lord, Mr. John Eliot," and this was the first time that he preached the Gospel to the Indians in their own tongue. The three who were privileged to be with the great apostle on this day of days were probably Elder Heath and Daniel Gookin, of Roxbury, and the Rev. Thomas Shepard, of Cambridge, whose name and fame are now recalled by the Shepard Memorial Church of that university city.

The text that Eliot chose for this first mission was in the thirty-seventh chapter of Ezekiel, ninth and tenth verses: "Then

said he unto me, Prophesy unto the wind, prophesy, son of man, and say to the wind, Thus saith the Lord God; Come from the four winds, O breath, and breathe upon these slain, that they may live. So I prophesied as he commanded me, and the breath came into them, and they lived, and stood up upon their feet, an exceeding great army." As the preacher began by repeating and then explaining the Ten Commandments, went on to show how all men had broken them and were children of disobedience, set forth at length the wrath of God and the fearfulness of his judgment, expatiated upon the lost condition of the Indians, declared God's provision of salvation through Jesus Christ his Son, and finally called upon the Indians to repent and seek the favor of God, occupying an hour and a quarter in the doing of all this, the sermon might be considered a fairly comprehensive one. He then asked the Indians if they understood, and spent an hour and three quarters in answering their questions.

This scene took place at Nonantum, near what are now Brighton and Watertown, in the wigwam of Waauban, or Waban, an important man among the Indians. The savages expressed great interest in what they had heard, and at other visits which quickly followed they listened to the sermons and the answers to questions with both tears and repentance. Before very long positive results were seen, and Eliot was obliged to make broad plans and undertake large ventures for his converts.

The man who was so quietly, but so zealously and so wisely, undertaking this difficult task was born in England, in a little village not very many miles from London. He was baptized on August 5, 1604, at Widford, in Hertfordshire, but had his boyhood home in Nazing, Essex County. He was educated at Cambridge University, and then taught for a while in a school kept at Little Baddow by the Rev. Thomas Hooker, afterward pastor of a church in Cambridge, Massachusetts, and leader of the band that went to Hartford, Connecticut, and the illustrious great-grandfather of the Constitution of the United States. Hooker had a great influence over young Eliot, and doubtless had much to do with his entering the Congregational ministry and emigrating to America. Eliot came to Boston in 1631, when he was twenty-

seven years old, on the ship that brought Governor Winthrop's wife and children. He first joined himself to the church at Boston, and in the absence of Mr. Wilson, the pastor, he supplied his place. In 1632 a company of his friends from Nazing came to America and settled in Roxbury. These were substantial people, and many of their names have clung to Roxbury ever since: such names as Brewer, Crafts, Curtis, Dudley, Heath, Seaver, Peacock, Payson, Ruggles. Drake, the historian, says that "outside of Boston no New England town can show such a roll of distinguished names as have illustrated the annals of Roxbury." Many of the streets of Roxbury are memorials of these settlers. Among those who came to Roxbury was Eliot's betrothed, and his marriage to her, on September 4, 1632, was the first marriage recorded in Roxbury. Cotton Mather says of her that "her name was Ann [which means 'grace'], and gracious was her nature," and certain it is that she made him a faithful, loving, sensible, practical wife. The Roxbury church at once claimed Eliot, on the basis of an agreement that he had made with them before leaving the old country, and though the Boston church made eager efforts to retain him as Mr. Wilson's colleague he was established as "teacher" of the church at Roxbury on November 5, 1632. Eliot at once entered upon a life remarkable for its devotion to religious duties, its fervid evangelistic spirit, its breadth of sympathies and interests, its high public spirit, its range of activities, and its general strenuousness in a day when most men lived more moderately than they do now. His work—as a pastor, a missionary, a scholar, and a citizen—places him in the very front rank of the remarkable men who founded this new nation, and though his story has often been told it needs to be often told still.

It seems strange that the Puritans were so tardy about beginning to work for the Christianization of the Indians. The French and the Spaniards had long labored for this end. The Jesuit missionaries had gone out into the wilderness alone, in peril and with great toil, and identified themselves with the life of the savages in order to save their souls. But though the charter of the Massachusetts Company declared that the Christianizing of the Indians was "the principal cause of this plantation," and the

seal given to the colony contained the figure of an Indian with hands outstretched uttering the Macedonian cry, "Come over and help us," the Puritans permitted almost a generation to go by before they made anything but slight and sporadic efforts to bring their savage neighbors to the light and joy of the Gospel. The matter, however, was in the air, and when Eliot took it up the whole thing crystallized into a general movement that soon came to be backed up, both morally and financially, by a missionary society that was formed in England during Cromwell's protectorate. Eliot's great heart seems to have begun to yearn over his savage neighbors very soon after his arrival. As Cotton Mather says, with his "accustomed but agreeable quaintness," "It very powerfully moved his holy bowels to hear that imprecation over the heads of our naked Indians, 'Pour out thy fury upon the heathen that know thee not;' and, thought he, 'What shall I do to rescue these heathen from that all-devouring fury?'"

The result was that Eliot began to make plans for the uplifting of the savages. He encouraged himself in this by the belief that the Indians were the ten lost tribes of Israel. He made much broader and wiser and more thorough plans than the Jesuits had followed. For they did not try to change the habits or lives of the Indians, but lived with them on equal terms, adopted their habits, endured their filth, vermin, and immodesty, avoided crossing their inclinations, and taught them but little; considering a few simple things—such as repetition of a prayer or chant, formal assent to a few dogmas, baptism, and a very little and very strange catechising—quite sufficient to make beautiful Christians out of savages. But Eliot thought it necessary to civilize the Indians in order to Christianize them. "I find it absolutely necessary," he wrote, "to carry on civility with religion;" and his ambition was to change the Indians into self-respecting, sober, industrious, civilized, moral, devout men and women, living in houses in fixed communities. His first step was to learn the Indian language, and we therefore find him at the age of forty, in spite of the laborious and taxing duties of a large parish, hiring a native to live with him and undertaking to learn a language which had never been reduced to writing, and which contained words so long that, as

Cotton Mather says, "one would think they had been growing ever since Babel, unto the dimensions to which they are now extended." Mather gives some striking illustrations. "For instance," he says, "if my reader will count how many letters there are in this one word, *Nummatchekodtantamooonganunnonash*, when he has done, for his reward, I will tell him it signifies no more in English than *our lusts;* and if I were to translate *our loves*, it must be nothing shorter than *Noowomantammooonkanunonnash.*" Conversation among people who used such words must have been a leisurely matter, and one does not wonder that Eliot's first sermon should have occupied an hour and a quarter. And as words even longer than these could be quoted, were there time, the famous lines that Eliot wrote at the close of his Indian grammar acquired the more significance: "We must not sit still and look for miracles. Up, and be doing, and the Lord will be with thee. Prayer and pains, through faith in Christ Jesus, will do anything."

Having acquired some skill in the use of this truly marvelous language, John Eliot began his ministry in the way described already. Perhaps his success might not have been so great at the very beginning but for a strange coincidence: the name of the Indian in whose wigwam he first preached was Waban, and this was also the word for "wind;" so that when Eliot began, "Then said he unto me, Prophesy unto the wind," the Indian thought the message from the holy book was addressed especially to him, and he very soon turned to the new life. This influenced others to do the same, and there was soon a very hopeful band of interested inquirers. To them Eliot ministered faithfully, and before long he turned his face in other directions also and preached to the Indians in more than one place. We can picture the apostle—a short, sturdy, thickset man with an iron constitution (as one would judge from the possibly authentic portrait that has been preserved) —mounting his horse and riding over the hills and through a wilderness of woods, streams, and swamps, to Waban's wigwam in Nonantum, or to Cutshamokin's wigwam in Dorchester, his kindly face aglow with fervid love for all of God's creatures and his capacious pockets bulging with tobacco for the men and gifts of apples and nuts for the children who should know their catechism well.

His usual practice seems to have been to preach a sermon first, and then to spend a considerable time in answering the questions of the Indians. As the Indians were told that they were children of the devil it is perhaps natural that some of their earliest questions should have indicated a good deal of interest in that personage:

Whether y^e^ Devil or man was made first? Whether there might not be something, if only a little, gained by praying to y^e^ Devil? Why does not God, who has full power, kill y^e^ Devil, that makes all men so bad? If God made Hell in one of the "six days," why did he make it before Adam had sinned? If all y^e^ world be burned up, where shall Hell be then? Are all y^e^ Indians who have died now in Hell, while only we are in y^e^ way of getting to Heaven? Why does not God give all men good hearts, that they may be good? Whither do dying little children go, seeing that they have not sinned?

Eliot answered the questions of the Indians carefully, instructed the men and women with great pains, and paid particular attention to the children. The work prospered so that within two years after Eliot first preached in Waban's wigwam we see the spectacle of Indians holding family prayers morning and evening, and craving God's blessing on their frugal meals of a little parched corn and some stalks. Eliot found little bands of "praying Indians," as they soon came to be called, on his hands. How to continue and increase the good work begun was his problem. He had seen from the first that they must be civilized if they were to be Christianized, and his constant teaching had been that they must turn from their filth, their indecency, their polygamy, their immorality, and take up cleanliness, chastity, morality, daily Bible reading, family prayers, grace at meals, a strict observance of the Sabbath, and a right keeping of all other days. But Eliot saw that the Indians could not adopt these new ways if they lived in the forest with their savage neighbors; he saw that one season's hunting would undo all the good he had done, and that the hope for the Indians lay in getting them into civilized community life, inducing them to engage in daily labor, teaching them to read, and bringing them to intellectual activity. This he proceeded to do, and he was thus a pioneer in industrial and educational missions. He gathered the "praying Indians" into towns, and taught them to make clearings, build houses, wear clothes, govern themselves, and engage in daily labor. The first permanent Indian town was

formed at Natick, in 1651, though an attempt had previously been made at Nonantum. Eliot expounded to the people the eighteenth chapter of Exodus, which he believed revealed the divinely ordained form of government, the system under which the angels and saints in heaven were organized and governed, and which was intended for the sons of men. On the basis of this chapter he organized their government "into such a form as we had written in the Word of God, that so they might be a people in all things ruled by the Lord," and then helped them to choose for themselves rulers of hundreds, rulers of fifties, and rulers of tens. He led them personally in erecting a meeting place, building a bridge, and preparing the ground for crops; he taught the women to spin, induced the people to sell brooms, baskets, staves, turkeys, and wild fruits, and led some of the men to work in the fields with the English in harvest time.

Although the work of preaching to the Indians was begun in 1646, and the town of Natick was established in 1651, and other towns quickly followed, the first Indian church was not organized until 1660. Eliot's work was all governed by an ideal of thoroughness, and he was not willing that the Indians should receive the privileges of church membership until they were fully prepared and had been tested by time. But after the church at Natick had been once organized other churches quickly followed in different parts of the Massachusetts territory. It was Eliot's ambition that these churches should be presided over by native pastors, and so, in addition to starting schools and training Indians to be schoolmasters, he brought about the founding of a college where Indians might be educated to be preachers and pastors. The first brick building in college yard, Cambridge, was erected in 1665 to be used as an Indian college.

While Eliot was engaging in all these activities, attending faithfully to his pastoral duties in Roxbury, visiting one of his Indian communities once a week, taking frequent longer journeys through the wilderness in the prosecution of his mission, training teachers, and founding schools and colleges, he was accomplishing those marvelous literary feats that have made his name forever famous in our country. Single-handed he translated the entire

Bible into the barbarous Indian dialect, and in 1663 this Bible, as Cotton Mather writes thirty years later, "was printed here, at Cambridge; and it is the only Bible that ever was printed in all America, from the very foundation of the world." Other translations followed quickly, primers, grammars, Psalters, catechisms, Baxter's *Call to the Unconverted,* Shepard's *Sincere Convert and Sound Believer,* and other solemn and stately books of the day. The sound common sense that Eliot showed in this work is striking if his writings be contrasted with some others. A catechism of the French Jesuits that was printed in the Iroquois language contained such grotesque questions and answers as these:

Q. How is the soil made in heaven?

A. 'Tis a very fair soil, they want neither for meats nor clothes; 'tis but wishing, and we have them.

Q. Are they employed in heaven?

A. No, they do nothing; the fields yield corn, beans, pumpkins, and the like, without any tillage.

Q. What sort of a soil is that of hell?

A. A very wretched soil; 'tis a fiery pit in the center of the earth.

Q. What do they eat in hell?

A. They are always hungry, but the damned feed on hot ashes and serpents there.

Q. What water do they drink?

A. Horrid water, nothing but melted lead.

Q. Don't they die in hell?

A. No; yet they eat one another every day; but anon, God restores and renews the man that was eaten, as a cropt plant in a little time repollulates.

Cotton Mather does well to call such things "thick-skulled passages." John Eliot's teachings were not like that, but were such as would stimulate the Indians intellectually as well as morally.

After about thirty years of Eliot's labor in behalf of the Indians there were in the colony seven pretty well established and civilized and Christianized Indian villages, and seven that were more crude. It was estimated that one fourth of the Indians of New England had been influenced by civilization and Christianity. Then came King Philip's War, with the carnage, the burnings, the ambuscades, the treachery, the horror, of Indian warfare. The cause of Indian civilization and evangelization never recovered from this great disaster. The Indians died off. Their Christian towns were abandoned. Natick lasted longest, but it was incor-

porated as an English town in 1762, and in 1792 there was only one Indian family there. Eliot's "marvelous monument of laborious piety," the Indian Bible, ceased to be of any use. Only two editions were ever issued, of perhaps two or three thousand copies in all. The work begun by Eliot was not extended after his death; our country still has an Indian problem; the visitor to the West can see Indians still living in savagery after three hundred years of contact with the foremost Christian nation.

But though the tangible results of Eliot's work passed away so soon, the story of it remains, one of the very romantic chapters in our national history, and John Eliot stands forth as one of the very great men of our colonial period. He is a giant in his powers of imagination, of application, of endurance, and of accomplishment; he is elevated in his fervent piety, his evangelistic enthusiasm, and his austere singleness of devotion to duty; and yet he is no less remarkable in the broad catholicity of his views, the sweet humaneness of his disposition, the genuine humility of his nature, and the wit and facetiousness that his contemporaries mention. His work for the Indians so fascinates the popular imagination that he is not given credit for all that he was and did, but his interest was not limited to the Indian. He was probably the first man in America to feel any human and philanthropic interest in the despised negro slaves and to lift up his voice in their behalf. The English used them as "horses or oxen," but he looked upon it "as a prodigy that any wearing the name of Christians should so much have the heart of demons in them as to prevent and hinder the instructions of the poor blacks, and confine the souls of their miserable slaves to a destroying ignorance, merely for fear of thereby losing the benefit of their vassalage." Eliot devoted part of the declining years of his life to efforts to enlighten their minds and save their souls, but he did not live long enough to accomplish much. His interest in education, however, was lifelong and fervent, and his work in this cause is at this day his most enduring monument. He would have schools everywhere. In a synod of churches that once met in Boston he prayed, "Lord, for schools everywhere among us! That our schools may flourish; that every member of this assembly may go home and procure a good school

to be encouraged in the town where he lives; that before we die we may be so happy as to see a good school encouraged in every plantation in this country!" Cotton Mather says that "a grammar school he would always have upon the place, whatever it cost him." It was largely owing to Eliot's influence that the free school was started in Roxbury which remains to this day as the famous Roxbury Latin School. And one of the last acts of his life was to deed seventy-five acres of land to trustees "to and for the maintenance, support, and encouragement of a school and schoolmaster at that part of Roxbury commonly called Jamaica or the Pond Plain for the teaching and instruction of the children of that end of the town (together with such negroes or Indians as may or shall come to said school) and to no other use, interest, or purpose under any color or pretense whatever." Eliot's teaching of the Indians ended, his Indian Bible ceased to be read, but this school continues its beneficent work in the community under the name of the West Roxbury High School, and the Roxbury Latin School still prepares boys for Harvard College.

During the early part of his pastorate, before he entered upon his Indian labors at all, Eliot had a share in a picturesque event in our literary history. This was the preparation of the Bay Psalm Book, the first book printed in North America. Associated with him in this undertaking were the Rev. Thomas Weld, his colleague in the Roxbury pastorate, and the Rev. Richard Mather, of Dorchester. The book was printed at Cambridge in 1640, and furnished something for the churches of New England to sing for many years. But the effect must have been edifying to the extreme when the following words were first lined out and then intoned by the congregation with leisurely and nasal unction:

Mee many buls on every side
about have compaſſed;
the mighty buls of Baſhan have
mee round invironed.

They have with their wide-opened mouths
ſo gaped mee upon;
like as it were a ravening
and a roaring Lion.

The poetry was not all as funny as this; but, anyway, many a man

who has been eminent in other ways has made himself ridiculous when he attempted to write poetry.

It was as a missionary and a pastor, however, that John Eliot stood supreme. His missionary work has been mentioned, but it must not be forgotten that while he was making frequent and long journeys to preach to the Indians, gathering them into towns, teaching them industry, translating the Bible and other books for them, and founding schools and colleges, he was carrying on faithfully the exacting duties of a large parish, much of the time without assistance. He was a pastor much beloved. Though he was attentive to the old, he did not neglect the young. He loved children and spent much time in catechising them, taking great pains to adapt his catechisms to the age of his little ones. His devotion to children and way of teaching them have led to his being called the grandfather of the modern Sunday school. He was sound, as a sermonizer, and apparently simple for that day; for Cotton Mather says that "lambs might wade into his discourses on those texts and themes wherein elephants might swim." He was a man of abundant charity. He gave many hundreds of pounds to the poor. He often gave away his salary to needy neighbors so soon after receiving it that before another pay day "his own family were straitened for the comforts of life." One day the parish treasurer thought to help him keep it at least until he reached home by tying it up in a handkerchief with very hard knots. But on the way home Eliot called on a sick and needy family. As he entered he gave them his blessing, and said God had sent them some relief. As he talked he fumbled at the knots, but soon, impatient at the delay and perplexity, he gave the handkerchief just as it was to the troubled woman, saying, "Here, my dear, take it; I believe the Lord designs it all for you." Cotton Mather tells us that "he did not put off his charity to be put in his last will, as many who therein show that their charity is against their will; but he was his own administrator; he made his own hands his executors, and his own eyes his overseers." When old, if asked how he did, he would answer, "Alas, I have lost everything; my understanding leaves me; my memory fails me; but I thank God my charity holds out; I find that rather grows than fails."

John Eliot was also a very devout man. He was a man of prayer. In addition to his daily prayer he frequently set apart days for fasting and prayer. He made it a practice to attend meetings and lectures in neighboring towns, "waiting upon the word of God." If he heard some important news he would say, "Brethren, let us turn all this into prayer." In an assembly of ministers he would say, "Brethren, the Lord Jesus takes much notice of what is done and said among his ministers when they are together; let us pray before we part." If he called at a house where he was intimately acquainted he would say, "Come, let us not have a visit without a prayer; let us pray down the blessings of heaven on your family before we go." Cotton Mather writes of him, "We cannot say that we ever saw him walking any whither but he was therein walking with God; wherever he sat he had God by him, and it was in the everlasting arms of God that he slept at night."

And it was in the everlasting arms of God that he went to sleep when he ended his labors, in the year 1690. When he was too old and feeble to do anything else he had taken a blind boy into his house and taught him to understand Latin and to repeat long passages of Scripture. And so to the end he deserved Cotton Mather's anagram of his name, "Toile." His life was one of toil. Edward Winslow well called him "that painfull yet unwearied Minister of the Gospel."

Winfred Chesney Rhoades

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENTS.

NOTES AND DISCUSSIONS.

THE TASK OF ACCOUNTING FOR JESUS: A CONDENSATION.

SOME years ago Dr. G. D. Boardman condensed into a booklet of some apologetic value a course of sermons, such as many ministers have preached, on the uniqueness of Jesus. An abridgment of the argument's outline and a condensation of its matter presented here may benefit both our readers and the publishers of the booklet, at once promoting its more extended sale and enlarging its usefulness.* To study Jesus and account for him is every man's solemn responsibility. To do this is not easy, inasmuch as he is infinitely the most remarkable phenomenon in human history. His personality, his religion, and his influence are altogether unparalleled and transcendent. Together they constitute the supreme miracle which proves nothing less than God and his presence among men—Immanuel, God with us.

I. *Undeniably his Personality is unique.* His intellect is singular in quality and power. Talent and precocity are words which could not be applied to him; nor would anyone call him a genius or a prodigy. His vision, breadth, and elevation transcend all such inadequate and impertinent terms. Genius is fractional and unbalanced; a prodigy is unnatural. The wonderful intellect of Jesus is in perfect poise, and the mind of Christ is not unnatural but supernatural. Equally unique is he in moral quality, in perfectness of character. Many noble men and women there have been—heroes, philanthropists, reformers, martyrs—unselfish, admired, beloved, commemorated. Yet some defect or deformity mars each one. Abraham, Moses, David, Confucius, Socrates, Cicero, Paul, Peter, Augustine, Alfred the Great, Luther, Wesley, Cromwell, Washington, Lincoln, were far from faultless even in the eyes of men. One character only stands faultless and sinless, enduring through century after century the keenest hostile scrutiny. After nearly two millenniums of fiery criticism the character of Jesus still stands incomparable as the earth's one flawless diamond, "of purest ray serene;" in Lanier's fine, just words, the Crystal Christ. His perfection defies

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portraiture in man's imperfect speech. But whatsoever things are true, just, honorable, pure, lovely, virtuous, or wise—all these and more than these are found impersoned in Jesus, who was more than the Man of Nazareth. He was, to use his own favorite designation of himself, which occurs some eighty times in the gospels, "The Son of Man;" not *a* son of man, nor a son of *men*, nor *the* son of *men*, but "Son of Man?"—a title which he alone wears among the sons of men, a title vastly comprehensive and absolutely unique. The Son of Man unites in himself all human faculties and powers—reason, imagination, emotion, conscience, courage, patience, faith, hope, love. He blends in his own pure white splendor all colors of virtue and excellence and grace ever seen in man or woman, as though he were, as indeed he is, God's own infinite, eternal, ever-blessed sunlight. He is the universal *Homo*, comprehending in himself the qualities of all races, ages, temperaments, and types: Shemitic reverence, Hamitic force, Japhetic culture. He is the supremely vital *Vir*, from whose very garment's hem virtue is ever flowing forth, the radiating center of all saving and enlivening and illuminating influences. He is the one lofty, archetypal, antitypal, consummate Man, the Alpha and Omega of perfected human nature. Auguste Comte had a majestic dream of the Apotheosis of Humanity, and formulated a ritual for the worship of the Great Being, Humanity—an ideal abstraction. If Comte had listened to Stuart Mill he would have been taught that Jesus is "the ideal representative of humanity;" and the worship of him anticipated by many centuries, and made altogether unnecessary, the religion of the unspiritual, belated, irrelevant, futile, and morally frivolous Frenchman.

Jesus is as extraordinary in his claims as in his character. Listen to a few of his amazing declarations:

"Ye have heard that it was said to them of old time. . . . But I say unto you;" "He that loveth father or mother more than me is not worthy of me;" "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest;" "Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world;" "I am the bread of life; he that cometh to me shall not hunger, and he that believeth on me shall never thirst;" "He that eateth my flesh and drinketh my blood hath eternal life; and I will raise him up at the last day;" "I am the light of the world;" "Before Abraham was, I am;" "Verily, I say unto you, I am the door of the sheep; all that came before me are thieves and robbers;" "I and the Father are one;" "I am the Resurrection and the Life; he that believeth on me, though he die, yet shall he live; and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die;" "I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life; no one cometh to the Father, but by me;" "Because I live, ye shall live also;" "As the branch cannot bear fruit of itself, except it abide in the vine; no more can ye except ye abide in me."

Such expressions are natural and customary with him, and nothing incongruous therewith is found in his bearing, character, or life. His claims comport with his whole nature. But for this they would be scouted as preposterous; because of this unparalleled claims are credible, convincing, and, by myriads, conceded.

To this transcendent Personality the world pays tribute, century after century, by incessant commemorations of his birth and death and resurrection; by temples, litanies, rituals, prayers, sacraments, hymns, chants, anthems, oratorios; by creeds, commentaries, sermons, lectures, immense literature, in prose and verse; by missions, refuges, hospitals, homes, asylums; by paintings, sculptures, engravings, illuminations:—all for his glory and service and dedicated to his Name. Also, one of the highest monuments to his invincible prestige and supremacy is the heaped-up debris, piled by the wrecks of strongly braced assaults "built in eclipse and rigged with curses dark," which his enemies launched against him, and which, one after another, went to pieces on the Rock of Ages.

So much, briefly, for the Personality of Jesus. "What think ye of Christ?" "Whose Son is he?"

II. *Undeniably his Religion is unique*, and this both in *matter* and in *manner*. It is not chiefly an outward matter of ordinances, of meats and drinks, of fast-days and feast-days, of penances and pilgrimages, of rituals and rosaries, of canonicals and theologies. It is rather an inward matter of character—of righteousness, peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost. Recall his doctrine of *God*—God's spirituality, righteousness, love, fatherhood, supremacy; his doctrine of *man*—as fallen, defiled, lost, doomed; yet within reach of regeneration, forgiveness, purification, rectification, transfiguration, salvation; being under obligation to repent, believe, reform, obey, minister, and become perfect in love. Recall Christ's doctrine of *himself*—his oneness with the Father, his divine Messiahship, incarnation, atonement, mediation, and all his revealing, emancipating, cleansing, and ennobling work. Recall his doctrine of *discipleship*—discipleship, as he defines it, requiring childlikeness, humility, obedience, purity, self-denial, service, and fruitage—its twofold test and standard being to love the Lord our God with all our hearts and our neighbors as ourselves. Recall Christ's doctrine of *the Church*—its spirituality, unity, mutuality, comradeship; its duty of forgiving, comforting, helping, evangelizing, instructing, shepherding, nourishing, inspiring, and saving. Recall his doctrine of the *Hereafter*—its

solemn account, the judgment, reward and penalty, heaven and hell. Contrast his heaven of Perfected Character, a heaven of pure nobleness, with the unworthy heavens of the Greek Elysium, the Buddhistic Nirvana, the Scandinavian Valhalla, the Moslem Paradise, the Red-man's Happy Hunting Grounds, or the materialist's Arcadia of perfected environment. And in this, as in all other doctrines which contain and express the matter of Christ's teachings, behold the superiority of his Religion. Equally exceptional is that religion in the manner and spirit of its propagation—not by menace nor by force, not by lure of gold or sensuous enticements, not by arbitrary decree or the exaction of blind submission; but by testifying, reasoning, appealing, teaching, by self-denying ministries of love and devotion, by suffering and dying. To win the world by suffering and dying for it was Christ's expectation for himself. Hear him on the Tuesday before he died: "The hour is come that the Son of Man should be glorified. . . . I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto me." From then till now the Recording Angel has been busy writing down the progressive fulfillment of that prophecy, as it widens on through the brightening centuries toward the great Consummation. Napoleon saw and stated the singularity and superiority of Jesus's way. This is what the conqueror said: "Alexander, Cæsar, Charlemagne, and myself founded great empires by force of arms; Jesus alone founded his empire upon love, and to this very day millions would die for him." Where, now, are the empires those great soldiers founded? Gone drifting with their noisome dead things down the dark of history! While Christ's empire grows, strengthens, and spreads, and, from age to age, in Shelley's words, "The Cross leads generations on." The survival of the fittest shows the superiority of Christ's religion both in matter and in method.

The Religion of Christ is equally remarkable for its *universality*. Because Jesus is the Son of Man his religion is for all the sons of men, whether black or white, brown or yellow, landsmen or seamen, giants or pygmies, highlanders or lowlanders, savage or civilized, "barbarian, Scythian, bond or free." Baal was Phœnician, Osiris was Egyptian, Apollo was Greek, Mars was Roman, Zoroaster was Persian, Confucius was Chinese, Gautama was Indian, Odin was Norse, Mohammed was Arabian. But Jesus is the Son of Man, in whom there is neither Jew nor non-Jew, neither Greek nor Roman, neither Asiatic nor American, neither male nor female; since all are one in him, and he is all in all.

Again, the Religion of Christ is unique in its confidence and promise of *perpetuity*. Other religions have vanished or show symptoms of decay. Those of Assyria, Egypt, Greece, Rome, Scandinavia long ago disappeared. The intelligence and moral sense of the world has outgrown the Tripitakas of Buddha, the Vedas of Brahma, the Analects of Confucius, the Zend-avesta of Zoroaster, the Apothegms of Seneca, and the Koran of Mohammed. But no race or nation of men has outgrown the teachings and wisdom of Jesus Christ. On the contrary, the palpable, undeniable fact is that nations and races are found to advance and ascend and dominate in proportion as they adopt and assimilate the teachings and wisdom of Christ. His kingdom is an everlasting kingdom, and of his dominion there shall be no end.

So much, briefly, for the Religion of Jesus. "What think ye of Christ?" "Whose Son is he?"

III. *The Influence of Jesus is unparalleled.* Most extraordinary was his influence over individuals among his *contemporaries;* for example, his blessed mother, his forerunner, his apostles, his evangelists, his ministering women, Nicodemus of Jerusalem, the woman of Samaria, the centurion of Capernaum, the penitent woman of Simon's feast, Zacchæus of Jericho, the Greek proselytes, the dying robber, Joseph of Arimathæa, and Saul of Tarsus, as one born out of due time. These and a host like them illustrate his magic spell while in the flesh. Even those who would not follow him winced and cringed and trembled before him; sacrilegious traders fled out of the temple at his rebuke, Roman soldiers fell prostrate at sight of him, heathen Pilate grew afraid and tried to release him, pagan centurion confessed his divinity, remorseful Judas hanged himself, conscience-smitten Sanhedrin bribed Roman sentry, and even demons cowered under the spell of his holy power.

And ever since the mysterious and mighty mastery of Jesus over men and women has been subduing earth's strongest and loftiest to his sway and service. A mere catalogue of the most illustrious of these—stars of the first magnitude—makes a galaxy more dense and vast and splendid in the sky of history than is the Milky Way in the physical firmament.

Among Christian *Apologists* history names in ancient times such as Justin of Shechem, Athenagoras of Athens, Origen of Alexandria, Tertullian of Carthage, and Lactantius of Nicomedia; in modern times such as Auberlen of Germany, Chateaubriand of

France, Grundtvig of Denmark, Liddon and Fairbairn of England, and Hopkins of America.

Among *Artists*, such *architects* as the designers of Westminster, Tintern, and Glastonbury Abbeys, and of Amiens, Canterbury, Chartres, Cologne, Durham, Ely, Exeter, Florence, Gloucester, Lincoln, Notre Dame, Peterborough, Pisa, Rheims, Rouen, Salisbury, St. Paul's, St. Peter's, Strasburg, Winchester, Worcester, and York Cathedrals, with Christian churches innumerable; such *musicians* as Ambrose, Gregory, Luther, Tallis, Palestrina, Purcell, Bach, Handel, Hayden, Mendelssohn, Spohr, Gounod, Croft, Dykes, Barnby, Mason, and a host besides; such *painters* as Cimabue, Giotto, Masaccio, Angelico, Bellini, Bartolommeo, Correggio, Holbein, Titian, Tintoretto, Domenichino, Guido, Rembrandt, Murillo, West, Blake, Allston, Delaroche, Scheffer, Overbeck, Millet, Doré, Bida, and more like them; such *sculptors* as Pisano, Donatello, Vischer, Thorwaldsen, Powers, and Ball, with such universal artist-geniuses as Leonardo da Vinci, Raphael, Michelangelo.

Among *Biblicists*, such *archæologists* as Reland, Bingham, Winer, Smith; such *commentators* as Origen, Augustine, Calvin, Clarke, Grotius, Meyer, Godet, Lightfoot, Hackett, Whedon; such *cyclopedists* as Herzog, Eadie, Kitto, Strong, Hurst, Crooks; such *geographers* as Burckhardt, Palmer, Ritter, Thomson; such *textual scholars* or "critics" as Erasmus, Bengel, Griesbach, Lachmann, Tischendorf, Tregelles, Alford, Westcott, Hort; such *translators* as Jerome, Wyclif, Luther, Segoud.

Among Christ's reverent *Biographers*, such writers as Matthew, Mark, Luke, John, Andrews, Baumgarten, Beecher, Bonaventura, Caspari, Crosby, De Pressensé, Dupanloup, Ebrard, Edersheim, Ewald, Fleetwood, Harms, Hase, Herder, Keim, Klopstock, Lange, Mercier, Monod, Neander, Plumptre, Schaff, Schleiermacher, Seely, Sepp, Taylor, Weiss, Wittichen.

Among *Colonists*, such capable leaders as Robinson of Leyden, Bradford of Massachusetts, Williams of Rhode Island, Penn of Pennsylvania, Calvert of Maryland, Raleigh of Virginia, Marion of the Carolinas, Oglethorpe of Georgia, Hughes of Tennessee.

Among *Educators*, such great teachers as Benedict of Nursia, Alcuin of York, Ascham of London, Sturm of Strasburg, Comenius of Moravia, Pestalozzi of Zurich, Bell of St. Andrews, Lancaster of London, Arnold of Rugby, Mary Lyon of Mount Holyoke, Froebel of Oberweissbach, Wayland of Providence, Duff of Calcutta, Fisk

and Olin of Middletown, Hopkins of Williamstown, Dwight and Woolsey of Yale, McCosh of Princeton.

Among *Heroes*, such brave spirits as Godfrey of Bouillon, Tancred of Galilee, Robert the Bruce, Joan of Arc, Bayard the Chevalier, Columbus of Genoa, Raleigh of London, Sidney of Penshurst, Gustavus of Sweden, Havelock of Lucknow, Grant of Appomattox, Lee of Manassas, Livingstone of Chitambo, Gordon of Khartoum, Gamewell of Pekin.

Among *Historians* of Christ's Church, such authors as Luke, Eusebius, Bede, Bossuet, Mosheim, Gieseler, Neander, Ranke, Hagenbach, Kurtz, Muller, Bunsen, Burnett, Milman, D'Aubigné, Schaff, Stevens.

Among *Lawyers*, such as Tertullian the champion, Selden the scholar, Hale the jurist, Blackstone the commentator, Mansfield the statesman, Marshall the constitutionalist, Jay the philanthropist, Kent the chancellor, Webster the orator, Maine the antiquarian.

Among *Linguists*, not to mention others, a host of missionary translators of the Bible, as, for example, Eli Smith into Arabic, Goodell into Armeno-Turkish, Carey into Bengali, Morrison into Chinese, Martyn into Persian.

Among *Martyrs*, such as Stephen of Jerusalem, Antipas of Pergamum, Ignatius of Antioch, Polycarp of Smyrna, Irenæus of Lyons, Perpetua and Felicetas of Carthage, Sebastian of Narbon, Albanus of Verulam, Boniface of Friesland, Bruno of Brauenburg, Jerome of Prague, Latimer and Ridley of Oxford, Tyndale of Vilvorde, Rogers of Smithfield, Margaret of Wigtownshire, the Gordons of Erromanga, Hannington of Uganda, the Stewarts of Ku Cheng, the young Hodges of Pao-ting-fu, to say nothing of anonymous millions massacred in such persecutions as those under Roman emperors, among the Lollards of England, the Waldenses of the Alps, the adherents of the Protestant Reformation, the Armenian Christians in Turkey, the resolute and faithful native converts in mission fields.

Among *Merchants*, many successful business men like Samuel Budgett, Nathaniel R. Cobb, Peter Cooper, George Peabody, the Lawrences, William E. Dodge, Samuel Morley, George H. Stuart.

Among *Apostles*, such great missionaries as Paul the apostle to the Gentiles, Irenæus the apostle to the Gauls, Denis the apostle to the Franks, Gregory the apostle to the Armenians, Ulfilas the apostle to the Goths, Patrick the apostle to the Irish, Columba the apostle to the Caledonians, Augustine the apostle to the English,

Boniface the apostle to the Germans, Anskar the apostle to the Scandinavians, Cyril the apostle to the Bohemians, Methodius the apostle to the Moravians, Gall the apostle to the Swiss, Bruner the apostle to the Prussians, Eliot the apostle to the Indians, Egede the apostle to the Greenlanders, Schwartz the apostle to the Tamils, Carey the apostle to the Hindus, Judson the apostle to the Burmans, Wolff the apostle to the Jews, Williams the apostle to the South Sea Islanders, Boardman the apostle to the Karens, Moffatt the apostle to the Bechuanas, Ellis the apostle to the Polynesians, Paton the apostle to the New Hebrides, Patteson the apostle to the Melanesians, Mackay the apostle to the Ugandans, McAll the apostle to the French, Jewett the apostle to the Telugus; and a multitude of modern apostles like Butler and Taylor and Thoburn.

Among *Philanthropists* such lovers of the poor, the weak, the enslaved, the ignorant, and the suffering as Dorcas of Joppa, Vincent de Paul, St. Bernard, the Buxtons, Thomas Clarkson, John Howard, William Wilberforce, Granville Sharp, Felix Neff, Oberlin, Theodore Fleidner, Hermann Francke, Mary Carpenter, Elizabeth Fry, Dorothea Dix, Sister Dora, John Woolman, Samuel G. Howe, John Brown, Charles L. Brace, Childs of Philadelphia, Armstrong of Hampton, Earl Shaftesbury of England, Washington of Tuskegee, and Clara Barton; saying nothing of a multitude of founders of hospitals, asylums, orphanages, homes, and benevolent institutions of many kinds, with the self-sacrificing ministrants therein.

Among *Philosophers*, such great minds as Justin of Shechem, Bacon of Oxford, Bacon of Verulam, Descartes of Touraine, Pascal of Port Royal, Locke of Wrington, Cudworth of Cambridge, Berkeley of Cloyne, Leibnitz of Leipsic, Clarke of Norwich, Reid of Glasgow, Kant of Königsberg, Schleiermacher of Berlin, Coleridge of Highgate, Schelling of Stuttgart, Cousin of Paris, Hamilton of Edinburgh, Delitzsch of Berlin, Whewell of Cambridge, Lotze of Bautzen, McCosh of Princeton, Bowne of Boston.

Among *Physicians*, a noble company from Luke, the beloved, until now, including such names as William Harvey, Sir Thomas Browne, Hermann Boerhaave, Albrecht von Haller, Benjamin Rush, John Abercrombie, Sir Charles Bell, Sir Henry Holland, Sir Andrew Clarke, Sir James Y. Simpson, Benjamin W. Richardson, Weir Mitchell—representatives, these, of a great army of those who have ministered with gentle and skillful hands, in the spirit of the divine Master, to cure the sicknesses and heal the open sores of the world.

Among *Poets*, a gifted procession, with "garlands and singing robes about them," chanting through the Christian centuries—Cædmon, Chaucer, Dante, Tasso, Spenser, Shakespeare, Fletcher, Herbert, Milton, Vaughan, Addison, Young, Kirke White, Coleridge, Southey, Wordsworth, Keble, Longfellow, the Brownings, Tennyson, Whittier, Gilder; with hymnists in Greek, Latin, German, English, and other tongues, from John of Damascus and Bernard of Clairvaux and Charles Wesley and Isaac Watts to Frederick W. Faber and Phœbe Cary and Bishop A. C. Coxe and President W. F. Warren and Professor C. T. Winchester—a melodious multitude—making the long-arched ages sound with olemn psalms, sweet symphonies, and adoring litanies.

Among *Orators*, such masters of assemblies, such examples of sacred eloquence, as Apollos the Alexandrian, Basil the Great, Gregory the Nazianzen, John the Golden-mouthed, Bernard the enthusiastic, Tauler the mystical, Fletcher the gentle and blameless, Baxter the saintly, Massillon the oratorical, Whitefield the impassioned, Wesley the zealous and convincing, Hall the eloquent, Herder the versatile, Evans the dramatic, Simeon the fervent, Irving the eccentric, Summerfield the pathetic, Alexander the scholarly, Finney the searching, Tholuck the sympathetic, Lacordaire the intense, Monod the devout, Guthrie the illustrative, Robertson the intellectual and chivalric, Spurgeon the conservative and Beecher the progressive, Punshon the finished, Ames the rugged, Simpson the electric, Durbin the insinuating and surprising, Storrs the stately, Moody the practical, and Brooks the magnificently manly; with other powerful preachers in great numbers making the spoken Gospel irresistible to the minds and hearts of men in all ages and in many lands and languages.

Of *Reformers*, such courageous and influential religious leaders as Hildebrand of Italy, Wyclif of England, Huss of Bohemia, Luther of Germany, Zwingli of Switzerland, Groat of Holland, Farel of France, Knox of Scotland, Hooper the Puritan, Fox the Quaker, Wesley the Methodist, Zinzendorf the Moravian, Döllinger the Old Catholic; such political leaders as Arnold of Brescia, Savonarola of Florence, Cobden of London, Jane Addams of Chicago; such sociological leaders as Thomas Chalmers, Frederick D. Maurice, Charles Kingsley, Cardinal Manning; such temperance leaders as Lyman Beecher of Connecticut, Father Mathew of Ireland, Gough of Massachusetts, and Frances Willard of Illinois.

Among *Scientists*, such *astronomers* as Copernicus, Galileo, Flamsteed, the Herschels, Horrocks, Kepler, Maria Mitchell; such *chemists* as Robert Boyle, John Dalton, Sir Humphry Davy, Louis Pasteur, Justus von Liebig; such *geologists* as Buckland, the Conybeares, James D. Dana, Edward Hitchcock, Hugh Miller, Alexander Winchell, Joseph Leconte; such *inventors* as Arkwright, Morse, Whitney; such *mathematicians* as Isaac Barrow, René Descartes, Leonard Euler, the Gregories, Gottfried von Leibnitz, John Napier, Isaac Newton, Blaise Pascal, Mary Somerville, William Whewell, William Whiston, Matthew Young; such *naturalists* as Louis Agassiz, John Bachman, George Cuvier, Asa Gray, George J. Romanes, Henry Drummond; such *physicists* as Roger Bacon, David Brewster, Ebenezer Kinnersley, the Sillimans, Joseph Henry, James Clark-Maxwell, Michael Faraday, Lord Kelvin.

Among *Statesmen* whose impress is upon the life of nations, such men of mark as Alfred the Great, William the Silent, Mornay the Huguenot, Cromwell the protector, Chatham the commoner, Burke the thinker, Washington the patriot, Mackintosh the scholar, Guizot the historian, Peel the reformer, Lincoln the emancipator, Bright the orator, Gladstone the diplomatist, McKinley the amiable and tactful leader of the people and executor of the people's will.

Of *Theologians*, such great-brained men as Paul the forensic, Origen the exegetical, Athanasius the Christological, Gregory the profound, Hilary the acute, Augustine the comprehensive, Anselm the scholastic, Bernard the mellifluous, Bonaventura the seraphic, Aquinas the angelic, Scotus the subtle, Luther the impetuous, Melanchthon the gentle, Calvin the systematic, Butler the apologetic, Edwards the metaphysical, Ullmann the devout, Rothe the harmonious, Muller the modest, Ritschl the heterodox-orthodox, Martensen the spiritual, Limborch the Arminian, Mohler the Roman Catholic, Hooker the Episcopalian, Barclay the Quaker, Molinos the Quietist, Fuller the Baptist, Watson the Methodist, Hodge the Presbyterian, Bushnell the Congregationalist.

The aggregate of intellectual power and moral excellence comprised in this scanty list of a few conspicuous names is so enormous and stupendous as to be, by what it mentions and what it suggests, simply overwhelming—a mass impossible to estimate except by some method of computation analogous to those which the astronomer would have to use in weighing planets and suns and systems in order to estimate the total tonnage of the sidereal universe.

Only the Influence of Jesus upon *individuals* has been referred to. Nothing has been said of his influence over mankind at large in domestic, social, and national affairs. Fairly typical of the power of Christ in civilized regions of the earth is the fact that civilized men reckon all human events backward or forward from the Birth of Christ. *Anno Domini: In the Year of Our Lord*, says civilization. Every almanac in Christendom declares Jesus Christ to be the watershed of human history—all on the yonder side of him flowing into comparative oblivion in "the dark backward and abysm of time," all on the hither side of him flowing on and up toward consummations unutterably glorious and great. Therefore civilization does not date the world's events from Buddha's Birth, or from the Greek Olympiad, or from Rome's Foundation, or from Mohammed's Flight, or by Comte's Calendar. It reckons from the center of human history, the Manger of Bethlehem, surrounded by shepherds, visited by wise men, overhung and oversung by angels.

The influence of Jesus waxes, not wanes—advances, not recedes. In the light of the morning of the twentieth century it is perfectly clear that Julian the apostate has been no match for Matthew the publican, nor Hume the philosopher for Mark the evangelist, nor Gibbon the historian for Luke the physician, nor Voltaire the scoffer for John the exile, nor Strauss the professor for Peter the fisherman, nor Renan the scholar for Paul the tentmaker, nor Satan the destroyer any match for Jesus the Saviour.

After its scanty sketching of the extraordinary, phenomenal, and mysterious personality, religion, and influence of Jesus, the booklet of which we have here presented a résumé, after only a beginning of one section of an argument, closes with the pertinent and incisive question, How is all this to be accounted for? That is the most momentous question that confronts mankind. And surely the facts above referred to render it lawful and fair to require from every man a thoughtful, serious, and honest answer to this question, "What think you of Christ?" "Whose Son is he?" Indeed, to all men Jesus himself, by virtue of a relation which he has died to establish, puts directly the question, "Who say ye that I am?" The only intelligent and sane reply must be, "Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God." And then the only fit and logical action for each man so replying is to look reverently into Jesus's face with the appropriating and adoring exclamation, "My Lord and my God!"

THE ARENA.

OUR DISCIPLINARY STANDARDS TOUCHING THE SCRIPTURES.

Our fifth and sixth articles of religion, which are in substance identical with the sixth and seventh of the thirty-nine articles of the Church of England, constitute our acknowledged standards of doctrine and declaration of belief touching the Holy Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments. These articles, like at least nine others, have a well-known reference to certain Romish dogmas against which the Church of England set herself at the time of the Reformation, in the sixteenth century. The Church of Rome affirms the equal authority of unwritten churchly traditions, and she decrees that no one shall presume to interpret for himself the Scriptures in any sense contrary to what the holy mother Church approves.

Over against these Romish claims our fifth article asserts "the sufficiency of the Holy Scriptures for salvation." Not a word is said about the nature and extent of their inspiration; not a word about their "inerrancy" or their "infallibility;" but rather the positive declaration that nothing shall be required of any man as an article of faith but what is read therein, or may be proved thereby. It is nowhere written that "the Bible *is* the word of God," which some modern dogmatists would fain erect into a shibboleth. The more exact and proper statement is that these Scriptures "contain all things necessary to salvation." The great saving truths of religion, considered as a sacred deposit of divine revelation to man and written at many different times and in divers forms of literary style, which are found in these Scriptures, must ever be of supreme value for teaching, for reproof, for correction, and for godly instruction. Understood in this way these Scriptures may popularly and truly be called the word of God; for the sacred deposit of their contents is in its substance what the biblical writers themselves call "the word of truth," "the word of God," "the word of Christ," "the word," and of which Paul thus speaks: "Ye received from us the word of the message, even the word of God, and accepted it not as the word of men, but, as it is in truth, the word of God, which also worketh in you that believe" (1 Thess. ii, 13). But in no passage of the entire Scripture is the phrase "word of God" used for a book or a collection of writings as such.

Our fifth article also names the books of the Old Testament which we accept as "canonical," but does not, like the sixth article of the Church of England, mention the fourteen apocryphal books, which that article, following Jerome, declares "the Church doth read for example of life and instruction of manners, but doth not apply to establish any doctrine." Omitting this judgment of the Old Testament Apocrypha, our fifth article names only those books "of whose authority there was never any doubt in the Church." Jews, Roman Catholics, the Greek Church, and Protestants all with one accord accept the books here named as belonging to the canon of Holy Scripture, and proper to be applied to establish doctrine. But there is not a word here about "the integrity" of the several books, or of their human authorship, or

of their composite character, or of their history, or of the rights of investigation and private interpretation which are fundamental to the principles of Protestantism.

In our sixth article there are at least seven distinguishable propositions: 1. The Old and New Testaments are not contrary to each other. 2. In both everlasting life is offered to mankind by Christ. 3. Christ is the only Mediator between God and man, himself being both God and man (according to the second article). 4. The ancient fathers looked for more than transitory promises. 5. The law given by God through Moses does not bind Christians in its matters of rites and ceremonies. 6. No modern state or commonwealth is bound by the civil precepts of the Mosaic law. 7. The moral commandments, or contents which are essentially ethical, are of perpetual obligation.

These propositions are all simple and ought to commend themselves to all Protestant Christendom. The two articles together form a very satisfactory creed on the character and purpose of the Holy Scriptures. They leave undefined an ample field for all rational criticism, research, and interpretation. The Law, the Prophets, and the Psalms of the Old Testament are our secure witness to the fact that God in old time spoke in many ways to the fathers of the Jewish people. But those preparatory and progressive revelations have been superseded by the fuller revelation of God in Christ which we read in the New Testament Gospel of our Lord. Every jot and tittle of the old is fulfilled in Jesus Christ, so that every true disciple of the kingdom of heaven brings things both new and old out of his ample treasure, and sees how they are consummated in the blessed Gospel of the Son of God. Like those favored disciples who were with him in the holy mount and witnessed the glory of his transfiguration, and heard the Voice declare, "This is my beloved Son; hear ye him," we all may now behold as in a mirror the glory of the Lord, and become transformed into the same image. Christ, the Word of God, is thus seen to be the end of the law, the fulfillment of prophecy, the consummation of all the Old Testament promises and hopes. He rends the veil which lay so heavy upon the Jewish heart (comp. 2 Cor. iii, 15), and which even to this day, at the reading of the Old Testament, remains unlifted from the mind of those who fail to see that even that which was gloriously written and engraven on stones at Horeb has relatively no glory by reason of the glory that surpasseth it in Christ. But whensoever the heart turns truly to the Lord Christ the veil is taken away, and the least in the kingdom of heaven becomes greater than even John the Baptist, the greatest of all the prophets.

Such we believe to be the correct doctrine touching the Holy Scriptures. The divine legation of Moses is ineradicably rooted in all the traditions and literature of Israel; but it does not follow that we are bound to accept all the traditions of ancient scribes and Pharisees, who "sat on Moses' seat," touching critical questions of the date, authorship, or composition of the Pentateuch, the Prophets, or the Psalms. Such questions must from their very nature be left open to rational investigation. Various and even contradictory opinions on such matters may be held without at all disparaging the obvious content of divine revelation recorded in the books. Hence every minister of our Church obligates himself under holy vows to employ, as the great means of showing men the way of salvation, "doctrine and exhortation taken out of the Holy

Scriptures, and with a life agreeable to the same." We are most surely "persuaded that the Holy Scriptures contain sufficiently all doctrine required of necessity for eternal salvation through faith in Jesus Christ." By "daily reading and weighing of the Scripture" we expect to "wax riper and stronger in our ministry," and thus "be ready with all faithful diligence to banish and drive away all erroneous and strange doctrines contrary to God's word," and ever to watch and labor "that there be no place left among us either for error in religion or for viciousness in life."

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PARTIAL ABSTINENCE A COMPLETE DUTY.

THAT section of the Discipline which treats of Pastoral Fidelity presses upon the preacher "the obligation and benefit of fasting or abstinence," declaring that "the neglect of this alone is sufficient to account for our feebleness and faintness of spirit," and that "we are continually grieving the Spirit of God by the habitual neglect of a plain duty." In the section on Spiritual Qualifications and the instituted means of grace the preacher is asked, "Do you use as much abstinence and fasting every week as your health, strength, and labor will permit?" The young men who apply for admission to Conference are asked if they will "recommend fasting or abstinence both by precept and example." And among the General Rules fasting or abstinence is mentioned as one of "the ordinances of God." All this insistence creates a strong presumption in favor of the practice, and on the face of it looks conclusive. Yet we suppose the number who give much heed to the subject is comparatively small, and many declare that fasting, so far from being "a plain duty," is not a duty at all. They would like to see all reference to it removed from the Discipline and all practice of it relegated to the Dark Ages, where they think it belongs. Like other disputes, it is largely a matter of terms and definitions. It is partly, also, a matter of Christian earnestness. Those who are more or less under the dominion of the world and the flesh can hardly be expected to see any good in that which is so repulsive to the world, and whose chief object is the mortification of the flesh. But some who are zealous for God object to fasting because of its association with asceticism and superstition, because of the harmful extremes to which it has been carried and the wrong ideas of merit and propitiation with which it has been enjoined. These objections hold good against the erection of fasting into a universal compulsory observance on certain days in a special prescribed manner. Some Churches have erred by their severe enactments in this direction and their unscriptural emphasis on mere outward observances. We do not follow them in this. Nor would we quite say without qualification, as John Wesley seems to in Sermon CXX, "A man that never fasts is no more in the way to heaven than a man that never prays." But we would say that a man who does not draw a firm rein upon his appetites and exercise strict self-control at all times gets little good of his prayers, and has small reason to think himself in the way to heaven. It is this self-control, self-restraint, self-denial that to our mind is the main point of fasting or abstinence. By abstinence we mean, as Wesley himself says in Sermon XXVII, where he systematically and specifically treats the whole topic, "eating little,

taking a smaller quantity of food than usual." We see not how the great benefit of this can be questioned. In the vast majority of cases, at least, people eat far too much. This is coming to be better and better understood. Physicians, and all who study carefully the laws of health, are practically a unit on this subject. Recent experiments, long continued and scientifically carried on at New Haven and elsewhere, conclusively prove that from one half to two thirds of the ordinary amount of food taken could be omitted with positive advantage to health and strength. It may be fairly doubted if, on the whole, inordinate drinking cuts short more lives than inordinate eating. Great numbers testify to the good effects experienced from regularly omitting the morning meal. As a means of prolonging life few things are more unanimously recommended by best judges and highest authorities than to eat sparingly.

If it be said by any, What has all this to do with fasting or abstinence as a religious duty?—which is the topic more particularly under discussion—our reply is that all duties are religious duties; that, since we belong entirely to God, body as well as soul must be governed by his laws; that all attainable health is a plain obligation, all avoidable sickness a manifest sin. We are bidden by the apostle to remember that our bodies are "temples of the Holy Ghost," and we are commanded, "Glorify God in your body." He declared that he himself buffeted his body and brought it into bondage—treated it as a bruiser or boxer does his opponent, the Greek word intimates—lest he might be at last rejected by the judge. If abstinence is a benefit to us it surely is an obligation, as the collocation of the two words in ¶ 143 might fairly be taken to imply. A prudential regulation, a matter of expediency, it may be called, but we cannot see that the requirement is made any the less binding by this way of putting it. We certainly ought to be prudent and to do what is expedient for both body and soul; the two are so closely connected that what helps one will help the other. Full allowance may be made for exceptional cases without in the least impugning the validity of the rule that a policy of abstemiousness or habitual moderation in eating and drinking is the true and only Christian policy, the only one conducing to that complete control of bodily appetites which becomes the child of God, the heir of heaven. This gives no countenance to the idea that Deity is propitiated by voluntary sufferings on the part of his creatures, or that there is a special merit in the mortification of the flesh. It does not teach that there is any efficacy in sadness or that we are to go about with our heads bowed down like a bulrush. But it does insist that we cannot afford to dispense with any gymnastic that helps the spiritual to attain perfect mastery over the physical, or to neglect a regimen that has proved so immensely beneficial to the best saints of all the ages. The lower propensities must be made to obey the higher. Abstinence must not be looked upon as a substitute for faith or for Christ—there is little danger of that, we think, at present—but it may be most rationally employed as a subsidiary instrumentality in the working out of our salvation. Let everyone be fully persuaded in his own mind, and not condemn those of a different opinion. The effort made to obtain a change in the Disciplinary statements about fasting or abstinence—which statements seem to be very obnoxious in a few quarters—failed at the last General Conference, as we expected it would, and think it ought. Let the Discipline stand in this matter. The tendency of the times is toward self-indulgence, not excessive

self-denial. Frugality and sobriety need perpetual emphasizing. Our young men may properly promise to recommend abstinence by their example, even if it is a very unfashionable, unpopular virtue, not in favor at the lavish meals which it is supposed necessary to set forth in their honor. And our members may well be taught that abstinence is an ordinance of God; properly interpreted and rightly apprehended, few of the ordinances will do more good spiritually or physically.

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DO THE SCRIPTURES ENJOIN MAN TO BE ANGRY?

PAUL, writing to the Ephesians (iv, 26) says, "Be ye angry, and sin not." Of all the moods of the soul, anger is most like a cyclone. Under its impetuous onset the will and the judgment are carried like a rudderless bark before a tempest. Among the ruins that lie in the track of this storm are broken hearts, purposeless lives, and worse than orphaned children. Is it not strange that the apostle Paul by inspiration should enjoin any man to be angry? Mortal anger is always an impediment to clear reasoning and right doing. The claim of righteous indignation merits a close inspection. Under its name the blood of martyrs has freely flowed. The righteousness of indignation is more readily perceived by him who is swayed than by him who is flayed. Had he the wisdom of God, his holiness and his love, man would be a safe executioner; otherwise anger is not only useless, but it is unsafe. Let me ask again, is it not strange that man should be enjoined to be angry and sin not, but to let not the sun go down upon his wrath? That is, be angry for a little while, but not very long; be angry in the daylight, but not in the darkness. We are not enjoined thus to limit our kindness or our honesty. Again, is it not strange that the apostle should say in the same discourse and in the closest connection, "Be ye angry," and "Lay aside all anger"? In the same chapter we read, "Let all bitterness, and wrath, and anger, and clamor, and railing, be put away from you, with all malice: and be ye kind one to another, tender-hearted, forgiving each other." Anger does not befit the soul that wears these graces. And the Saviour says (Matt. v, 22), "Every one who is angry with his brother shall be in danger of the judgment." What, then, shall we do with the text? First, let us notice the original text of which it is said to be a quotation. All authorities agree that this is a quotation from Psa. iv, 4, which by the American Edition (Revised) is translated, "Stand in awe" (margin, "Be ye angry"), "and sin not." It is not a literal quotation; neither, if the American version is correct, does it accurately convey its import. According to Dr. F. G. Hibbard, in Whedon's *Commentary*, Psa. iv, 4, means whatever may trouble, disgust, or agitate the soul, sin not. Observe, second, that the Greek word which we read in the English is ὀργίζεσθε, which is a verb in the middle voice, and has the μη form of conjugation. By its present translation it is held to be a verb in the second person, plural number, middle voice, imperative mode. Please notice that the form of the verb is the same in the second person, plural number, middle voice, present tense, and indicative mode. This with an interrogative form of sentence would allow it to be read, "Be ye angry, and sin not?" which is equivalent to saying, "Can ye be angry without sin?" Such an interpretation ne-

cessitates a change in the punctuation, but as no one claims inspired authority for the marks of punctuation we do no violence to the original word. Paul likes to frame his unanswerable declarations with the interrogative form of sentence. For instance, he says, "Shall we continue in sin that grace may abound?" and "Who is weak and I am not weak?" "Who is offended and I burn not?"

It will be urged that the particle μή will not admit of the use of the indicative mode. This would rule our case out of court were we considering Attic Greek. But Paul is not writing in classic Greek, but in the vernacular. Hence he uses μή with the indicative mode, as is done in John iv, 12, and as is done with μήτι in Matt. xii, 23. Green's lexicon authorizes the statement that μή is used with the interrogative as a mark of tone. No, no; Paul surely did not mean to encourage men to be angry. He meant to say, Ye cannot be angry without sin. This interpretation puts Eph. iv, 26, in harmony with itself, the context, other scriptures, and gives it an excuse for being called a quotation of Psa. iv, 4.

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ABOUT AARON BURR.

In the *Methodist Review* for May-June, 1904, pages 465, 466, occurs the statement, "Aaron Burr, the young grandson of Jonathan Edwards, just at this stage of student life was spiritually and morally wrecked by the counsel of an infidel physician of the town, to whom young Burr went while under conviction in a college awakening." In the *Methodist Quarterly Review*, July, 1858, page 385, in an article written by Rev. R. H. Howard, Burlington, Vermont, occurs this statement in regard to Aaron Burr: "During Burr's college course a 'revival of religion' occurred among the students. Young Burr was somewhat awakened, and went so far finally as to talk with his venerable president, Dr. Witherspoon, in relation to matters of religion, the revival then in progress, etc. Whereupon the reverend doctor assured him that in his opinion it was not *true rational religion*, but *fanaticism*, that was operating upon the minds of his friends. We never hear anything more of his inquiring 'what he should do to be saved.'"

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THE ITINERANTS' CLUB.

PAUL'S ADVICE TO TITUS—Titus iii.

Having in the previous chapter exhorted Titus as to the instruction to be given to the different classes in the church to which he was called to minister—aged men, aged women, young women, young men, and servants—he urges upon him the importance of himself being a "pattern of good works" as well as a man of sound speech. Paul calls the attention of Titus to the more public duties which he is to enjoin upon his people. "Put them in mind to be in subjection to rulers, to authorities, to be obedient, to be ready unto every good work, to speak evil of no man, not to be contentious, to be gentle, showing all meekness toward all men." This rendering of the Revised Version brings clearly to our notice the general advices which Paul would give to all who are related to the community, either as fellow-subjects of the government or as members of the Church of Christ. The language is, "Put them in mind." It would seem that they were disposed to forget this, and previous portions of this epistle indicate that they were turbulent people, unwilling to submit to authority and ready to revolt on slight provocation. The advice here is the same in substance as was given by the apostle to the church at Rome. In the Epistle to the Romans it is addressed to the church itself, who are expected to read his letter. In this case it is given to the pastor to enforce upon the people. It is here enjoined that, as pastor of the church, it is his duty to maintain civil government and exhort the people so to do. It has been said by some that the system of Christianity is defective because it nowhere inculcates patriotism. Certainly the one who assumes this cannot have read carefully the letters of Paul and the words of Christ. It is needless here to call attention to passages which enforce the duty that the Christian should submit to the civil government under which he lives. The whole spirit of Paul's writings is that of loyalty to civil institutions. His own appeal, in the statement that he was a Roman citizen, proves that he expected the support of the government and was entitled to it, and amid all the persecutions which he endured even at the hands of the government he enjoined respect for principalities and powers, and exhorted Christians to be ready for every good work which pertains to the government of which they form a part. Patriotism is love for country, obedience to its laws, and maintenance of its established authorities. It involves subjection to rulers as well as obedience to God, and so Titus is urged by the great apostle to keep the church in remembrance of these things.

From this general statement of duties to civil rulers Paul very naturally glides into certain minor suggestions of which Titus was to remind the people. One of these is especially significant: "To speak evil of no man." This is often quite difficult to do. Evil men and evil workers are all around us. One can scarcely go from home or read the papers without noting how much evil there is in the world, how many people whose hearts are turned in them toward evil. In another place Paul has exhorted them to be "patient toward all men." That is certainly a great attainment, but to speak evil of no man is still greater evidence of divine grace.

He further enjoins upon them "not to be contentious, to be gentle, showing all meekness toward all men." This passage needs no extended exposition. Each one can interpret it for himself. It enforces the commonplaces of Christianity—the things without which one cannot be a Christian. In doing these things Christians simply follow the example of their Master, Christ. Who was so gentle as he? Who was so meek as he? When Paul urges these things upon them it is that they may exhibit the life of the Master himself. The exhortation thus given is enforced by the fact mentioned in verse 3, namely, his former condition and that of the fellow-Christians had not been always what he is exhorting them now to be. He says they were "aforetime foolish, disobedient, deceived." He characterizes their pre-Christian state as "serving divers lusts and pleasures, living in malice and envy, hateful, hating one another." This picture is certainly a Pauline picture of man in the natural state. It is a fitting description of the people as presented in the first chapter of the Epistle to the Romans. How they came to be transferred from this state of sin, and how this was to take place in the case of others, is indicated in the words that immediately follow. The mode of their conversion from this condition into that of earnest Christians is stated with great distinctness, and is intensely Pauline in its character. One feels that he is in contact with the author of the Epistles to the Romans and Galatians when he reads the next verse: "But when the kindness of God our Saviour, and his love toward man, appeared, not by works done in righteousness, which we did ourselves, but according to his mercy he saved us, through the washing of regeneration and renewing of the Holy Ghost, which he poured out upon us richly, through Jesus Christ our Saviour" (verses 4–6). He charges their rescue from this sinful state to the kindness of "God our Saviour, and his love toward man." How closely harmonious this is with the statement of Christ himself, "God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on him should not perish, but have everlasting life"! He speaks of God our Saviour. This love toward man which Christ shows is exhibited in his whole life as well as in his sacrificial death. Salvation is here set forth under the great aspect of grace. It is set forth further as an act of mercy—"according to his mercy he saved us." It is further set forth as a renewal of the Holy Ghost. Here we have the fundamental elements of Christian theology—God's love for man, and man's restoration by the mercies of God through the regeneration of his nature. How harmonious are the writings of Paul on this subject! Indeed, how harmonious are the teachings of the New Testament! In this verse Titus would find a volume of theology on which he might meditate and with which he should instruct the people.

Paul further reminds Titus that salvation by grace is not a salvation without works. This is a tendency which Paul is compelled to guard against whenever he enjoins his great doctrine of salvation by grace. The inference is that salvation by grace means a salvation without works on the part of the regenerated man. He avoids this by telling them that "they which have believed God may be careful to maintain good works," or, as the margin of the Revised Version has it, "profess honest occupations." There is a danger, however, against which Paul must guard. They are to avoid "foolish questionings, and genealogies, and strifes, and fightings about the law; for they are unprofitable and vain." Many questions arose which were not essential, and therefore they

must be avoided. It was evidently a time of great discussions in the church, and people busied themselves by questions of no real importance.

Paul next reminds Titus of the treatment of what is called a heretic, or, according to the margin of the Revised Version, a "factious" man. This does not seem to refer so much to matters of doctrine as to matters of practice. Such men are disturbers of the peace of the church. Paul seems to be giving a warning against those who are constantly disturbing the church by questionings which are unprofitable and have no essential value. Many of the most dangerous discussions of the church grow out of matters of no real importance, and to avoid these is the thing he urges upon Titus. He closes with those peaceful and gentle references which form so important a part of the apostle's writings. He is anxious that Titus, in return for sending Artemas and Tychicus to him, should visit him at Nicopolis, because he "determined to winter there." Longing for the companionship of his younger brethren in the ministry is one of the beautiful traits of the apostle. He is so intensely grand and so intensely human that he seems to be comforted in the presence of his younger brethren. He further urges the sending forth of Zenas, the lawyer, and Apollo on a mission, and concludes by urging Titus and his people to "maintain good works," or, as the margin of the Revised Version has, "profess honest occupations," so that they may not be unfruitful; and the epistle closes with the usual salutation.

It may be well for us to consider the homiletical value of this Epistle to Titus. It was especially addressed to one whom Paul designated as his "own son after the common faith," but it is to Titus as the ruler of the church in Crete that this letter is especially addressed. The exact status of Titus as a church administrator is not clearly defined in this place. There are those who regard him as a bishop of the church. He is certainly the ruler to whom under Paul's direction was committed the care of the church and whose duty was "to set in order the things that are wanting" and ordain elders in every city as Paul had appointed them. It is clear from this passage that Paul recognizes the church of Christ as under a government. The church is thus shown not to be a conglomeration of individuals held by no doctrines and bound by no usages, but it is a people separated from the world and yet under regulations and ordinances such as govern human societies. God is not the God of confusion, but the God of order, and his church can only accomplish its high purpose when it is controlled by the wisdom of those to whom it is committed, and directed in accordance with the teachings of the Spirit of God. Many discussions have taken place as to the true government of the primitive church. Into these it is not becoming at this time that we should enter. The sufficient and practical lesson that we should learn is that Paul gave to Titus a commission to rule the church in accordance with the principles which he had laid down for him and under the direction of the Spirit of God. The church in every age is to be governed by the conditions existing, always bearing in mind its original constitution through the prophets and apostles, and always recognizing the subordination of the faith to the teachings of God's holy word.

Two things with regard to church government need to be guarded: 1. The adoption of rules and regulations more than are necessary for the carrying forward of the faith and the promotion of godly practice. There may be a multiplication of regulations and laws and ordinances such as will interfere

unduly with the liberty of the individual Christian, and this becomes an evil to be guarded against most carefully by all who have to do with the advancement of the church of Christ. 2. The true church government must ever follow as far as conditions permit the regulations and principles found in the teachings of Christ and of his apostles. The necessity of order, therefore, in the church is clearly taught in the appointment of Titus to this important office as ruler of the church in Crete.

The second lesson to be learned from this letter is that the ruler of the church of God as well as the individual Christians must be persons of high personal character. Christianity is the expression of the highest ideals of life and also the richest personal experience known to mankind. No official position can be a substitute for the character of its occupant. In the minds of some persons it is thought proper to separate official character from personal character, and to claim that the performance of the functions of the church by those who are duly appointed to execute them is not invalidated by the defective or even wicked lives of the persons so engaged. Certainly official duties are in one sense independent of the personal character of him who executes them in so far as they are the outcome of law and regulations, but the Scriptures make no such distinction and recognize no official position that does not include holiness of heart and purity of life. The person in an official position must have all moral qualifications also. Hence we have in this epistle, "The bishop must be blameless, as God's steward; not self-willed, not soon angry, no brawler, no striker, not greedy of filthy lucre; but given to hospitality, a lover of good, sober-minded, just, holy, temperate; holding to the faithful word which is according to the teaching, that he may be able both to exhort in the sound doctrine, and to convict the gainsayers" (i, 7-9). It is exceedingly appropriate, therefore, that the sentiment here expressed should have become a part of the ritual of the church in the consecration of its bishops. No church could long survive in the true sense as the church of the living God which does not enforce as a qualification of the utmost importance that those who are called to be its rulers should be of high personal character. It is pleasing to remember that this is recognized in the church of God and has been signally manifest in its leading representatives.

The third homiletical suggestion of this epistle is the duty of admonition to the church on the part of its ministry. The description of the Cretans in this passage is exceedingly minute, and one which from contemporary writings is exceedingly accurate. We need not repeat what already has been said in these discussions. Titus is enjoined to "rebuke them sharply that they may be sound in the faith." We must distinguish between sharpness and unkindness. Whatever admonition the minister should give to his people it must always be given to them in the spirit of a shepherd toward his flock. In the consecration service of the bishops of the church they are exhorted to be "a shepherd and not a wolf;" so it is as a shepherd that all ecclesiastical rebukes are to be given. The purpose should be to save and not to destroy, to help and not to discourage. How to do this wisely and well is something which the minister may readily study and learn.

Another homiletical use of this portion of Scripture is the importance of doctrine on the part of the church. In the verse already quoted (i, 13) they

are to be rebuked in order "that they may be sound in the faith," and immediately connected with that is the idea of doctrine. Verse 14 says, "not giving heed to Jewish fables, and commandments of men who turn away from the truth." There is such a thing as truth which the preacher is to maintain, and if there be truth there are standards of truth, and these standards are to be found written in the sacred word. It is interesting to note that in all these practical advices there runs a flavor of doctrine. At every point we find the doctrinal system of Paul emphasized fully in his other epistles. From time to time he repeats in different connections the great fundamental truths of his teachings, especially the essential principles which are found in the Epistle to the Romans. How familiar to us are the words of the fourth verse of the first chapter of Titus: "Grace, mercy, and peace, from God the Father and the Lord Jesus Christ our Saviour"! In the tenth verse of chapter ii we note the words, "that they may adorn the doctrine of God our Saviour in all things." Here we have very clearly a statement of the principle that the people as well as the minister should adorn the doctrines of God our Saviour; and again we turn to verses 13 and 14 of the same chapter, "Looking for that blessed hope, and the glorious appearing of the great God and our Saviour Jesus Christ; who gave himself for us, that he might redeem us from all iniquity, and purify unto himself a peculiar people, zealous of good works." And still again we have the same doctrine set forth in chapter iii, verses 4–7: "But after that the kindness and love of God our Saviour toward man appeared, not by works of righteousness which we have done, but according to his mercy he saved us, by the washing of regeneration, and renewing of the Holy Ghost; which he shed on us abundantly through Jesus Christ our Saviour; that being justified by his grace, we should be made heirs according to the hope of eternal life." These passages which we find in this Epistle to Titus give us an epitome of the Gospel. The last passage which we have mentioned would be an excellent passage from which to outline the whole plan of salvation as given in the teachings of the apostle Paul. In order to understand it one will need to have read the Epistle to the Romans. So we find here as in the other writings of the apostle that he connects doctrine with duty, and it is manifest that he regards the latter as closely depending upon the former.

Another homiletical use of this epistle is the teaching concerning the ethical life of man. At every point in this epistle there is an exposition of the duties of men in language so clearly put that the "wayfaring man shall not err therein." We find as to the bishop that he should be a lover of good men, "sober, just, holy, temperate." Again we have the exhortation that aged men should be sober and grave and temperate, that aged women are to be in behavior as becometh holiness, that young men and young women show themselves patterns of good works. It is enjoined upon servants that they are to show "all good fidelity." It is enjoined upon the people "to obey magistrates, to be ready to every good work, to speak evil of no man, showing all meekness unto all men." Spence in his commentary on the fourteenth verse of the third chapter says: "It was with such injunctions as these that men like St. Paul and St. James laid the foundation stones of those great Christian works of charity—all undreamed of before the resurrection morning—but which have been for eighteen centuries the glory of the religion of Christ: the glorious result of the Master's

presence on earth which even his enemies behold with grudging admiration. In the short compass of these Pastoral Epistles, in all only thirteen chapters, we have no less than eight special reminders to be earnest and zealous in good works. There was evidently a dread in St. Paul's mind that some of those who professed to live the life of Christ, and said they followed after the great salvation, would content themselves with merely acquiescing to the great truths while the life remain unaltered. It is noteworthy that these epistles, containing so many urgent exhortations to work for Christ, were St. Paul's last inspired utterances."

It may be well to note further the historical accuracy of this epistle as shown by its personal references near its close. In verses 12 and 13 the author refers to persons whose names are not familiar to us, nor, indeed, mentioned in church history. It is said that nothing is known of Artemas except that tradition mentions him as bishop of Lystra. Tychicus is mentioned once "as one of St. Paul's friends." The place where Paul determined to winter is Nicopolis. But there are several cities by that name, and we cannot tell which one it is. The best conclusion probably is that it was Nicopolis in Epirus, which was given the name of "City of Victory" after the battle of Actium. Of Zenas, the lawyer, we have no definite knowledge, though he is supposed to have been one of the seventy disciples sent forth (see Spence). Apollos, who also is mentioned, is familiar to us as a friend of St. Paul. The placing of all these names in this epistle greatly indicates the absolute truthfulness of the writer in that he mingles, without any attempt at explanation, names both known and unknown. It would seem from this, however, that the church was always composed of those well qualified to judge of its doctrines and doctrinal system. While ordinarily the church of the plain people, it has ever been the church of the thinkers, writers, and orators, the world over. Probably Zenas was a Roman jurist, but the fact that his name is not mentioned in the New Testament is an indication of the straightforwardness of the apostle's statements in intermingling in one group names which are both known and unknown in the history of the church.

It would have been very strange in an epistle of St. Paul if he did not show somewhere the missionary temperament. He informs Titus that when Artemas and Tychicus should come to Crete, then he (Titus) was to come to Nicopolis and visit Paul, who expected to winter there. He would not leave Crete vacant without somebody to guard its interests, and so he does not summon Titus until he has appointed some one to take his place. How wonderful is Paul's interest in the minutest details of the church life! His missionary interest is further shown in the exhortation to bring Zenas, the lawyer, and Apollos on their journey diligently, that nothing be wanting unto them. He wants them to be provided with everything necessary for their journey. This is in harmony with the missionary spirit of the twentieth century, and shows how closely the church, in many of its aspects, at least, is following the teachings and practices of St. Paul.

ARCHÆOLOGY AND BIBLICAL RESEARCH.

EXPLORATIONS IN BABYLONIA.

Though great work has been done by the archæologist in the valleys of the Euphrates and Tigris during the past sixty years, and though many a venerable ruin has yielded up its well-kept secret, thereby enriching materially our knowledge of ancient history, yet it is a matter of fact that the science of archæology is but in its infancy, for there are still numberless ancient ruins of unknown cities all over Bible lands awaiting the pick and the spade of the experienced excavator. Moreover, our museums contain thousands upon thousands of inscriptions yet undeciphered. It is estimated that the British Museum alone has no fewer than thirty thousand tablets which have never been read. Exploration, however, has commenced in earnest, and interest in archæology has never been greater than it is to-day. The wonderful work done by the French and English is so well known to our readers that nothing but a passing reference to it is necessary. The rich and magnificent collections at the Louvre and the British Museum bear eloquent testimony to the success of these noble pioneers in the fields of archæology. The Germans also have been of late years exceedingly zealous and successful in this branch of research. Not only have they large numbers of intelligent men throughout the Orient ever on the lookout for fresh archæological trophies for the Berlin Museum, but they have also several groups of experienced and trained explorers actually at work on a number of ancient sites in various Bible lands. Besides these there is another large number of noted scholars, surrounded by young enthusiasts, more anxious for fame than for gold, at the several universities in the Fatherland, who are constantly at work trying to decipher the latest inscriptions and thus add their mite to the vast treasure of human knowledge.

The German Orient Society, though comparatively young, has made a steady growth, so that to-day it stands at the head of the learned societies in the department of archæology, enjoying not only the confidence and cooperation of the best scholars in Germany and Europe, but having also the substantial support of Kaiser Wilhelm and the imperial government. The emperor contributes annually from his own private purse five thousand dollars, and the government five times that sum. Then, there are many private subscriptions, enough to swell the annual income to sixty thousand dollars. It now has trained explorers in Babylonia, Palestine, Egypt, Asia Minor, and elsewhere. Excellent work has been done at Borsippa, Babylon, and Baalbec. No one who has visited the World's Fair at St. Louis, and examined the German Department in the Educational Building, could have easily missed seeing the fine collection of very large and beautiful photographs illustrative of the work done by the German Orient Society among the ruins of Baalbec. These elegant pictures speak louder than words of the former glory of this ancient city, and gives him who views them a better idea of the magnificence of Baalbec than could be obtained from any book on the subject. Much has been done by Dr. Koldewy and his assistants on the site of ancient Babylon, of which we gave a de-

tailed account in our last issue. One of the last places to engage the attention of the German Orient Society, under the guidance of its director, Dr. Koldewy, is Qal 'at Shirgât, on the west side of the Tigris, some hundred miles south of Mosul. The ruins at this place are supposed to be those of ancient Asshur, one of the oldest and most important cities of the Assyrian empire. The site was known to both Layard and Rassam, who many years ago did some work here with good results; nevertheless, no thorough excavations had been conducted in these mounds till Dr. Koldewy and his men began work here last October.

Nor has the United States been neglectful of exploration in Assyria and Babylonia. Philadelphia has so far taken the lead in this branch of work. The success of several expeditions sent out by the University of Pennsylvania has been very great not only in actual results, but also in stimulating our scholars and many of our wealthy people to increased efforts and profounder interest in archæological studies. Of the several scholars who have aided the work originated in New York and Philadelphia, we should mention the names of Dr. Peters and William Hayes Ward, the latter in connection with the Wolfe expedition. No American scholar, however, deserves more credit than Professor Hilprecht, of the University of Pennsylvania, who has spent much of his time among the ruins of Babylonia. He is thoroughly qualified in all branches of the work devolving upon the excavator and archæologist. He is a pupil of Delitzsch, though very much more conservative on theological questions. He is one of the foremost Assyriologists of the world, familiar with all modern archæological discoveries. Then, again, his connection with the Imperial Ottoman Museum in Constantinople brings him into intimate relations with the Turkish government, on whose soil and under whose protection all these explorations have to be made, and which, without special permission, allows no object found in any of its ruins to be taken away into any foreign country. Thus the most valuable discoveries of the future will serve to fill up the museums of Turkey rather than those of Europe and America. If, however, any inscription or sculpture is to be given away by Turkey no one will stand a better chance for securing such treasure than the United States. Dr. Hilprecht spends considerable of his time in arranging the Semitic collections at Constantinople. It is, however, expected that he will again soon take the field in the interest of his own university.

What promises to be the most successful organization for oriental exploration is the recently organized society called "The Oriental Exploration Fund of the University of Chicago." This has entered upon its mission under the most auspicious circumstances, and unless all signs fail it cannot but be most eminently successful in promoting the study of biblical antiquities far beyond any other institution of the same nature now in existence. Like most things American, the work under the direction of the Fund will be conducted on a large scale. Those in charge of the enterprise will see to it that all the excavations will be conducted on purely scientific principles. There are several things which will contribute to its success. First of all, there will be ample means at the command of those in charge of the Fund to insure speedy and thorough work. It is rumored that Mr. John D. Rockefeller himself is one of its chief patrons and promoters and has guaranteed a certain sum of money for at least ten years. Then there are several wealthy and public-spirited persons in Chicago and elsewhere who will give of their means so as to make the Haskell Museum one of the best

in the world. Very naturally this collection will profit most by the work of the Fund. In a circular recently sent out by the University of Chicago we read: "An oriental museum was erected on the foundation of a collection made. In July, 1903, a substantial gift of money for this purpose from one of the university's friends made possible an advanced step. This gift was made payable in a series of five yearly installments. It is expected that a similar sum will be available for the five years following. An opportunity for a ten years' campaign is thus opened. In view of this prospect plans long considered are being put into active operation, and the actual work of excavation will be entered upon immediately. The plans contemplate work in Babylonia and Assyria, in Egypt, in Palestine and Syria."

Work has been already in progress for several months and under favorable conditions at Bismya, supposed to be the Isin or Nisin of the monuments—we say "supposed," for the site of Nisin has never been identified beyond peradventure. Peters, Ward, and others point out Bismya as the probable location of ancient Nisin. These ruins are thirty-five miles southeast of Nippur, and forty-five miles northwest of Telloh. We have known for some years, from tablets discovered at Nippur, that Isin and Nippur were twin cities and connected by a canal, and that both were very important cities as early as 4000 B. C. The large number of inscriptions discovered by Hilprecht at Nippur and by De Sarzec at Telloh justify the expectations of those now at work among the ruins of Bismya for a like harvest here too. If we are to believe Dr. Peters, Bismya was one of the leading cities in southern Babylonia about 2600 B. C., and both Ur and Nippur were at one time its tributaries. The kings of Isin, as we learn from the cuneiform texts, like all Babylonian monarchs, delighted in building great temples in honor of their gods. Dr. E. J. Banks, field director of the expedition, has already laid bare the foundation of a vast temple, among whose ruins are found objects fully as old as the oldest discovered at Nippur.

The ruins of Bismya are very extensive, and naturally divide themselves into two parts. They consist of a series of irregular mounds of more than a mile in length, with an average width of one half mile. There are at least one dozen of these tels, or mounds, some of them forty feet high, which is considerably higher than any of the Telloh mounds. The height of these tels may be fairly regarded as a true index to their antiquity as well as the magnitude of the edifices represented by these ruins. From what has been said it will be seen that the selection of Bismya, though not the first choice of the fund, was, nevertheless, a very fortunate and wise one, especially when we have every reason for believing that these ruins have never before been examined either by skilled archæologists or by the more destructive treasure or antiquity seekers. Unfortunately, many of the most important ruins in Egypt, Babylonia, and elsewhere have been ruthlessly excavated, very often by those absolutely unfitted for such work, ignorant of the comparative value of the objects exhumed, and, still worse, many inscriptions have been mutilated beyond the possibility of being deciphered, and the very stone or brick on which inscriptions were once found have been cut and broken so as to be utilized for building purposes. Now, as the mounds of Bismya are among the best preserved in Babylonia, there is every promise of very rich finds. The question naturally arises why a place of so great importance has been neglected to the present time. The an-

swer is twofold: first, the region in which Bismya is situated has been regarded as a very dangerous spot, inasmuch as it is inhabited by a savage and lawless class of people. Dr. Peters characterizes the place as "a peculiarly unsafe region, a sort of land of Nod, full of vagabonds and irresponsible Arabs." (See *Nippur*, vol. ii, p. 271.) Secondly, there has been a great scarcity of water in this vicinity, making it unpleasant, nay, even impossible, to remain here for more than a few hours at a time. To be sure, water could be carried from a distance. This, however, would incur great expense and inconvenience. But these drawbacks have disappeared, for now the Turkish government has supplied the American expedition with a sufficient number of soldiers to protect those at work among the ruins. Moreover, the explorers succeeded by boring down deep into the earth to find an abundant supply of good, fresh water. Dr. Robert Francis Harper, reporting this fact in a late number of the *Biblical World*, says:

"On December 22 men were placed at work upon two wells in what Dr. Banks believes to be the bed of the old canal Shat-en-Nil, and also of a later stream, which dried up at the breaking of the Hindieh dam. At the end of the second day one of the wells reached a depth of ten meters, when the dry sand suddenly caved in, nearly burying the workmen, and they were forced to abandon this well. On December 24 work was begun on two more wells, and on the twenty-fifth, as he was arranging to send to Hai for some water skins and to establish a water caravan of several donkeys, the workmen announced that the sand seemed moist, and at nine o'clock on Christmas morning—the best Christmas gift possible—water sprang up through a hole made by a workman's pick, and the water was sweet. There was great excitement among the workmen; and they ran about the well dancing, singing, and swinging their baskets in the air. The field director was not less pleased than they, and he ordered a sheep to be sacrificed for their backsheesh. . . . Thus one of the difficulties which have kept excavators from Bismya is settled."

Dr. Banks has sent in several reports; the last one is dated April 22, and is, on the whole, very encouraging. He has brought to light many interesting articles, such as vases and statuettes in marble and terra-cotta, doubtless used in the temple services, some inscribed seal cylinders, and a very ancient bronze spike, ornamented with the head of a lion. Nearly everything bears the stamp of great antiquity. The tablets bear "the same ancient characters of Sargon's time. The name of this monarch, as well as that of Naram Sin, is found upon the bricks, from which it may be inferred that these two great kings lived at Bismya." The temple under examination as the last report was written, as indicated by the different style of marked bricks, must have been rebuilt at least seven times. Indeed, the lowest foundation, of irregular limestone blocks, seems to antedate the use of bricks and probably belonged to about 4500 B. C. The foundation next to the surface has bricks inscribed with the name of Dungi, king of Ur about 2750 B. C. So far nothing has been found to indicate that the temple was rebuilt later than the time of Dungi, which goes to prove that Bismya marks the site of one of the oldest cities of Babylonia. In a cablegram received July 18 Dr. Banks announces that he has found in the lowest level of the ruins bricks with the name Ud-nun-ki, which many students suppose to be the city of Adab mentioned in the Code of Hammurabi.

FOREIGN OUTLOOK.

SOME LEADERS OF THOUGHT.

A. Schlatter. Little by little the proofs are accumulating that the fourth gospel was the work of John the apostle. Some have never seen any reason for doubting this, while others have experienced the greatest difficulty in accepting it. Schlatter has not attempted so much as some others, and he has not altogether established what he did undertake; but he has nevertheless contributed distinctly to the mastery of the situation. In 1902 he published a work entitled *Die Sprache und Heimat des vierten Evangelisten* (The Language and Nativity of the Author of the Fourth Gospel). It is one of the contributions to the advancement of Christian theology, edited by A. Schlatter and H. Cremer, from the press of C. Bertelsmann, Gütersloh. Schlatter holds rightly that in the time of the apostles the inhabitants of Palestine not only spoke their Aramaic vernacular, but also Greek. His investigation concerns the question whether the language of the fourth gospel betrays this acquaintance with two languages, and especially whether the Greek in which it is written betrays the influence of the Aramaic. In order to determine this matter he compares the language of the gospel with the Mechilta, or commentary of Jewish teachers on Exodus, and also with Sifre, the commentary on the book of Numbers, both of which are old rabbinical texts, practically contemporary with the apostles. The comparison shows many instances in which it is evident that the Aramaic profoundly influenced the Greek of the fourth gospel. From this Schlatter concludes that the evangelist must have been a Palestinian Jew. This conclusion, however, is rather too large for the premises. We may well conclude from the facts that the author could not have been a heathen Christian, accustomed from infancy to the Greek language. Such an author would have used the Greek with more idiomatic force, and with little or no evidence of Aramaic influence. The facts would admit the possibility that the author was a Jew of the dispersion, who might, indeed, have been more accustomed to the Greek than to the Aramaic, but who, nevertheless, was in various ways sufficiently under the influence of the Aramaic to exhibit all the peculiarities Schlatter finds. A Jew of the dispersion who was born of parents recently come from Palestine, who attended a Jewish school, the Jewish synagogue, and who associated chiefly with Jews, would find all the conditions requisite to form a Greek style such as that of the fourth gospel. So much honesty requires us to allow. But this does not destroy the fact that the author might have been a Palestinian Jew, or, in other words, might have been the apostle John. Thus, the contribution of Schlatter, while not great, is appreciable and valuable. To one who knows the difficulty of establishing beyond the shadow of doubt the authorship of the fourth gospel Schlatter's results will be warmly welcomed. They fall in with a large number of facts all tending to show that John might have written that gospel, and so render more impressive the internal and external proof that he did actually write it.

Wilhelm Heitmüller. The minuteness, and one might almost say the inutility, of much of the present-day theological literature is well exemplified in the recent work of Heitmüller. His book of 357 pages, published in 1903 by Vandenhoeck & Ruprecht, Göttingen, is entitled *Im Namen Jesu. Eine sprach- und religionsgeschichtliche Untersuchung zum Neuen Testament, speziell zur altchristlichen Taufe* (In the Name of Jesus. An Investigation in the New Testament, especially of Early Christian Baptism, by the Methods of Philology and the History of Religions). The book is one of a series of researches in the Old and New Testaments, edited by Wilhelm Bousset and Hermann Gunkel. Heitmüller studies his subject first from the philologist's point of view, taking up particularly the phrases *βαπτίζειν ἐν, ἐπὶ τῷ ὀνόματι* and *εἰς τὸ ὄνομα*. After a prolonged study of similar expressions in Greek literature generally, and especially of the Septuagint, he concludes that the phrases *βαπτίζειν ἐν* and *ἐπὶ τῷ ὀνόματι* describe the process of the baptism, namely, that baptism was performed in connection with the pronunciation of the name of Jesus. Heitmüller thinks that the form or formula of the use of the name Jesus in the earliest Church in baptism cannot be discovered. It may have been in some such formula as "In the name of Jesus," or it may have been, as Heitmüller thinks, simply the pronunciation of the name Jesus. In any case it was not a prayer to Jesus. The phrase *βαπτίζειν εἰς τὸ ὄνομα* also indicates that the name Jesus was in some way uttered in baptism, but it also signifies that the person baptized enters into the relation of inner connection with Jesus. In a negative way, at least, this part of Heitmüller's treatise is illuminating. So much stress has been laid upon the form of baptism by some Christians as to lead the average church member and even minister to suppose that the exact form was known. A little reflection suffices to show that, however the matter may stand with reference to the question of sprinkling, pouring, or immersion, the words used at the time of baptism are undiscoverable by us. It is ordinarily assumed that the formula employed in modern times is that of the earliest times. Heitmüller completely shatters this confidence. The whole theory of the binding force of a form is destroyed when it is seen that we do not know what the form was. For this Heitmüller deserves our thanks. The second part of the investigation is conducted along the lines of the history of religions. As a result he finds that in the time of the apostles there was prevalent among Jews and Gentiles a so-called name-faith—that is, a faith in names as such—and that the Christians did not altogether escape the influence of this faith. Hence, when they solemnly pronounced the name of Jesus at baptism it was not merely a confession of the Messianic office of Jesus, but it was believed that the name carried with it a real, mystical, and mysterious effect, such as exorcism of evil spirits, consecration, bestowing the Holy Spirit, union of the baptized with Jesus, and the like. The objection that will immediately spring to mind against this conclusion is that it attributes superstition to the early Christians. However, much as we might object to the idea that the early Christians entertained some superstitious notions, Heitmüller's conclusions must be tested by other criteria than our wishes. It is not impossible that the primitive Church did follow some superstitions; but Heitmüller's deduction from the prevalence of the name-faith that the Christians held such a faith is a *non sequitur*. Much more probable is it that since the early Christians renounced so many current superstitions, they renounced this

one also, and employed the formula of superstition without sanctioning its validity.

RECENT THEOLOGICAL LITERATURE.

Das Evangelium Marci, übersetzt und erklärt (The Gospel according to Mark, Translated and Explained). By J. Wellhausen. Berlin, 1903, G. Reimer. We are so accustomed to thinking of Wellhausen in connection with the Pentateuchal and other Old Testament problems that it is somewhat surprising to have him appear in the role of a commentator of the New Testament. But those who recall his studies in connection with the life and times of Jesus will not be surprised. In this book Wellhausen exhibits all the independence and disregard of traditional and current critical opinion which characterized his work in the Old Testament; though there is no reason to suppose that his appearance in the field of New Testament study will prove in any sense epoch-making. There is, however, an unusual importance attaching to this venture of Wellhausen, apart from the fact of his great name. It is something comparatively new for any man in these days to step over from the Old Testament into the New, and it indicates that the days of severe self-limitation to a special field of study may be past. In another way also it is peculiarly important, since it must be confessed that one well acquainted with the Semitic tongues must be better qualified to understand the Aramaic forms so common in much of the New Testament Greek. In his translation Wellhausen is as independent as possible. He shows a total disregard of the opinions and even of the feelings of others. He is not trying to please or conciliate or meet the expectations of his readers, critical or uncritical, but to reproduce the thoughts of the original text. He also has the true conception that translation is designed to produce in those who read the translation the impressions produced by the reader well acquainted with the original text. Thus, much of the work of the commentator is done in the translation itself. Wellhausen divides the whole gospel of Mark into ninety paragraphs, and some of the paragraphs into still smaller sections, in order to exhibit more exactly the plan of the gospel, and also to enable the discrimination to be more easily made between the original work and that of its editors, copyists, and interpolators. The comments are attached to the translated paragraphs, and include criticisms of the text and the sources and other material usually given in Scripture commentaries. In the comparison of the Old Testament with the New, Wellhausen declares that it is seldom the case that the gospel narratives are copied after those of the Old Testament, but are generally the reverse of those in thought and spirit. As an instance may be mentioned what he says on Mark xii, 27, that, with the principle God is not the God of the dead but of the living, Jesus is in accord with the Old Testament; but that the Old Testament conveys a contrary idea to that of Jesus by holding that the dead are excluded from all communion with God. With the majority Wellhausen holds that the gospel closes with xvi, 8. He holds rather strangely that Jesus was crucified on Saturday, on the basis of Mark xiv, 1, and on the ground that neither did Jesus go up to Jerusalem alone or chiefly for the feast, nor did those Pereans who went with him go for that purpose, but mainly to see what he would do. In so arguing he ignores the evidence that Jesus did actually celebrate the paschal feast. Another point emphasized by Wellhausen

is that the parable is closely related to the allegory, and may be interpreted as an allegory. This may be true; but if it is the parables of Jesus will be found far less valuable doctrinally than they have generally been supposed, though as a result they may become much more suggestive religiously.

Das Abendmahl im Urchristenthum. Eine exegetische und historisch-kritische Untersuchung. (The Last Supper in Primitive Christianity. An Exegetical and Historical-Critical Investigation). By Johannes Hoffmann. Berlin, 1903, G. Reimer. Hoffmann holds that in the accounts of the Last Supper as given in the synoptic gospels two diverse elements are distinguishable. The first is a symbolic act of Jesus at the end of his life by which he proposed to weld himself and his followers together in a league of mutual fidelity. The second is the usual breaking of bread or meal in token of fellowship. Neither of these originally had or were intended to have any sacramental or ritual significance, though in uniting them Jesus lifted his own personality to the place of central interest. Still, Jesus did not design that there should be any repetition of this supper on the part of his disciples. Its repetition was due to the reverence his disciples felt for him and for all that he did, not to any command of his. When Jesus ate this supper with his disciples he had no thought of a memorial of his death, nor of attaching any special significance to his death. He poured the wine into the cup and passed it around among his disciples without uttering a word, or at most with the direction that they should all drink of it. He passed the bread, saying, "This is my body," the body being the symbol of fellowship; and so the bread bound them together as a band of brothers with him as the basis of their unity. Gradually this simple meal came to signify the death of Christ, and Paul completed the transformation by making it a liturgical-sacramental solemnity to be perpetually repeated as a symbol of the redemptive work of Jesus. Even the earliest of the synoptists, who was a genuine Paulinian, describes the founding of the meal as a sacrament, and therefore everything must be eliminated from his account which grew out of the idea of the redemptive death of Jesus, such as, "This is my blood of the new testament, which is shed for many." A symbolical cup in the sense of Mark xiv, 24, was not passed around. Luke, from whose account, chapter xxii, verses 19[b] and 20 must be stricken out as an interpolation from 1 Cor. xi, 24, 25, knew nothing of such a cup, but followed an ancient source which gave the real facts. It really matters little, except to a strong sacramentalist, whether Jesus purposed to have his disciples repeat forever at short intervals the ceremonies connected with his Last Supper. The Lord's Supper has as much significance if it is the voluntary act of the followers of Christ as it has if it is performed by his command. But as a question of fact those who claim that Jesus did not institute the Lord's Supper as a perpetual memorial have not made out a very strong case. The principal source of weakness with them is the denial that as Jesus celebrated the supper with his disciples it had any reference to his death as a sacrifice for many. These critics work on a very definite theory of the development of the Church in apostolic times. According to them Paul left almost nothing as Jesus gave it to his disciples. But while there is no objection to the idea that Christian theology did make advancement in the apostolic age, the classification of the evangelists as Pauline, because they teach

doctrines that Paul taught, is a begging of the question whether Paul did not rather follow the original tradition. In Corinthians we find Paul assuming that everywhere the Lord's Supper was understood as he understood it. This was about thirty years after the crucifixion. That Paul alone should have been able in so short a time to accomplish such a change is highly incredible. And that there is no trace of any other view controverting Paul's is still more of an argument against the credibility of the evolutionary theory as applied to this particular case.

RELIGIOUS AND EDUCATIONAL.

A Revival of Bible Study. A movement is on foot in Germany, strangely enough, as it appears to the American, among actors and actresses chiefly, which is designed to awaken a renewed interest in the Bible. The movers in this work are not committed to any particular theory of the Bible; but, taking it as it is, they are striving to understand and appreciate it, though thus far they have confined their efforts to its literary and dramatic interpretation and its influence on modern literature. The meetings are largely attended, many Jews being of the number present, and selections are read by some one skilled in expression, while introductory comments, adapted to prepare the hearers for the reading, are made by persons qualified for that task.

Proposed Theological Faculty for Prague. The Protestant Czech students looking toward the ministry are agitating for a theological faculty in their own city of Prague. Hitherto Czech students for the ministry have been obliged to study either in Vienna or in foreign lands, such as Switzerland or Scotland. In any case the studies have to be pursued and the examinations taken in a foreign tongue. It is claimed that as a result of this the number of those studying for the ministry is very small, and also that being educated in different countries there is a lack of desirable unity among them when they return home. That something needs to be done to increase the number of ministerial candidates is plain, since two thirds of all the Protestant clergy of the Czech tongue are between sixty and eighty years of age.

Eduard von Hartmann on Religious Instruction. Speaking on the subject of the clerical supervision of the public schools, he declared himself opposed to such supervision and expressed the wish that it might be entirely abolished. He would also modify if not abandon the attempt to give religious instruction in the public schools. A certain amount of information relative to religious things can and ought to be imparted in the schools, but it is impossible for the instruction now given to awaken an interest in religion. Hence he would relegate that to religious services adapted to children. The average teacher arouses in the child antagonism to all the subjects he teaches, including religion. As a result the religious interests of the people are not nourished but deadened. Evidently he believes in the American policy.

GLIMPSES OF REVIEWS AND MAGAZINES.

THE letters of John Ruskin to Charles Eliot Norton are continued in the *Atlantic Monthly* (Boston) for August, revealing the peculiarities of a pure but crochety and sometimes perverse genius. A severe critic he was of himself as well as of others. In one letter he wrote: "I have often thought of setting down some notes of my life, but I know not how. I should have to accuse my own folly bitterly—but not less the folly of the fondest, faithfullest, most devoted, most mistaken parents that ever child was blest with, or ruined by. For myself, I could speak of my follies and sins—I could not speak of my good. Many of my own struggles for better things I have forgotten. I cannot judge myself—I can only despise and pity. In my good nature I have no merit—but much weakness and folly. In my genius I am curiously imperfect and broken. The greatest part of my life has been a series of delights which are gone forever, and of griefs which remain forever; and my one necessity is to turn away my thoughts from what they refuse to forget. Some day I will set down a few things; but the more you understand me the less you will care for me. I am dishonest enough to want you to take me for what I am to you—not for what I am in the hollowness of me." From Verona he wrote with irony: "This Italy is such a lovely place to study *liberty* in! There are the vilest wretches of ape-faced children riding on my griffins all day long, or throwing stones at the rarest carvings, that ever were left to find the broad way to Hades without so much as a blinker, let alone a bridle." Between Verona and Venice he traveled, in the same compartment, it would seem, with "an American family" who disgusted him completely, "Father and mother and two girls—presumably rich—girls fifteen and eighteen. I never before conceived the misery of wretches who had spent all their lives in trying to gratify themselves. It was a little warm—warmer than was entirely luxurious—but nothing in the least harmful. They moaned and fidgeted and frowned and puffed and stretched and fanned, and ate lemons, and smelt bottles, and covered their faces, and tore off the covering again, and had no one thought or feeling during five hours of traveling in the most noble part of all the world except what four poor beasts would have had in their den in a menagerie, being dragged about on a hot day. Add to this misery every form of vulgarity in methods of doing and saying the common things they did and said. I never yet saw humanity so degraded (allowing for external circumstances of every possible advantage). Given wealth, attainable education, and the inheritance of eighteen centuries of Christianity, and ten of noble paganism: and this is your result—by means of *Liberty!*" Not much of an enthusiast for liberty was John Ruskin, it would seem. Writing of an old family servant, his father's nurse and his, also, he says: "From her girlhood to her old age the entire ability of her life was given to serving us. She had a natural gift and specialty for doing for others the things which they found it disagreeable to do for themselves. She was altogether occupied, from the age of fifteen to seventy-two, in doing other people's wills instead of her own, and seeking other people's good instead of her own." Who was it

who said, "He that will be greatest among you, let him be your servant"? Did not this woman, and such as she, fulfill His command better than lords and masters do? Must it not be that she, and such as she, are nearer and dearer to "the Son of Man" who "came not to be ministered unto, but to minister," than are the privileged and the pampered? It may be that "below stairs" there are special opportunities for brothership and intimacy with Him who "made himself of no reputation and took upon him the form of a servant"—whom to know intimately is life eternal. In 1871 Ruskin bought at Coniston "five acres of rock and moor, a streamlet, the finest view in Cumberland or Lancashire, and on it a small, old, damp, and smoky-chimneyed house." Of it he wrote in September: "I shall in all probability be settled in the house in November, for one of the reasons for my getting into it is that I may fully command the winter sunsets, in clear sky—instead of losing the dead of day in the three o'clock fog of London. Meantime I am very thankful for that sense of rest which you also feel; but it is greatly troubled and darkened and lowered by the horrible arrangement of there being women in the world as well as mountains and stars and lambs, and what else one might be at peace with—but for those other creatures." We wonder what woman had been irritating him? A similar perverse exaggeration of language is in his exclamation about the painter Tintoret: "What a gigantic, healthy Sea-Heaven of a life he had, compared to this sickly, muddy, half-poisoned wine which is my River of Life!" To the students of St. Andrews, the oldest university of Scotland, of which he was once Lord Rector, he gave as subject for prize essays: "The definition of Heroism, and its function in Scotland at this day"—not a bad subject for a sermon. When Norton ascribed the fall of Siena to "the failure of religious faith," Ruskin moved to amend by substituting, "the failure of *the qualities* which *render* religious faith *possible*."

James J. Walsh, M.D., Ph.D., has been showing in the *Catholic World* (New York) that electrical science owes its origin and progress chiefly to great scientists who were also simple, faithful believers in Christianity. He takes the men whose names were chosen to be used as terms for the units of electrical science, being selected by the Commission of the International Congress of Electricians; these are the names of Volta, Faraday, Ampère, Ohm, and Coulomb; in addition to these he mentions the distinguished English physicists Clerk Maxwell and Lord Kelvin. Ampère was acknowledged to be one of the greatest scientists of his day. After a period of infidelity caused by the spirit of the French Revolution he became a sincere and devout Christian. Religion guided the labors of his life and illumined his contemplations. By its standards he judged all things, even science itself. He prayed at the same altars where Descartes and Pascal had knelt, and beside the poor widow and the little child with a faith as simple as theirs. One who lived with him says that his conversations always led up to God. Frederick Ozanam tells us how Ampère used to say, holding his broad forehead with his hands, "How great is God, Ozanam! How great is God, and how little is our knowledge!" Sainte-Beuve expressed admiration and wonder at the way in which Ampère "united religion and science, confidence in the intellectual possibilities of man with adoring submission to

the revealed will of God." Ampère collected in a book the historical evidences of the divinity of Christianity, and devoted much time to bringing the great truths of Christianity prominently before the men of his generation. He sympathized deeply with the struggles of the South American peoples to establish free and independent republican governments. He was interested in everything that promised to make life more livable for his fellow-men. He laid down principles for what he called a science of public felicity, in which he emphasized not the *rights* of men, but their *duties* toward one another. The Archbishop of Lyons said truly, "Ampère was at once a great scientist and a great Christian." He cheered himself, when dying, by repeating passages from the *Imitation of Christ* which he knew by heart. Coulomb, an eminent French investigator, a military engineer, the most distinguished authority of his time in hydraulics, a discoverer in electricity and in other departments of physics, notably in regard to heat and the circulation of sap in trees, resisted the demoralizing influence of the French Revolution and the storms of rationalism that swept over France, retaining his faith in God and belief in divine Providence. Of him Biot wrote: "Coulomb lived patiently among the men of his time, only withdrawing himself from their passions and their errors, maintaining always his justice, calmness, firmness, and dignity." Ohm was a German, son of a locksmith, largely self-made, who became Professor of Physics in the University of Munich. He worked out mathematically from practical experiments the amount of resistance encountered by electric currents, and formulated the law, for the benefit of electrical science. He also worked out and established the law of acoustics which is known under his name, and which, as later demonstrated by Helmholtz, revolutionized acoustics and the theory of music. This eminent scientific discoverer was a man of reverent mind, deeply religious, with a simple, earnest faith in God, his dependence on whom he constantly acknowledged, and to whose will and providence he humbly bowed. Professor Clerk Maxwell "held for more than half of his brief life of forty-eight years a prominent position in the very foremost rank of natural philosophers." Scientists declare his great treatise on *Electricity and Magnetism* one of the most splendid monuments ever raised by the genius of a single individual. "There seems no doubt that Maxwell took the first grand step toward the discovery of the true nature of electrical phenomena. As professor of experimental physics in the University of Cambridge, occupied constantly with the highest problems of mathematics and of electrical theory, he went home every evening to lead his household at family prayers. The simple and beautiful religiousness which marked his life appeared even more clearly in his last illness. His biographers say: "He was a regular and constant attendant at church, and seldom, if ever, failed to join in the monthly celebration of the Holy Communion, and he was a generous contributor to religious and charitable causes. But his illness drew out the whole heart and soul and spirit of the man; his firm and undoubting faith in the Incarnation and all its results—in the full sufficiency of the Atonement—and in the work of the Holy Spirit. He had gauged and fathomed all the schemes and systems of philosophy, and had found them utterly empty and unsatisfying—'*unworkable*' was his own word about them—and from them all he turned with simple faith to the Gospel of the Saviour." Clerk Maxwell, one of the greatest leaders of scientific thought in his day, closed one of his last lectures with an expression

of his faith in "Him who in the beginning created not only the heaven and the earth, but the materials of which heaven and earth consist." He vehemently uttered his contempt for that pseudo-science which aims to reduce the whole system of the universe to a fortuitous sequence of uncaused events. The greatest living physicist is Lord Kelvin. As a practical scientist he is distinguished for his remarkable services in applied science. The big ships of iron and steel are sailing the seas safely to-day because of what he did for the improvement of the compass. He is also a great theorist, having by his studies thrown more light on many of the baffling problems of physics than any man in our generation. Like his friend Clerk Maxwell, Lord Kelvin is a sincere, unostentatious Christian. Only last year he not only made it clear that he believes in a Divine and Infinite Creator, but he declared that modern science is not atheistic or materialistic in its tendencies, but actually furnishes proof of the existence of a Creator. As he put it: "Science positively affirms creative power. It makes every one feel a miracle in himself. It is not in dead matter that we live and move and have our being, but in the creative and directing Power which science compels us to accept as an article of belief. Modern biologists are once more coming to a firm acceptance of the existence of a vital principle. If they know God only in His works, they are absolutely forced by science to believe with absolute confidence in a directive Power." (Lord Kelvin, walking with Liebig, asked the great chemist whether he thought a roadside flower, which he plucked, could possibly have come into being by chance. Liebig replied, "No more than I could think a book on botany, describing the flower, had come into existence by a chance arrangement of letters and words, pages and chapters, cover, contents, and illustrations.") It is shown that the science which looms largest, and shines brightest, and promises most wonderful things in the world of to-day—the science of electricity—owes its progress chiefly to intellects whose greatness did not interfere with faith in and reverence for the Supreme Mind, which invented the universe and filled it with the forces which the keenest of human intellects delight to study in order to utilize them for human good, while they rejoice, as Kepler did, in thinking God's thoughts after Him. It is most fitting that electricity and the Gospel should go together. The future belongs to them both; their greatest triumphs are yet to come. Each has its mission of illumination, purification, unification, healing, progress, and power. Each is a parable and analogue of the other. Some say electricity is life; millions know the Gospel is life. Each in its own way is to be the Light of the world. To think what these two mighty forces will do, judging by actual indications, makes one long to live through the twentieth century, just to witness the wonder of it all. Will not some poet-preacher, some high man with knowledge, faith, and vision, build us a prophetic parable of Electricity and the Gospel? We think preeminently of two men who ought to do it, and send it to the *Methodist Review*.

Two strongly conservative and timely protests appear in the *Bibliotheca Sacra* (Oberlin) for July, one against the excesses of present-day biblical criticism, by Dr. Abraham Kuyper, who is Holland's greatest man as well as ablest and most influential theologian; the other against the excesses of the New Theology, so called, by Philip Hudson Churchman, of Princeton University. Dr. Kuyper

denounces the biblical criticism which tends to destroy the Church of the living God, inasmuch as it revokes her theology, robs her of her Bible, and destroys her liberty in Christ. He contends, and shows, first, that such criticism must end in the destruction of theology, since it tears the parts of theology out of their relation, violates its character, and substitutes for it something which is no theology. The Church *needs* a *theology* in order that she may grasp the more hidden sense of God's Word; that she may discover the deflection of this line of error; that she may protect the medical art of the soul from passing into a spiritual quackery; that she may exhibit the reasonableness of her faith, and, as an apologete, may plead for it. Kuyper's most strenuous protest against the destructive criticism is on the ground that it robs us of our Bible. "When," he asks, "do we have a Bible, and when do we not?" and then this great scholar speaks for himself as follows: "Allow me to speak of this holy matter plainly as a day laborer, because the Holy Scripture is a divine jewel common to the day laborer and professor. And then—I say it frankly and unhesitatingly—to us Christians of the Reformed faith, the Bible is the Word and the Scripture of our God. When in private or at the family altar I read the Holy Scripture, neither Moses nor John addresses me, but the Lord my God. He it is who then narrates to me the origin of all things and the calamitous fall of man. God tells me with silent majesty how he has appointed salvation to our fallen race. I hear him himself relate the wonders which he wrought for our deliverance and that of the people of his choice, and how, when that people rebelled against him, he afflicted them in his wrath, and when chastened restored them again to his favor, the whilst they sought the day of the coming of the Son of his love. In the midst of that sacred history I hear the Holy Spirit singing to my spiritual ear in the Psalms, which discloses the depths of my own soul; in the prophets I hear him repeat what he whispered in the soul of Israel's seers, and in which my own soul is refreshed by a perspective which is most inspiring and beautiful; till at length, in the pages of the New Testament, God himself brings out to me the Expected One, the Desire of the fathers; shows me the place where the manger stood; points out to me the tracks of his footsteps; and on Golgotha lets me see how the Son of his unique love, for me, poor doomed one, died the death of the cross. And, finally, it is the same God, the Holy Spirit, who, as it were, reads off to me what he caused to be preached by Jesus's disciples concerning the riches of that cross, and closes the record of this drama in the Apocalypse with the enchanting Hosanna from the heaven of heavens. Call this, if you will, an almost childish faith, outgrown by your larger wisdom, but I cannot better it. Such is my Bible to me, and such it was in the bygone ages, and such it is still, the Scripture of the Church of the living God. The human authors must fall away; in the Bible God himself must tell the narrative, sing, prophesy, correct, comfort, and jubilate in the ear of the soul. The majesty of the Lord God is the point in question, and that only. If, then, the Scripture has spoken, all controversy is ended; when it affirms, the latest doubt departs; even the habit of turning to the Scriptures, in times of need or despair, for help and direction from God, seems to me by no means unlawful, but a precious usage. Thus I stand with Augustine, and with Cornie, who entirely along his lines exclaimed: 'When I read the Scripture, I listen to what God speaks to me; and, when I pray, God listens to what I stammer.'" Further, Kuyper

says for himself: "I belong with those who stand immovably convinced that God wrote the law himself upon the tables of stone, spake himself with audible voice from Sinai, appeared in the theophanies, sent angels to comfort sinners, and, as the wonderful worker for, to, and in Israel, of wonderful things, surely also foretold to man in prophecy what he, the Almighty One, thought of man, and purposed with the children of men." Dr. Kuyper rebukes even Rothe, who is one of the soberer critics of his class, for assuming that the prophets and apostles could not have possessed an "errorless" knowledge of the truth, since they were ethically imperfect; while, at the same time, Rothe himself dares to maintain that he and his friends, who may easily be below the ethical level of the apostles, are perfectly capable of attaining to "an errorless knowledge of the truth." Kuyper believes that a chosen ambassador of the living God, even though ethically imperfect, is capable of transmitting without error what his Sovereign inspires him with. The other protest is from a highly educated layman against the unwarranted liberties which are taken by Anti-creedists, the Reconstructionists, and the Higher Critics whose spirit and methods are negative and destructive. It is said that existing conditions in some places are fairly indicated by the explanation given of the dissatisfaction with the minister in a certain church: "The pastor is being tried for orthodoxy;" and by a woman's comment in another church on the sermon of a visiting clergyman, "It was such a relief to hear a preacher who has nothing to say against the Bible." This intelligent layman calls to account, in a fair but strenuous spirit, those who are responsible for the state of the public mind as indicated by the two expressions just quoted. As for the hue and cry against creeds, he declares that it is raised chiefly by the illogical, the indifferent, and the immoral. In condemnation of this cry he quotes the trenchant words of Phillips Brooks: "The decrying of creed in the interest of conduct is very natural, but very superficial. If it succeeded, it would make life and conduct blind and weak. There is no greater misnomer applied to creeds and opinions than that which lurks in the word 'advanced.' The man whose creed is the smallest, the most crude and colorless and flimsy, is called 'advanced,' while he whose beliefs are richest, and most full of hope and liberty, is called 'slow,' 'behind the times,' and other tardy names. The man who believes nothing with any energy; who masks the doctrines of our Lord's Gospel under negations; who evaporates them into a thin mist of speculation; who emasculates them of their energy by faith—such a man is called an 'advanced thinker.' The cheerless iconoclasm, which is forever breaking down the strong barriers erected in a former time, parades before the world as 'free thought.' It is no advance, but inertia—no free thought, but dullard slavery—which leads man into a state like that. Exactness, earnestness, and precise fidelity to the truth of things are better than a limp negation, and make a man a true, free, and advanced thinker." Against the decriers of theology and creeds Mr. Churchman further quotes, not one of "the bats and owls of orthodoxy," but John Fiske, who wrote: "In their beginning theology and ethics were inseparable; and in all the vast historic development of religion they have remained inseparable. . . . Neither in the crude fancies of primitive men nor in the most refined modern philosophy can theology and ethics be divorced." "And yet," exclaims this layman, "some moral spendthrifts would have us throw away our theology which is paying us the richest ethical

dividends!" He denies that the majority of the anti-theological crowd are high-browed, lofty-minded youths who are pained because they "cannot accept the old orthodox position" on this or that question; he asserts that most of the clamor against the orthodox creeds comes either from people who think they are doing something very smart, or from those who have no use for religion whether expressed in terms of theology or of ethics. He warns against the dangers which beset the working of the modern passion for reconstruction in religion. (He does not object to reconstruction when it is cautious and consistent; remembering that but for one period of wise reconstruction we should all be to-day loyal subjects of the Papacy.) But he points out the dangers in reconstruction, which are an exaggeration of the analytical elements, and a blind worship of novelty, with its accompanying contempt for the past. As intellectual beings we cannot, of course, believe more than we think true; but those of us who pretend to be teachers of Christianity must remember that it is not much inspiration to struggling men simply to be told continually how we have "outgrown this old notion" or "given up that tradition," with but a scant word of positive teaching. And then the allurements of novelty must be guarded against. It is sometimes amusing to call our forefathers names, and sometimes they (but especially those now alive whose reverence for the past is little better than ancestor worship) richly deserve it. But not all the past is bad or foolish, and our fiery steed of progress must be held in check by reason. Mere ridicule of the atonement as "mediæval legalism" can easily beget, and shortly, a similar contempt for the "mediæval mysticism" of the indwelling Christ who works regeneration; and then, having sneered regeneration out of court, we shall be ready with our "tardy names" for the "mediæval credulity" that yields unquestioning obedience to Jesus's moral and spiritual authority. Noveltyism, misnamed progress, may get us into trouble. Both Dr. Kuyper's and Mr. Churchman's articles are published in sections. We count it a misfortune that the readers of the *Bibliotheca* must wait three months before they can read them in their entirety.

BOOK NOTICES.

RELIGION, THEOLOGY, AND BIBLICAL LITERATURE.

Studies in Christian Character, Work, and Experience. By Rev. WILLIAM L. WATKINSON. Two volumes, 16mo, pp. 256, 260. New York and Chicago: Fleming H. Revell Company. Price, cloth, $1 per volume.

Sixty-eight short studies, each about as long as a prayer meeting talk, each based on or suggested by a text of Scripture, all in Dr. Watkinson's attractive style, and brightly touched here and there by his genius for illustration. They blend the brilliance of youth with the wisdom of a ripe maturity. Speaking from Psa. xix, 12, of the secret faults, the subtle temptations, which beset the soul of the believer, he quotes from Andrew Bonar's diary: "This day twenty years ago I preached for the first time as an ordained minister. It is amazing that the Lord has spared me and used me at all. I have no reason to wonder that He uses others far more than He does me. Yet envy is my hurt, and to-day I have been seeking grace to rejoice exceedingly over the usefulness of others, even when it casts me into the shade. Lord, take away this Achan from me." Speaking of "The Ingenuities of Love," Dr. Watkinson quotes this story: "A young man who was addicted to gambling told his Sunday school teacher that he had given up other bad habits, but that from this one he was not able to break away. 'Were you always with me,' he said to the teacher, 'I might manage to keep from it.' 'I cannot always be with you,' replied the teacher; 'but when and where do you gamble?' 'O, every day at the dinner hour; I go down to the gambling place at one o'clock,' was the answer. 'Well, I'll tell you what I'll do,' said the teacher; 'every day as the clock strikes one I'll pray for you.' The young fellow came back to the teacher after a day or two and said: 'I'll gamble no more. Yesterday I tried to go to the gambling room, and could not. I kept thinking what a shame it would be for me to be gambling at the very time when you were praying for me; and I could not do it.'" The ingenuity of this teacher's love could devise a way to save his tempted pupil. In "A Meditation for Easter" it is said: "We can never be wholly reconciled to death. Darwin used to go to the London Zoological Gardens, and, standing by the glass case containing the cobra di capello, put his forehead against the glass while the deadly reptile struck out at him. The thick glass was between them; Darwin was perfectly sure of the impossibility of the snake's harming him; yet whenever that venomous creature struck at him the scientist dodged. He could not help it. Time after time his reason and his will tried to keep him from flinching. But instinct was stronger than will and reason, and made him shrink. It is much like this with the Christian's feeling toward death; he knows its sting cannot harm him, and he is not really afraid, but a natural instinct causes him to shrink whenever he comes in contact with the deadly, ghostly thing. And this instinct may not be entirely overcome by anything the reason may say. But in this instinctive shrinking there is no terror or despair." On doing all to the glory of God it is told how Jenny Lind once said to John Adding-

ton Symonds, "I sing to God." The famous "Swedish Nightingale" was deeply devout, and her words expressed the real feeling of her heart. She carried about in life a vivid sense of God, and endeavored to use for His glory the extraordinary powers He had given her. Why should not we do all the work of life in the same spirit, saying: "I sing for God," "I plow for God," "I write for God," "I build for God," "I mine for God," "I weave for God," "I buy and sell for God." Not all that Jenny Lind sang was strictly sacred—doubtless some of it was secular and comparatively trivial; but ever in her soul she was mindful of God, and in a true sense sang to Him. So whatever our task may be we may do it unto Him, serving Him day and night as if in His temple. In similar strain, speaking of "Calling and Character," Dr. Watkinson says: "The grace of God can keep us in every legitimate calling. Sir Matthew Hale and many other illustrious names prove that a lawyer's life permits and may foster the noblest character. The Church boasts a constellation of surgeons and physicians who have done honor to human nature. James Smetham proves that a career of passionate art aspiration may be blended with an earnest spiritual life. Jenny Lind and Antoinette Sterling show that the public singer may walk through the world in white raiment. Multitudes of commercial men are spiritual men also. Captain Hedley Vicars and a host of others have been at once soldiers of Cæsar and of Christ. Livingstone proved triumphantly that explorers and adventurers on foreign shores, unaided by any social restraint, may live saintly lives. And just as in nature the insects which are the very scavengers of the world are clothed with gold and scarlet, so men who do the world's roughest and grossest work often shine with the beauty of holiness." On giving undue prominence to the meditative in the religious life a German writer is quoted as saying, "In this world we must not only have wings for the sky, but also a stout pair of boots for the paving stones;" and then follows this comment: "Some Christians have more wing than boot. They delight in flights of faith and fancy, and cut the poorest figure in practical service. We know a saintly sister who, with a week's neglected ashes heaped in the grate, would sit with her feet on the fender talking eagerly about entire sanctification. She had a fine eye for pictures in the fire, and her soul was ravished with visions and reveries; but entranced with her little apocalypses she forgot to attend to the dust and cinders. The attention of her neighbors was fixed chiefly on her neglected and untidy house." When Cavour died Mrs. Browning wrote, "That noble soul who meditated and made Italy has gone to the diviner country." "*Meditated* and *made*." It is necessary to do both. We must *meditate* in order to act wisely, and having meditated we must *act*, we must be *makers* as well as thinkers. "Do noble deeds, not dream them all day long; and so make life, death, and that vast Forever one grand sweet song." Speaking of "The Apology of the Sneak" from Judg. v, 15, 16, Dr. Watkinson finds in the passage a rebuke for the *theorist* and for the *critical* and for the *sentimentalist*. Under the second point he says: "The critical tribe are with us still, and abound *outside* of the Church. They are prepared at five minutes' notice to discuss any religious, moral, social, or political question whatever, all the while making no practical effort to diminish the evils they dissect. Especially do these critics love to scourge the Church. How clearly they can see what ought to be done! How rough they are upon the

blunders of philanthropists and evangelists! But they end there, doing nothing whatever to help solve the problems over which the victims of their animadversions are toiling; having delivered their censures, they pipe away in the fields of asphodel close by the river of a merely selfish life. They deride the mistakes of the missionary fainting under tropical suns; they point out the unwisdom of the charity organizations; they demonstrate the futility of the methods of various self-sacrificing workers; and having done all this, to their great satisfaction, they go off to see Ellen Terry play or to hear Patti sing. And we have critics of similar temper and disposition *inside* the Church. They constitute themselves into a standing committee of review, not to do anything helpful but to find fault with everything that is being done, and to criticise as impractical or incompetent or ambitious those who are trying, as best they know, to do what urgently needs to be done. These carping talkers are usually those who bear the smallest part of the burden and pay least of the cost. How barren and ignoble is the spirit of criticism! Often a carpet knight lectures scarred heroes of the battlefield; musical amateurs expose the faults of Handel and Mozart; the scribbler of a day points out the shortcomings of Bacon and Shakespeare. A pitably absurd thing it is for people who have never done anything for the world to enlarge upon what ought to be done and expatiate on the defects of the useful people who are putting forth earnest and praiseworthy efforts to do something." Remarking that sometimes the soul is too weary to deal with the large or the lofty and is comforted most by some plain and simple things, Dr. Watkinson says: "Sometimes in our intellectual life we can be satisfied with nothing less than the grand, the vast, or the deep; but there are times, as Ruskin reminds us, when our intellectual life is fatigued and we turn from the magnitudes and majesties of nature to find in a wild flower, a snowflake, or a foambell bread enough and to spare. So is it with our spiritual life. There are times when we thirst for great preachers and dazzling orations; yet there are seasons when a few simple words from a friend will do more for us and are all that we desire. There are times when we delight in large speculations and high argument; but, again, there are periods when, in the weariness of the mind, some simple passage or a sentence is all that we can hold. Years ago I visited a dear friend who was in feebleness extreme through long, severe affliction. He was an intellectual man who in other days had reveled in philosophy and theology; but now he drew from under his pillow a tiny book by Miss Havergal containing only a few reflections on simple passages of Scripture, whilst he said with a smile, 'This is enough now.'" One more story: "At the foot of a cliff, under the windows of the Castle of Miramar, formerly the residence of Maximilian, the Mexican emperor, at a depth of eighty feet below the surface of the Adriatic's clear waters, is a kind of cage fashioned by divers in the face of the rocks. In that cage are some of the most magnificent pearls in existence. They belong to the Archduchess Rainer. Having been left unworn for a long time, the gems lost their color and became 'sick;' and experts were unanimous in declaring that the only way to restore their original brilliancy was to submit them to a prolonged immersion in the depths of the sea, in their native element. They have been lying submerged there now for a number of years, and are gradually regaining their former unrivaled loveliness and liveliness of color." The soul of man, out of its native element of righteousness, for which it was born, is like a "sick" pearl. Like

the pearl, it can only be restored to its divine beauty by immersion in righteousness. Did not Augustine say, "Thou hast made us for thyself, and it is ill with us until we return to thee"?

Ringing Questions. By GEORGE CLARKE PECK, author of *Bible Tragedies.* 12mo, pp. 261. New York: Eaton & Mains. Cincinnati: Jennings & Graham. Price, cloth, $1.

Old Sins in New Clothes. By GEORGE CLARKE PECK. 12mo, pp. 317. New York: Eaton & Mains. Cincinnati: Jennings & Graham. Price, cloth, $1.

The first thing that strikes the reader of these sermons is their directness and immediacy. They are of and for to-day. They have the accent of the present time. They are steeped in life, as warm as blood. They know men intimately. They touch the quick of human nature. The preacher of them does not live up in the steeple, but down among his people. The first volume deals with a dozen of the great questions which are raised in the Bible—the question of the first murderer, of an early philosopher, of an ancient lawyer, of a tempted leader, of a frightened jailer, of a curious disciple, of old-fashioned theology, of a night visitor, of an autocratic employer, of a forward critic, of an imprisoned prophet, and of a troubled ruler. The very range of these cardinal questions makes us realize afresh what a vast question box the Bible is. The preacher puts the problems straight, faces them squarely, and answers them with manful directness in vital and practical fashion, not at all with academic vagueness and remoteness. One feels that it is helpful to sit under such preaching. There is no far-away look in its eyes. It sees and searches the humanity in the pews, and is bent on helping it with its mental and moral perplexities, its weaknesses, and its sins. The second volume might be called Pulpit Clinics by a Pastoral Surgeon. The age-long besetting sins of human nature, which is the same yesterday, to-day, and forever, are exposed and treated by the methods of the Great Physician. Fourteen new sermons on old sins speak of "The Aftermath of a Great Experience," "A Disciple Who Blew Hot and Cold," "The Freedom of the Full-Grown," "The Perils of Privilege," "The Hopelessness of Flight," "When the Majority Were Wrong," "Inglorious Compromises," "The Cost of a Fit of Temper," "Too Easily Content," "The Soul's Psychologic Moment," "An Uncanonical Blessing," "Not Wasted," "The Blight of Jealousy," and "The Wisdom Which is Hid from the Wise." Here again is directness. These sermons are samples of pastoral faithfulness, at once unflinching and affectionate—such sermons as no man will preach until he is driven to it by a burden for souls for whom he must give account and whose blood will be required at his hands; until he feels with anguish of spirit that sin is the one all-including and abysmal misery of mankind. One cannot help feeling that the spirit of Dr. J. O. Peck's tremendous ministry is in the preaching of his son. And one thing noticeable in these sermons is that, in all their relentless exposure and reproof of sin, there is nowhere the note of rant or exaggeration, but rather a terrific reasonableness and truthfulness which render self-defense and excuse impossible to the sinner. The indictment is so carefully drawn that the accused can pick no flaw in it. Moreover, there is no sanctimonious attitude or tone, no air of "I am holier than thou," but a close and tender fellowship of the preacher with his audience. Nothing is more palpably proved by these sermons than the perennialness, the eternal pertinency, the universal close-fittingness, of the Bible. One of the most ancient, it also shows itself to be the most modern, of

books. Truth as old as human nature is yet as recent as the baby born this morning. This preacher takes familiar texts and illustrates them by contemporaneous incidents from the thoroughfares and by-ways of to-day. In his "Foreword" he says: "Nothing is fresher than an old story freshly told. In my experience people are still quite willing to hear all about Enoch, and Daniel, and Jesus, providing the preacher will take time and blood to translate the old story into the language which modern folks are speaking. The Bible messages are deathless. They need not retirement, but simple rephrasing. Hall Caine says that his most successful novels have been founded upon Scripture incidents. If, then, a modern novelist, writing for present-day readers, finds the old well still freshly flowing, it would seem that a modern pastor might be able to bring from the same well a sparkling draught for his congregation. But he must know two books—the Book of Life and the book of human lives." The author of these sermons says modestly that they are not put forward as samples, but only as an effort toward his ideal. We take the responsibility of saying that they are samples of faithful, attractive, and effectual preaching.

God's White Throne. A Rational, Evangelical Theodicy. By Rev. BYRON PALMER, A.M., S.T.B. 12mo, pp. 226. Cincinnati: Press of Jennings & Graham. Price, cloth, $1.

This is a strong, brave book, straight from the sensitive soul of an heroic sufferer. It quivers with feeling, trembles through pain into a steady trust, and its argument for faith in God is welded at a white heat. Magnificently does this man plead the cause of the Almighty before the bar of human judgment. "Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?" Dear to Heaven must that man be who is so plainly made "in the image of God." His is a reasoned faith, so firm it "will not tremble on the brink of any earthly woe." Byron Palmer is not, like most of us, a superficial philosophizer talking theoretically of what he practically knows nothing about. Out of a great deep, which he himself has explored to the bottom, he writes. In the flames of a furnace heated seven times over, where everything that is *not real* must shrivel like tissue paper to instant ashes—there he has tested the indestructible solidity of what he here offers us. Most of us will do well to sit at his feet and listen to his wisdom, praying that it may purify and strengthen us as it has him. Hear what he says in his Preface: "Before my own life of silence, seclusion, and suffering began the larger problems of darkness and disorder in the world were driven home to me by a conversation which I had with a noted infidel. He doubted the existence of a God who takes any interest in human life, and denied that there was any wisdom or goodness in the order of the world; all were heartless, blind, inexorable law—this and nothing more. I felt that this was not true, but to myself I had to confess that sometimes it did look that way. When at last the ordeal came to me of being shut away from the world, and of leaving my life's work, and of being compelled to accept the life and the lot of a daily sufferer, my mind naturally turned to the problems which experience had made uppermost in my daily meditations. It became necessary for me to seek and find a satisfactory solution of not only the problem of personal suffering, but of the larger problems of human life and destiny, of the apparent misadjustments in the world, of the seeming contradictions in the course of providence, of the absence of order in divine government, and the apparent defeat of righteousness and

truth in the world. In seeking for mental and spiritual peace in the midst of my own suffering and disappointment I came to see as never before that the problem of personal experience did not stand alone, but was related to and was a part of every problem that involves the beneficence and wisdom of God's moral government in the world. My quest for peace of mind and heart therefore led me away from myself to the infinitely larger world without and to the relation which every soul sustains in the moral harmony of things in divine government. Not until then did I experience the faith in God and the patience to abide by his wisdom and goodness which gave me rest." This book will help all sufferers who can read or hear it, and all who are troubled by doubt and disbelief either from their own experience or from observation of the dark and painful mysteries which afflict human existence on this suffering earth. Let us give it to the suffering, the sorrowing, and the doubting; and let us get from it for ourselves a wisdom which the day of trouble will prove to be more precious than rubies. "This is the victory that overcometh the world."

The Crimson Book. By DINSDALE T. YOUNG. 12mo, pp. 304. New York: A. C. Armstrong & Son. Price, cloth, $1.25.

Under a novel title this volume of discourses finds its place with the sermonic literature of the day. Its author is a prominent Wesleyan minister who, in England, "takes high rank as an evangelical preacher." The general impression which the reader of the book gains is a new conception of the scope of pulpit teaching and a new sense of the majesty of the ministerial calling. Old truths are put in fresh settings and take on the charm of novelty, while in his sustained dignity of address the preacher constantly illustrates the greatness of that commission which was first given to the New Testament apostles. In such detail as is possible one of the prominent features of his sermons is their adherence to the cardinal doctrines of the faith. Jesus Christ is the sole rock upon which men may build. "Our Lord's death," says Mr. Young, "is the ruddy core of the New Testament. Many preach it, and more believe it. But do they preach and believe it evangelically? The cross cannot avail except it be evangelically interpreted. If Christ's death was only a martyrdom it had no saving efficacy. Martyrs are not saviours. The ethics of Calvary are pathetic and lovely in highest degree, but they cannot redeem. I believe the death divine was a sublime substitution. I cannot fathom it—angels cannot—but I accept it with all my intellect and heart and will. There is no salvation, either in this world or in any other, except by personal reliance upon the death, the substitutionary death, of the Son of God." One quotation such as this is sufficient to show the thoroughly evangelical spirit which pervades the volume. The reader will look through its pages in vain for any departure into the field of liberal and questionable teaching. In their style the discourses incline to the expository method, which is after the English order; in their vividness they often attract the eye of the reader, as they must have held the ears of those who heard; and in their practical application to everyday circumstances and needs they are adapted to all. We cannot overlook, furthermore, their hortatory quality. They ring with exhortation to

trust, to service, to Christian growth. At least ten of the eighteen discourses treat of Jesus Christ, while in the remaining eight his great name, like a returning note in some lofty musical composition, frequently recurs. By title some of these sermons are "Christ Coming by Water and Blood," "Quenched Lamps," "The Indwelling Christ," "The Consistency Between Character and Conduct," "The Reputation of God," "The Wise Woman of Abel," and "An Idyll of the Flood." And the further fact is gratifying, that they are not discourses selected for show, but rather sermons addressed to the preacher's congregation in the course of his regular ministry. To have heard them in that English audience must have been profitable; to read them from the printed page in the United States is improving.

Selections from the Literature of Theism. By ALFRED CALDECOTT, M.A., D.D., and H. R. MACKINTOSH, M.A., Ph.D. 8vo, pp. xiii, 472. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark. New York: Imported by Scribner's Sons. Price, cloth, $2.50 net.

The scope of this work is broader than its title indicates. It is not merely a series of selections from the literature of theism, but of selections covering various topics in the philosophy of religion, with the theistic problem as the central point of view. In theism proper, again, more is aimed at than a statement of the theistic proof. In addition to the argument for theism, the nature of religious knowledge and the religious implications of different types of metaphysics are illustrated by quotations from a wide range of authorities. Of the pre-modern writers, Anselm and Thomas Aquinas are represented; among the moderns, a long line of thinkers of the first rank, extending from Descartes to Albrecht Ritschl, and a few (for example, Cousin) who are not ordinarily counted in this company. The citations given are intended to serve as texts alike for students in philosophical or theological courses and for the general reader; and they are accompanied with introductions, notes, and bibliographical references. In general it may be said that the book is fitted to accomplish the purpose for which it has been prepared. As brief summary of sources and as a guide to further inquiry it will prove of value to both classes of readers whose thinking it is designed to promote. And the student who is already in part acquainted with the subjects treated will find evidence of the erudition of its authors as well as of their care for the interests of those to whom their work appeals. At the same time, it is undeniable that the plan of the volume might well have been carried out with greater success. The field covered is so extensive that the lack of unity was hardly to be avoided, and also a certain absence of classification of the selections made, the historical rather than the logical order being adopted in the presentation of the argument. The choice of authorities and quotations is also open to challenge: thus the cosmological argument for God's existence is not given, except incidentally or by way of criticism; the selections from Descartes, Berkeley, and some others might well have been curtailed; if modern agnosticism was to be represented, the few pages from Mansel should have been supplemented or replaced by substantive passages from Spencer, Arnold, etc. In sum, the work is interesting and valuable, but it is not to be commended without qualification.

PHILOSOPHY, SCIENCE, AND GENERAL LITERATURE.

Adolescence. By G. STANLEY HALL, Ph.D., LL.D., President of Clark University and Professor of Psychology and Pedagogy. Two volumes, 8vo, pp. 589, 784. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Price, cloth, $7.50.

The psychology of Youth, and its relations to physiology, anthropology, sociology, sex, crime, religion, and education—this is the vast, complex, momentous, and fascinating subject of these two large volumes, of which it seems no exaggeration to say that they denote and promote an epochal advance in the long-hoped-for and long-delayed science of man. They are of interest and value to all intelligent mature persons, especially to parents, while for physicians, educators, and ministers who care to be masters of their business these volumes contain much matter which they cannot do without. Neither we nor our readers are primarily interested in Dr. Hall's psychology as set forth in Chapters X, XII, and XVI. Our most absorbing and at moments well-nigh breathless concern is with the practical bearing of this really great study upon religion and education. This study, made from various standpoints and covering a vast amount of material, aims to be as comprehensive as the present stage of investigation makes possible. Doubtless we need to caution ourselves against accepting all the views and inferences of this book; but the subject itself is one we dare not, in the solemn presence of God, refuse to study on our knees, with all available aids, among which we know none more inclusive, modern, illuminating, and provocative of further study than Stanley Hall's work on *Adolescence*. Dr. Hall has been for years an almost passionate lover of childhood and a teacher of youth. He does not err in holding the adolescent stage of life to be one of the most fascinating of all themes, more worthy of reverence, possibly, than anything else in the world, most inviting study, and most in need of a service we do not yet understand how to render aright. We cannot agree with Dr. Hall that youth was better understood in ancient Greece and Rome than now. We think that what the Church alone has done for the study and right development of childhood is enough to make that notion incorrect. And we further think that neither Greece nor Rome had any man who knew as much about adolescence as does one modern man named Hall. The general period of adolescence is divided into two sub-periods, from eight to twelve and from twelve to twenty-four. From fourteen to twenty-four is the best and most momentous decade of life. It is the most responsive, and in no period of psychic life does seed, whether good or bad, strike such deep root, grow so rankly, or bear fruit so quickly or so surely. To exploit aright the possibilities of those formative and critical years, and to safeguard them from the insidious dangers herein frankly and fully discussed, is the author's chief desire and the impelling motive of his book and of the long labor of which it is the report and the result. Some idea of his view of our present situation in America as to education and religion may be gained from an extract from his Preface: "We are conquering nature, achieving a magnificent material civilization, leading the world in the applications though not in the creation of science, coming to lead in energy and interest industrial activities; our vast and complex business organization, that has long since outgrown the comprehension of professional economists, absorbs ever more and earlier the best talent and muscle of youth and now dominates health, time, society, politics, and lawgiving, and sets new and ever more pervading fashions in manners,

morals, education, and religion. But we are forgetting that for the complete apprenticeship to life youth needs repose, playtime, art, romance, idealization, and in a word humanism, if it is to enter the kingdom of man well equipped for man's highest work in the world. In education our very kindergartens, which outnumber those in any other land, tend by dogma and hypersophistication to exterminate the naïve that is the glory of childhood. Everywhere the mechanical and formal triumph over content and substance, the letter over the spirit, intellect over morals, lesson setting and hearing over real teaching, the technical over the essential, information over education, marks over edification, and method over matter. We coquet with children's likes and dislikes, and cannot teach duty or the spirit of obedience. In no civilized land is teaching so unprofessional or school boards at so low a level of incompetence. Nowhere are the great traditions of the race so neglected or the high school so oblivious of the nature or the needs of the adolescent stage of life. The American college is half universitized with methods and matter prematurely specialized, and is half bound to the recitation-marking methods and discipline of the preparatory school, while the apex of our educational system is still in Europe, where hundreds of our best graduates go to find the advanced special training which we are still, in many departments, unable to supply. In religion we lack scientific sincerity. Our statistics show more sects and more clergymen *per capita* of population than in any other land and a rapidly progressive ignorance among the rising generation of the very Bible we profess to revere supremely. Churches, charities, missions abound, but our slums are putrefying sores whose denizens anthropologists believe to be lower in the moral and intellectual scale than any known race of savages, and the percentage of juvenile crime and the average age of first commitment grows steadily larger and earlier. We have vastly simplified politics by separating Church and State and by our voluntary system, but we have also permitted a chasm to yawn between our secular and religious life, between science and theology, until even seminaries for the training of clergymen neglect and even suspect the study of nature as if God were a hypocrite and did one thing in his works and said another thing in his Word, when in fact each supplements and is an imperfect thing without the other." Despite all this Dr. Hall remains an optimist, root and core, not only because he holds that the best and not the worst will survive and prevail, but also because he sees in most of these fields the beginning of better things. The eighteen chapters of this voluminous work deal with physical growth in the period of adolescence; diseases of body and mind; juvenile faults, immoralities, and crimes; sex development, its dangers and hygiene; periodicity; changes of the senses and voice; the feelings and instincts characteristic of normal adolescence; adolescent love; adolescent feelings toward nature and a new education in science; savage public initiations, classical ideals and customs, and church confirmation; social instincts and institutions; intellectual development and education; adolescent girls and their education; ethical psychology and pedagogy, or adolescent races and their treatment. There is an excellent index of subjects and of names. The two chapters most sure to interest all our readers are Chapter VIII, on "Adolescence in Literature, Biography, and History," and Chapter XIV, on "The Adolescent Psychology of Conversion." In the latter, while there are some rationalistic perils to be guarded against, the whole sacred subject is immensely exalted

and certified by the making plain that conversion is a part of the cosmic plan, and that the failure of man's religious nature to develop and to function at the due and proper period is at least as abnormal, as disappointing to the system of things, and as mortifying as the failure of any other faculty or function to mature and act. If there was any truth in Herbert Spencer's statement at the time he made it, that "Religion does not realize how impregnable its central position is," we can at least be sure that such a statement is less true with every revolving year; for more and more we are learning in the light of many sciences, researches, and knowledges that Religion is as undeniably a reality scientifically known to be such as any other fact in the cosmos, and that the everlasting foundations of Religion are scientifically known to be wedged deep into the central widths of God's universe. As ordainedly and inevitably as the rolling of planets in their orbits, the day comes on when all sciences will be down on their knees devoutly worshiping at the altars of Religion. Before closing this notice we are tempted to quote Keim's opinion that many, if not most, of the disciples of Jesus were, when He chose them, adolescents. He says: "Though some of the disciples, as well as of the women, may have been married, yet an age of not much more than twenty years is plainly indicated in the case of the four first called, notably of the sons of Zebedee, and also of James the younger, of the youth in Judea, indeed, of most of them; for they are represented as coming directly from the houses of their parents, and Jesus cautions them against preferring their parents to their Teacher, against jealous fancies and ebullitions of temper, and administers to them truly paternal censures. Thus might Jesus hope—as did Luther in more modern times—to tear up the deeply rooted bondage by means of the fresh and vigorous youths whom Judaism itself looked upon as the guard of the coming Messiah. He might also hope to find in youth the next-door neighbor to that innocent and humble childlikeness to which he could promise and give the Kingdom of Heaven." These monumental volumes are more likely to keep the thoughtful reader up till one, two, or three o'clock in the morning than any popular novel of the last decade, and are worthy to be studied over and over by educators and parents and preachers until their information, absorbed and digested, becomes a part of life's wisdom.

The Growing Pastor. By JAMES G. K. MCCLURE. 16mo, pp. 138. Chicago: The Winona Publishing Company. Price, cloth, 50 cents.

Attempting to magnify the importance of wise, noble, and consecrated pastors, and to glorify the pastorate to every man in it, this little volume speaks with conviction and practical power concerning the pastor's physical, intellectual, and spiritual life and growth. It is written in the spirit of the words of George Herbert, who said, "I have resolved to get before me the form and character of a true pastor, that I may have a mark to aim at; which, also, I will set as high as I can, since he who threatens the moon shoots higher than he that aims at a tree." A minister's usefulness depends on his comradeship with the hearts of his people. In all ages of the Church it has been the pastor, dealing with individual souls, who has rescued the lost, encouraged the disheartened, and guided the ignorant, as it was Ambrose who won Augustine from the evil world to the good Master. The supreme need of to-day is for pastors who in Christ's spirit—as with Nicodemus and Zacchæus and the blind man cast out of the syna-

gogue—shall seek the individual and lovingly bring to him the consolations and inspirations of the Gospel. Men are longing for personal affection. They hear the words from the pulpit, but they distribute them over the whole audience. They listen to appeals for their benevolence till they are in danger of feeling that all a minister wants of them is their money. What they want is a man who seeks them and not their gifts, and who comes to be a friend and a sympathizer with all his heart, a good shepherd giving his life unreservedly for the sheep. The pastor's physical condition is of immense importance to his work. When Elijah was weakened by excitement and lack of sleep and food, his courage and faith left him, and he became a spiritual weakling. Phillips Brooks, with his splendid physique and marvelous vitality, was a storage battery of inspiration and courage, imparting life to all whom his ministry touched. But when he bore the burdens of a bishop's life and the strain of it exhausted his physical strength he became a victim to depressions he had never known before, against which he had to fight with all the power of his will. The robust soul of Spurgeon, who was a spiritual giant, saw life through clouded glasses when his physical force ran low. The pastor needs to keep himself in vigor. He must be strong that he may carry the weak, brave that he may hearten the timid, buoyant that he may cheer the despondent. He must do his work and deliver his message with force. His physical reservoirs must be filled with nervous energy. Joseph Parker took a bath just before preaching that he might be wide-awake, fresh, and resilient. One minister, if he feels sluggish, sets his blood going by swinging dumb-bells or Indian clubs for a few minutes before going to his pulpit. But a preacher should avoid *tiring himself* by muscular or nervous exertion before his pulpit engagement. A minister ought to know by experience what Sydney Smith meant when he said, "I delight to stand in the free air of heaven, with my feet on God's green turf, and thank my Creator for the simple luxury of sound physical condition." But if a pastor has physical ailments or weaknesses he should keep them out of sight in the background as far as possible. This bit of good advice was given by a layman to his younger brother who was beginning his pastoral life: "Let me make a suggestion. Never speak about being 'tired.' You know how many ministers come to my store from time to time. When I say to Dr. A., 'How are you to-day?' he answers, 'I have been much driven with unusual work, special addresses, etc., and I'm really very tired.' When Dr. B. comes in and I say, 'How are you, doctor?' he says, 'I've attended four funerals this week, and so many people are sick that I have a good deal of extra calling to do, and I find myself very weary.' Now, when you are tired keep it to yourself. Don't talk about it. Other people are tired as well as ministers. The layman you are talking to works as hard as you do, and has as many anxieties, perhaps more. Show sympathy for him, and don't appeal for sympathy for yourself. Don't say, 'I'm tired.' Be a man and not a baby. Don't act as if you expected to be petted and indulged and coddled." It is necessary to study the art of being healthy. Some men have mastered it so that they can run their machinery at a high rate of speed and keep it up without damage. "I rest and recreate a good deal," said one city pastor, "in order that when I work I may work like all-possessed." The pastor must grow intellectually. He must learn how to read to greatest advantage. Jonathan Edwards read with pencil in hand to note down the thoughts roused in his own mind by what he read. It is not so much

the amount of reading a man does, but the amount of pondering he does over worthy and helpful thoughts, that gives him fullness of intellectual resources. Many a good sermon has grown up of itself by a pastor's taking a thought or a subject out with him through a round of calls, turning it over and over in the immediate light of the views and needs and experiences of his people, holding it against actual human lives and seeing its bearing and relationship to everyday facts. Intellectual growth is by study of life as well as by study of books; and life is more vivid and thrilling than any printed page. Not only must the preacher be a thinker, he must make his people think. "Our pastor gave us something to think about this morning" is a comment which certifies that the pulpit has stirred the pew. Said Phillips Brooks to his congregation: "When the procession of your powers goes up joyfully singing to worship in the temple, do not leave the noblest of them all behind to cook the dinner and tend the house. Give your intelligence to God." And the preacher must bring his intelligence to bear on the men and women before him to *make them think* on the things that concern their souls: he must call their minds away from dinner and house and store and all worldly affairs. Mentally and spiritually the pastor must grow. Said a wise servant of God, "I hate to meet a man whom I knew years ago and find that in ten or a dozen years he has not grown; he has the same point of view, the same horizon, the same level, the same range and outlook. He has ossified; he is a fossil; life has done little for him; his case is hopeless." The growing pastor will be more efficient at sixty than at thirty. Three prominent churches, two Baptist and one Presbyterian, in the largest city of America, recently called as their pastors three men, no one of whom was under seventy; but they were live men, still alert and vigorous, able to make their hearers think and feel. A wise paragraph in the book before us is the following: "In *Alice in Wonderland* there is a scene where Alice, after running with great vigor for a while, suddenly stops and says, 'Well.' Then the Queen of the white country says, 'What is it?' 'Why,' said Alice, 'in my country when one runs and runs and runs, you get somewhere.' 'O,' said the Queen of the white country, 'it is not so here; in this country you have to run and run and run to stay where you are.' This is a parable of the minister's work. He must run and run and run with all his might just to stay where he is. He must keep growing and growing and growing simply to hold his own and keep his level. If he does not keep growing he will go down and fall to the rear." Our author says that the wise pastor cultivates the art of making all things lead souls to God. "He meets a boy at the plow and describes to him the Eastern plow with its one handle, and then applies the words 'having put his *hand* to the plow.' He meets a youth at the loom and tells him how David Livingstone worked in a mill and educated himself for God's service. He meets a roadmaker, and tells him how Hugh Miller broke stones for the highways of Scotland and nursed lofty aspirations and purposes in his heart all the while. He tells the woman in her silks of Lady Huntingdon and Elizabeth Fry and touches on the beauty of their Christian consecration. He meets young women in their ease and refers to Sister Dorothy and her gift of herself to the healing of England's sick. He talks with the student about George J. Romanes and his studies in natural science and tells of Romanes's saying at last, 'It is Christianity or nothing,' as his soul settled back forever on the old foundations of a firm faith in Jesus Christ as man's sole Saviour and Lord." George Matheson, the blind

Milton of the Scotch pulpit of to-day, thus prays God to make him a blessing to the souls of the needy: "Make it impossible for me to stay at the top of the ladder, though that be heaven. Send me down to the pillows of pain, down to the nights of sorrow, down to the limbs that are languid, down to the souls that are sad. Send me to them with a breath of Eden, send me with a flower of Paradise, send me with a cluster of grapes of Canaan. Send me to the dark hours before the daybreak. Send me to the hearts without a home, to the lives without a love, to the crowds without a compass, to the ranks without a refuge. Make me a blessing to my needy fellow-men." To make individual men understand God and see Jesus is the minister's business. Ian Maclaren tells a touching story of a Scotch mother who when dying called to her bedside the son whom she had dedicated in her heart to the ministry. Stroking his head, she said: "I canna see ye noo, John, but I know yir there, and I've just one other wish. If God calls ye to the ministry, ye'll no refuse, an' the first day ye preach in yir ain kirk speak a gude word for Jesus Christ, an', John, I'll hear ye that day, though ye'll no see me, and I'll be satisfied." The next minute she was dead. Five years later, John, being through with his preparatory studies, is to preach his first sermon in his church. He writes it out. In it he displays his scholarship and learning and is acutely critical. But before Sunday comes his aunt reminds him of his mother's dying wish, "Speak a gude word for Jesus Christ." He goes to his room, and down upon his knees, his mother's words fresh in his remembrance. He remembers how she knelt each night by his bed in his boyhood, and he cries out, "My mother! my mother!" Then he prays, "Help me to speak a gude word for Jesus Christ." And he goes into his pulpit on the Sabbath thinking only of Christ and his mother. "As he preached," says the story, "the preacher faded from before all eyes. The people saw only the Nazarene, heard only the Nazarene, felt only the Nazarene. The women wept quietly, the rugged faces of the men softened as when evening sun plays on granite stones. He spoke a gude word for Jesus Christ, and the people were blest. In the study he met his aunt, and his lip quivered, for his heart was wrung with one wistful regret. 'O, if she had only been spared to see this day, and her prayers answered!' he cried. 'Dinna be cast doon, laddie, nor be unbelievin'. Yir mither has heard every word and is satisfied.'" With such matter this little volume is filled, and it throbs from beginning to end with the author's yearning to help his brother ministers in their pastoral service. Lowell's lines describing the good minister and pastor may fitly close this notice:

> Far from his kind he neither sank nor soared,
> But sat an equal guest at every board.
> No beggar ever felt him condescend,
> No prince presume; for still himself he bore
> At manhood's simple level, and where'er
> He met a stranger, there he left a friend.

Simon Peter, Fisherman. By "THOMAS." 12mo, pp. 189. New York: Eaton & Mains. Cincinnati: Jennings & Graham. Price, cloth, gilt top, 75 cents.

This is how it seems: Two young ministers spent a summer vacation roughing it in the deep woods beside a little lake, with a half-demented saint for guide —a strange, devout character, a God-intoxicated man, who called the lake "Galilee," imagined himself to be Simon Peter, named the young ministers "John"

and "Thomas," talked about his memories of the Master in the flesh, and kept them doubtful for a month whether they were living in the nineteenth century or the first. Simon Peter brought Palestine to Maine. The conversations and experiences these three had together by day and by night in the forest are told with the charm of a clear, chaste, simple style in pages which hold us with a peculiar spell. The heart-to-heart talks and mutual confidences of this interesting group are out of the ordinary, elevated above commonplace levels, have a rare spiritual quality and spiritualizing power, and leave us much in love with all three of these pure-hearted men—with "Simon Peter," and "John," and "Thomas." We have not read of any nobler trio camping by modern waters. The book should be, may easily be, and in most cases surely will be, read through at a sitting. Many will re-read it, as we have done. It will have a growing circulation. Ministers will most appreciate it—there is so much in it that touches their experiences; but all sorts of people except the frivolous will be interested in it and get real good from its attractive pages. "The older I grow," said "Thomas" to "John" one day, "the more I feel that I need to know the Saviour and to grasp normally and spontaneously and tenaciously the fact of His companionship and personal interest—not to know more about Him. I'm not yearning just now for a series of lectures on the creed. I've given one or two myself, dry enough to impair the insurance on my church. But to know Him—to believe that He is near when I'm digging at a sermon as well as when I'm preaching it, when I'm sidetracked in the chitchat of empty conversation as well as when I'm making a pastoral call that amounts to something—that's what I want. I believe it—yes, I believe it; but I want to get a better hold upon it. I want to *know* Him; not as the cranks do, nor as the spiritual babes—the converts who lecture hoary-headed saints fifteen minutes after they've found the Lord; not as the pietists know him; but as men out in the world, dusty from its streets, soiled by the touch of sin, deafened by its cries and groans, wearied by its burdens—as such men know Him. I want to know Him. Mind you, I take Him as my Saviour, and have no doubt that He accepts me. That much I mark down as sure. Still, I want more than that. I am pretty well assured that the favor of God which I seek doesn't come through believing more or believing less, or through readjusting in true proportions the various tenets of one's creed. All I have to do is to get before God and await His work. I don't intend to crawl around in the dust, nor hunt after a foe to wrestle with, nor weep for the sake of weeping. I am going about my business, believing that my Lord goes about His, too. But, as I said, I want to know Him better." The young pastors interchange confidences about troublesome parishioners. Here is one: "He was an English local preacher—all right in England, say forty years ago, but not a success as supporter of a Yankee preacher. He practically owned the church and felt aggrieved when he could not control its policy even down to the minute details. He knew how to write a sermon—so he told the pastor on Monday morning, when he, poor fellow, was sure that he himself didn't—and he had very decided views as to the lettering on the banner of the Junior Epworth League. It was he who loved the pastor to distraction for three months or more—up to vacation time; and it was he who told the Elder quietly on his way home from the fourth Quarterly Conference that the people really needed a new man. 'He's

all right as a pastor, so they say, but he doesn't feed us in his pulpit work.' It was he who offered the customary resolutions at the last meeting of the official board—who moved that the picture of their beloved pastor be hung in the vestry of the church, and who suggested that the ladies present the pastor's wife with a bit of silver—'sterling, mind you,' said he, 'by all means let it be sterling.'" One minister tells of his failure to obtain the full answer to his prayers, and comforts himself thus: "Mary and Martha had to wait two days in gloom while the Master delayed His coming. I was no better than they. The Syrophœnician woman, who had faith more than anyone whom Christ had met, for some inscrutable reason failed for a time to get any kind of an answer to her piteous plea for aid. She prayed as few of us have prayed, yet He answered her never a word. I was surely no better than she. Yet I have kept my faith, have beaten my way through, have found Him at last, and intend to trust Him to the end, in daylight or in gloom." To this minister "Simon Peter" responds: "Quit your worrying and go about your business right where you are, and God will guide you where He wants you. . . . You are risen with Christ, seek the things which are above—but seek them as a man has to, walking right along on the ground, climbing every hill that puts one nearer heaven, and not howling in the valley for Elijah's chariot of fire or the Master's ascension robes. For, howl all you want to, you'll never get them." "Simon Peter, Fisherman," speaking of a young man who preached from the words, "Looking unto Jesus, the author and finisher of our faith," says: "That was his text—his sermon I don't remember; thank God, I don't. All that I can recall is he twisted it and turned it and browbeat the truth till 'twas well-nigh dead." The problem for the readers of *Simon Peter, Fisherman*, to solve is whether the experiences recorded therein really happened in the woods of Maine years ago or whether, out of subliminal regions, they came to the surface in a minister's study, born of a longing to obliterate nineteen centuries and bring the living Master, the Man of Nazareth, nearer to the men of to-day. Any who fail to solve this puzzle are referred to Rev. Dr. Frank B. Upham, of Bridgeport, Connecticut, the narrator of this unique history. One peculiar thing about the book is that its interest will not be diminished in the least by whichever answer the author may give.

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, AND TOPOGRAPHY.

A Journey in the Seaboard Slave States in the Years 1853-1854. By FREDERICK LAW OLMSTED. Two volumes, 8vo, pp. 418, 412. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Price, cloth, $6.

John Morley, in his recently published *Life of Gladstone*, says in a footnote on page 70, vol. ii: "The reader who cares to understand the American Civil War should turn to F. L. Olmsted's *A Journey in the Seaboard Slave States* (1856)—as interesting a picture of the South on the eve of its catastrophe as Arthur Young's picture of France on the eve of the revolution." This book was first published in 1856, and is reprinted now because of its value to any who desire to study the Old South with the assistance of a fair-minded and highly capable observer who in 1853 and 1854 was an "artist on the spot." (Professor Charles Eliot Norton has called Mr. Olmsted "the greatest artist that America has yet produced," referring doubtless to his work in laying out

Central Park, New York; Prospect Park, Brooklyn; and the Parks and Parkways of Boston.) Professor W. P. Trent, a native Southerner, who writes the Introduction to the present edition of Mr. Olmsted's book, describes the author as "a thoroughly just man, a true democrat in the best sense of that ambiguous word, a genuine American, whose strictures on slavery and on the backward civilization resulting therefrom were due not to antislavery partisanship, but to real regret that any section of his country should have found itself in such a plight." Professor Trent thinks this book must probably rank along with *Uncle Tom's Cabin* and *The Impending Crisis* as one of the three books that did most to open the eyes of the North to the true nature of the plague of slavery and to the inflamed condition of public opinion at the South during the decade preceding the war. He also thinks that this book is by far the most valuable of the three to the historian and to the reader interested in understanding and reconstructing the past. In this opinion he agrees with James Russell Lowell, George William Curtis, and James Ford Rhodes. Very interesting to any reader are Mr. Olmsted's realistic pictures of life on the plantations and in the country districts. He visited a large farm in eastern Virginia, on the James River, with ready access by land and water with Richmond, and talked at length with the proprietor, who received him as a guest. During an interview of three hours the proprietor was not free for any consecutive ten minutes from interruptions by some slave requiring his personal assistance or direction. Three times he was obliged to leave the dinner table for this purpose. Resuming his seat at table after the last interruption, he said, with a smile, to his guest: "You see a farmer's life in the South is no sinecure. I only wish your philanthropists would contrive some satisfactory plan to relieve us of it; the trouble of taking care of our negroes, you may judge from what you see, is anything but enviable. But what can we do that is better? Our free negroes are a miserable set of vagabonds, drunken and vicious, worse off, it is my honest opinion, than the slaves. I am satisfied, too, that our slaves are better off than the majority of your free laboring classes at the North." To this Mr. Olmsted demurred. The slaveholder responded: "Well, they are certainly better off than agricultural laborers in England or those of any other country. Free labor might be more profitable to us; I incline to think it would be. The slaves are excessively careless and wasteful, and in various ways subject us to very annoying losses. To make anything by farming here a man has got to live a hard life. I am constantly called upon, as you see, and by night as well as by day. Last night I was not allowed to sleep a wink till near morning; I am quite worn out with it, and my wife's health is failing under it. But I cannot rid myself of it." Being asked why he did not employ an overseer, he replied: "Because I do not think it right to trust such men as have to be used for overseers. They are the curse of this country, sir; the worst men in the community." Of the negroes he said: "O, they are interesting creatures, sir, and with all their faults have many beautiful traits. I can't help being much attached to them, and I am sure they love us." Mr. Olmsted did not doubt this in the case of this slaveowner, whose manner toward his slaves was paternal, familiar, and kind; they came to him simply and confidently, like children who have been given some task and are constantly wanting to be guided and encouraged and helped out of their difficulties. At dinner the master frequently addressed his table servant famil-

iarly, and drew him into his conversation with Mr. Olmsted, as if he were a family friend—better informed on some local and domestic points than the master himself. One slaveholder told Mr. Olmsted that negroes could not be used in factories because "they never could be taught to exercise judgment, could not be made to use their minds; they always depend on machinery doing its own work and cannot be made to watch it—they neglect it, and presently something goes wrong and the machinery is broken. . . . On the plantation it always seems as if they took pains to break all the tools and spoil all the cattle they could, even when they know they'll be punished for it." "But are not the negroes improving? Have they not, as a race, improved during the last hundred years?" asked Mr. Olmsted. The slaveowner's reply was: "O, yes, very greatly. During my time—I can remember forty years—they have improved *two thousand per cent.* . . . And they are treated much better, better fed, and have much greater educational privileges." "Educational privileges?" exclaimed Mr. Olmsted, with surprise. "I mean preaching and religious instruction. They have the Bible read to them a great deal, and there is preaching for them all over the country. They have preachers of their own race, too, and right smart ones they are, some of them." Mr. Olmsted said, "I thought that was forbidden by law." "Well, it is," answered the slaveholder; "that is, they are not allowed to have meetings without some white man is present. However, they do. On my plantation they always have meetings on Sundays. I have sometimes told my overseer, 'You must go to the meeting; you know the law requires it;' and he would start as if he was going, but would only look in and then go off." The slaveholder then told of a minister whom he owned and described him as "a very intelligent man, who knew almost the whole of the Bible by heart—a fine-looking man with a large frame and a fine intellectual head; he was once a sailor and had been in New York, New Orleans, and many foreign ports. He could have left me any time within twenty years, if he had wished to," said his owner. "I asked him once how he would like to live in New York, and he said he did not like New York at all—black folks were not well treated there; there was more distinction made between them and white folks than here." A Southern correspondent of *The New York Times*, back in the fifties, writing of the religion of the slaves, explained as follows the reason why the Baptist Church gets so many of the negroes: "*Immersion* strikes their fancy. It is an overt, palpable, spectacular act that their imagination can take hold of. It impresses them mystically as the ceremonies of Romanism affect the devotees of that communion. They come up out of the water and believe they 'see the Lord.' They have all sorts of 'experiences' and 'revelations.' Supernatural visions are of nightly occurrence." The Episcopalians, who do not get many of the negroes, were described by a certain white divine in the South as "a high-sailin' set." That even the religious negroes, under slavery, were not morally scrupulous is not strange. A housemaid, whose religious professions were conspicuous, when lectured by her mistress for lying and stealing, replied, with a confident air of knowing her ground, "Law, Missus, don't call me wicked. Ol' Aunt Ann says it's right for us pore cullud folks to propriate whateber of de wite folks's blessin's de Lawd puts in our way." "Ol' Aunt Ann" was one of the colored saints, a "mother in Israel" among the blacks. Another loud "professor" among the slaves was lectured, at the master's request, by a white

clergyman on his scandalously immoral practices. Very soon the culprit interrupted the lecturer with, "Look yar, Massa, don't de Scriptur' say, 'Dem wat believe and is baptise shall be save'?" "Certainly," replied the minister, and went on to explain that passage, and then renewed his effort to lay the terrors of the law upon the backslider's conscience. But the slave soon broke in again, "Now, Massa, don't de good book say 'zackly dese words, 'Dem as believe and is baptise shall be save'? I want to know dat." And as often as the minister charged him with his sins and warned him to reform, the same answer came from the incorrigible transgressor: "De Scriptur' say if man believe and is baptise he shall, he *shall* be save. Now, Massa minister, I *done* believe and I *done* baptise, and I *shall* be save, shuah! Dar no use talkin'. I *shall* be save! De good Lawd say so." Mr. Olmsted writes of the Dismal Swamp as a hiding place for runaway slaves, and prints a sample advertisement, of a sort frequently seen in the Southern papers in those days: "BLOOD-HOUNDS. I have TWO of the finest DOGS FOR CATCHING NEGROES. They can take the trail TWELVE HOURS AFTER THE NEGRO HAS PASSED, and catch him with ease. I am ready at all times to catch negroes. Signed, David Turner, March 2nd, 1853." It is well known that Thomas Jefferson, the writer of the Declaration of Independence, regarded the emancipation of the slaves as a solemn duty, rejoiced in all proofs that the talents of his black brethren were equal to those of men of other colors, recognized that the apparent lack of such talents was mainly owing to the degraded condition in which they were kept, and ardently desired, as he said, to "see a good system commenced for raising the condition of both body and mind to what it ought to be." From Monticello, in 1797, the great Virginian wrote concerning the necessity for emancipating the slaves: "If something is not done, and soon done, we shall be the murderers of our own children. The sooner we put *some* plan (of emancipation) under way the greater hope there is that it may be permitted to proceed peaceably to its ultimate effect." If the wisdom and conscience of Thomas Jefferson had prevailed with his fellow-countrymen of his own section there could never have been a Civil War. How far his State departed from his wisdom is indicated in a typical extract given by Mr. Olmsted from the *Richmond Examiner*, which said in 1854: "It is all a hallucination to suppose that we are ever going to get rid of African slavery, or that it will ever be desirable to do so. It is a thing we cannot do without; it is *righteous, profitable*, and *permanent;* and belongs to Southern society as intricately and durably as does the white race itself. Let us, then, not bother our brains about what *Providence* intends to do with our negroes in the distant future; let us glory in and profit by what He has done for them in transplanting them here and setting them to work on our plantations. Let the politicians and planters of the South keep the slaves at hard work, under strict discipline, out of idleness and mischief. If Southern men would act as if the canopy of heaven were inscribed with a covenant, in letters of fire, that *the negro is here, and here forever; is our property and ours forever; is never to be emancipated; is to be kept hard at work and in rigid subjection all his days;* and is never to go to Africa, Polynesia, or Yankee Land—if men would do this they would accomplish good for the black race and cut up by the roots a set of evils and fallacies that threaten to drive the white race a-wandering in the Western wilderness." A most informing book is Mr. Olmsted's, worthy of reprint.

In Famine Land. By Rev. J. E. SCOTT, Ph.D., S.T.D. Crown 8vo, pp. 206. New York: Harper & Brothers. Price, cloth, $2.50.

This is a painfully realistic description of the terrible famine in India caused by the great drought of 1899-1900. The awful story is told by Dr. Scott, one of our own missionaries, who was chairman of our Mission Relief Committee at Rajputana. Having spent most of his life in India and having been a strenuous and sacrificing toiler in the effort to save starving multitudes from death, he is competent to give a vivid and exact account of India's latest famine and of the causes of and remedies for famines in general. He dedicates his book to "Lord Curzon, Viceroy and Governor-general of India, under whose energetic and benevolent administration the horrors of the great famine were mitigated and relieved." Fairness requires us to admit that wherever England sets up her government her administration is "energetic and benevolent." In the Indian famine the British government and Christian missionaries were the agencies and forces of relief. This fact works mightily to subdue all India to England's beneficent rule, and to win the land to Christianity. India, unhelped by her idols, comes out of the famine saying, "The God that answereth by corn-ships and bread, let him be God!" She covers with kisses of love the Christian hands that fed her starving millions. Lord Curzon's government expended fifty millions of dollars for the relief of the famine sufferers; and from many lands money and supplies were sent by Christian charity, notably from our own country, which sent one installment of six hundred and fifty thousand dollars by Mr. Louis Klopsch, part of it in a cargo of grain on the corn-ship *Quito*, which sailed from Brooklyn to Bombay, chartered for the purpose by the United States government. Dr. Scott tells the pathetic story of heathen suffering and Christian compassion in a plain, straightforward, matter-of-fact way; but no words can equal the numerous photographs in this book which show the actual scenes of the famine, in making us realize the ghastly realities of distress and death. These pictures would melt a heart of stone to pity. Dr. Scott truly says that Doré's illustrations of Dante's Inferno are not more frightful than the actual scenes in India during the famine. As usual, the devotion and heroic self-sacrifice of Christian missionaries, toiling and dying for the wretched, show them to be of the blood-royal of humankind, the superb aristocracy of lofty character. Of many of them it is written, "They saved others; themselves they did not save."

MISCELLANEOUS.

Is the Lord Among Us? By D. W. C. HUNTINGTON, D.D., LL.D., Chancellor of Nebraska Wesleyan University. 16mo, pp. 163. Cincinnati: Jennings & Graham. New York: Eaton & Mains. Price, cloth, 50 cents.

In this volume of "The Methodist Pulpit" are nine sermons by Dr. Huntington on topics evidently suggested by everyday intercourse with many sorts and conditions of men and women and a realizing sense of their frequent misconceptions of what to him is very plain—that the requirements of the Christian life are easily met by the sincere. He feels

that God is present in all this world's affairs and gets along with as few miracles as he can. To ignore God, to doubt his presence, is the greatest blunder which can be made in individual life. "He knows that consecration is our own voluntary act and state. . . . We consecrate ourselves, if we are ever consecrated; . . . it is dwelling with God and living for man." "He is a Christian who lives unto the Lord; chooses what the Lord chooses, 'for no man liveth to himself.' The fact is, living to self and refusing to live unto the Lord is the one all-comprehensive sin." Temptations to fretfulness he discovers and discusses, giving breezy and vigorous advice to those who would overcome such. "Our Bible," its history and effects, furnishes a most instructive chapter, followed by "Are We All Going to Heaven?" We can all be in heaven, we are all needed and wanted there, but "the law of adaptation is likely to obtain throughout the spiritual worlds. If heaven is not 'the survival of the fittest' it is the arrival of the fitted." Hence Jesus said, "*Strive* to enter in." Heaven is, "first of all, a spiritual state." God's estimate of man is shown by the fact "that it was fitting for God to sacrifice all that he sacrificed, and that Christ should suffer all that he suffered, in order to save man," and "the divine declarations concerning him work toward his elevation and salvation. They lift him up into the thoughts of God." "Christ is still in the world, worshiped by many, but by some doubted. . . . There is in some a pride in doubting. . . . The one final cure of your doubting is to know God. You may become as conscious of him as you are of yourself." Unbelief—the practical unbelief of Christians themselves—is the theme of the final discourse. It is difficult to refrain from further quotation, but enough has been cited to recall Dr. Huntington's terse and clear methods to those who are familiar with them and to recommend the book to others. In these days of machines and unions perhaps it is not good form to allude to typographical errors, but there is large scope for improvement in a future edition of this little volume.

The Wisdom of James the Just. By the Right Rev. W. Boyd Carpenter, D.D., Hon. D.C.L. Oxon., Lord Bishop of Ripon. 8vo, pp. xix, 253. New York: Thomas Whittaker. Price, cloth, $1.20.

No book of the New Testament is better suited to our time than the Epistle of James. It has a broad, deep, clear, ethical message which cannot be misunderstood and which has only to be effectively preached to startle the attention and command the assent of honest minds. The brother of our Lord, though stoutly resisting his claims to Messiahship until after the memorable post-resurrection interview mentioned by Paul, seems to have been so akin to him in character and mental make-up that he soon took his place in human leadership and became the first and best interpreter of the inner mind of the Master. Bishop Carpenter first studies the letter as a self-revelation of the writer. James, though reticent about himself, distinctly reveals a religious temperament of the most winning and lovable kind, while his philosophy of life and thoughts about God are lofty and wholesome and sound. In Part II the letter itself is discussed in twelve chapters of considerable compass and beauty.

METHODIST REVIEW.

NOVEMBER, 1904.

Art. I.—THE VIRGIN-BIRTH OF OUR LORD.

To those who watch the trend of a certain kind of theological thinking among us it seems probable that the next conflict will center about the virgin-birth of our incarnate Lord. The controversy some ten years since in Germany over the origin of the Apostles' Creed involved the dogma of the miraculous birth, and many works on the subject immediately appeared. The discussion passed over to England and developed there no slight commotion in Church circles, and the indications are that a lowering of the temperature on this side the Atlantic may be expected at any time, if the storm is not already here. On our eastern coast the rationalistic spirit, the baneful influence of Unitarianism, repressing all evangelistic effort, is more marked than in former years, while among other Churches not blighted by the frost of unbelief there is a growing tendency to discuss with evident leaning toward rationalism all questions involving the miraculous or that put upon reason a burden to explain.

It is not at all strange that those who would reduce Christianity to a mere system of ethics by destroying all faith in the essential divinity of its Founder should attempt to weaken confidence in the Gospel record of his miraculous birth. As the Rev. Bishop D. A. Goodsell observes in his remarkable little book, *The Things Which Remain*, "If one seeks to rid Christianity of the supernatural here is the place to begin." It is not the purpose of this article to treat in any manner the dogmatic aspect of the question, nor to touch upon the scientific questions involved; for even Professor Huxley has admitted that the mysteries of the gospels, including the virgin-birth, are not greater than the mysteries of science;

and in evidence that this marvelous event is not contrary to nature we have the statement of Professor G. J. Romanes, in *Darwin and After Darwin*, that "even if a virgin has ever conceived and born a son, and even if such a fact in the human species has been unique, it would not betoken any breach of physiological continuity." My design is rather to outline in a general way a few exceptions to the critical and historical objections which have been vigorously urged against the truthfulness of the record in the first chapters of the gospels of Matthew and Luke, and which have been recently put in a new setting by Professor Paul Lobstein, of the University of Strasburg, and other writers on the Continent and in this country. The points of criticism are numerous. The argument from silence is made to do effective work. Of all the documents in the New Testament two only mention the miraculous birth. Hence, "That which is unknown to the teachings of St. Peter and St. Paul, St. John and St. James, and our Lord himself, and is absent from the earliest and latest gospels, cannot be so essential as many people have supposed."[1]

Now, while on the face of the records it may be admitted that the doctrine of the virgin-birth is not without historical and exegetical difficulties, yet it cannot be admitted that these difficulties, even intensified as they may be by a rationalistic bias, are as insoluble as some critics would have them appear. Assumption is sometimes overdone. To assert, for example, that our Lord knew nothing of his miraculous birth, because he never declared it, is to assume such intimate knowledge of what things Christ did not know that one is inclined to think the chief difficulty with some critics is their omniscience. And with regard to the objection above urged from the silence of the New Testament a more critical investigation of the subject might suggest that this objection really begs the whole question. St. Mark, the writer of the "earliest gospel," is silent on the birth of Jesus, but it should also be stated that he passes over with deliberate silence thirty years of our Lord's life, and therefore his silence on this particular fact cannot be construed as evidence of his ignorance. It is significant, however, that he begins his gospel with the striking statement,

[1] *Incarnation of our Lord*, p. 217.

"The beginning of the gospel of Jesus Christ, *the Son of God.*" As for St. Paul, we should not expect him to mention the virgin-birth unless the logical implications or relation of the particular thought he is unfolding necessarily led him for illustration or proof to historical details of Christ's early life. But it is clear that the history of our Lord did not fall within the thought circle of Paul's epistles to the Christian communities. His preaching had for its theme the moral or spiritual significance of the Christ, and not the events of his earth-life. It can be shown, I think, from some of Paul's epistles, a needed work which has not yet been done, that the churches to which he wrote did have in their hands Matthew's gospel, and that, therefore, since Paul made use of this gospel he was not unacquainted with its contents, Matthew's narrative of the virgin-birth, and of the belief of the earliest Christians.

The confident affirmation that John, the author of the fourth gospel, knew nothing of the birth story, because he does not expressly refer to it, is also without historical or other evidence to support it. The simple truth is that, like other errors, it carries with it its own refutation, since it necessarily implies that John knew nothing of the gospels of Matthew and Luke, which narrate the incidents of the virgin-birth, while these gospels were well known in Christian communities years before the fourth gospel was written, and while the virgin-birth of Christ had become one of the great themes of Christian teaching and preaching. Thus Ignatius, while on his way to Rome and martyrdom, A. D. 110, writes to the churches in Asia—Ephesus, Smyrna, *et al.*—not many years after the probable date of the fourth gospel, that the virginity of Mary was among the three mysteries which were "loudly proclaimed." It is difficult to believe that John, the beloved disciple who took Mary, the holy mother, to his own home after the crucifixion, knew nothing for or against the narrative of the Nativity recorded by Matthew and Luke and which had become the common belief of the Church before he wrote his gospel.

What, then, is the historical value of these two documents which of all the writings in the New Testament do contain the account of this miraculous birth? In order to rule their evidence

out of court it is asserted that they form no part of the main body of the history, and must therefore be a later addition; that they differ in character, and are not only different, but also contradictory. "It is impossible to reconcile our two traditions," says Professor Lobstein, "without doing violence to the texts, without resorting to arbitrary hypotheses, and without resting content with possibilities which will never amount to historical certainty." The object of Matthew and Luke in presenting the genealogy of Christ, he continues, is "to prove that Jesus is truly the Messiah, by recording the succession of his ancestors in direct line from King David to Joseph, the husband of Mary. It is beyond dispute that in the mind of both genealogists Jesus is the son of Joseph. Had they possessed the slightest notion of a miraculous birth they would have drawn up a genealogy of Mary, not of Joseph. Every artifice, M. Reville very ably says--every artifice resorted to by the old commentators to conciliate this contradiction in the gospel records crumbled before the stubbornness of the texts." Now, as a matter of fact, there is no substantial foundation for the assertion that these first chapters, especially the genealogical tables, were not integral parts of the original histories of Matthew and Luke. Leaving aside the plausible supposition of Sanday that Luke obtained his information at first hand either from Mary or from the women of Herod's court who were in the confidence of Mary, and leaving aside considerations from the style and tone of Luke's narrative suggesting that only a woman could have been the original author of the account, and letting it go for granted that, as Weiss and Godet and Plummer contend, the evangelists used an Aramaic original—still it remains that the evangelists knew they were incorporating into their histories this Aramaic document, that they knew the truth of it, especially as Luke says he traced all accounts accurately from the first, and that a critical study of the whole narrative will compel conviction that this original was written at a time when the Messianic hope was yet fresh and the rejection of the Messiah by the whole Jewish nation had not yet become an accomplished fact. The supposition, then, that the narrative is an interpolation is without proof, and the daydream of Lobstein and others that the story is a myth shows that his

theory is of such stuff as dreams are made when it is considered that there was no need of a myth; that there was no soil in which such a myth could germinate; that there was no sufficient time for the origination and development of a myth between Pentecost and the writing of Luke's gospel, 75–80 A. D.; and, finally, that before composing his gospel for the instruction of Theophilus he carefully examined into the facts recorded in documents in his possession, "having had perfect understanding of all things from the very first." It is too late now, with Professor Ramsey's works before us, to question the exactness, the trustworthy character of Luke as an historian.

If, then, Luke's narrative is neither an invention nor a later addition, Matthew's cannot be. Both writers are independent of each other, and are therefore not in collusion, since, if we assume that both wrote their accounts with strict regard to accuracy of time and place, and were not dependent on separate and distinct sources in the possession of each for their information, we are compelled to acknowledge that the narratives are not only independent, but also incompatible. But they are not incompatible, as may be seen by a comparison of fact with fact, supplying in one document what may be lacking in the other; and therefore the seeming contradictory relation which Professor Lobstein points out of these two chapters, instead of being damaging testimony as to their genuineness, becomes strong evidence to the contrary. The difficulty of conciliating contradictions between the genealogies and the virgin-birth, which M. Reville supposes, is not so granite-like as it appears. It is a rational presumption that modern critics find no greater difficulties to solve than were fully known to the writers of these gospels. We may not, indeed, at this distance be able to satisfy every demand of exacting criticism, but we may be reasonably assured that to Matthew and Luke, who had all the facts in hand, and were in closest relation to contemporaries of the events recorded, there were no such insuperable difficulties and incompatibilities as eager critics now think they discover. The discovery is too often a mere invention. To the Jews of that day the espousal of Joseph and Mary afforded sufficient ground for attributing to Joseph the paternity of Jesus. The people of

Nazareth evidently thought so when they asked, "Is not this Joseph's son?" and this belief, to the certain knowledge of Luke, who knew the real truth, continued to be the general belief up to the beginning of Christ's ministry—"Jesus himself began to be about thirty years of age, being (as was supposed) the son of Joseph." The putative character of Jewish genealogies—Matt. xii, 23—if it is necessary to mention it, relieves the difficulty of much of its embarrassment. It also shows how little solid ground there is for the strong declaration of M. Reville that had the authors of the genealogies "possessed the slightest notion of a miraculous birth they would have drawn up a genealogy of Mary, not of Joseph." He forgets that the line of descent was always traced through the father, real or putative, and not through the mother.

But we are not shut up to this mode of defense. Let it be granted that the compilers of the genealogical tables which Matthew and Luke inserted in their gospels were wholly ignorant, as Reville and others say, of the miraculous birth; their ignorance of the fact has no more bearing on the reality of the annunciation and on the virgin-birth than has the ignorance of the people of Nazareth. It does not follow in their case any more than it does in the case of others who supposed Jesus to be Joseph's son that the incidents of the Nativity did not occur just as Matthew and Luke recorded them. The genealogical tables in Matthew and Luke, whether compiled by the evangelist from the records or by the kinsmen of Jesus, are not employed by the evangelists to prove the birth of Jesus; they serve in no way conservable such a purpose, but rather to show his family connection, his Davidic descent. And it is most in harmony with all right feeling that the real secret of Christ's birth should not have been made common property until his divine personality was clearly revealed, for nothing less than the incontrovertible fact that he was known and was demonstrated by miraculous power to be the Son of God could ever have made the story of his birth credible. Analogies from the story of the birth of Augustus or from Egyptian, Babylonian, and Grecian folklore have no place here. The Hebrews never cultivated mythology. Out of the Hebrew spirit of religion there was never developed a myth-cult which ascribed divinity of origin

to any of the heroes or even to the greatest prophets or priests of Israel. For this reason it is thought that the story is of Greek rather than of Hebrew or Jewish origin, and that "this notion of a miraculous or virgin-birth arose at the time of the passing of Christianity from 'the world of Syrian peasants' to 'the world of Greek philosophers,' and gained acceptance as filling a want vaguely felt by the Greek converts." But the record of the fact was made before that period of transition, and the invention of a mythical origin of their Christ and Lord by the first Syrian Christians for the mere satisfaction of Greek converts, who when they accepted Christ turned away from all that pertained to heathenism, and, unlike the Jewish converts, carried nothing of the former religion over into their new belief, is itself an invention so utterly foreign to the spirit and thought of the earliest Christians that it is altogether beneath criticism.

The difficulty in the way of most, however, in accepting the record of the evangelists does not lie along the lines which we have indicated; nor does it lie in the fact that our Lord never mentioned the mysterious mode of his birth—which is offset by the fact that while he often recognizes his mother he never calls Joseph his father—and also that the objection would equally lie against his metaphysical oneness with God; nor does it lie in the fact that Mary's hymn is a paraphrase of Hannah's prayer in 1 Sam. ii, 1–10; nor that the promise of the angel Gabriel, "The Lord God shall give unto him the throne of his father David," would have been a stumbling-block to Mary all her days, as a recent writer in the *Nineteenth Century* thinks; nor that Gabriel could never have used the word "Jesus," the Greek rendering of the Hebrew *Yehoshua;* nor that in Matthew the writer does not seem to know of the visit of Gabriel to Mary, the vision thus being to Joseph and not to Mary. All these objections are puerile, and will not interest the critical student. But the real difficulty to many lies in the mental attitude of the mother toward her Son, she knowing, it is assumed, his divine origin. Why, for example, if Mary ever experienced the facts recorded, and if Joseph ever heard the prediction of Gabriel—why should it be written by Luke, "And Joseph and his mother marveled at those things which were spoken of him"? or,

when the boy Jesus said, "Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business?" that "they understood not the saying which he spoke unto them"? Mark relates (iii, 21) that on one occasion when the brothers of Christ heard of the uproar he had produced "they went out to lay hold on him: for they said, He is beside himself." Both Matthew (xii, 46–50) and Luke (viii, 19–21) also record the fears of Mary for the sanity of her mysterious Son.

Now, with the background of angelic visits, prediction of the character of the Child to be, and the tremendous experience known only to the blessed mother—all of which she treasured in her heart—how can such a bewildered attitude on the part of Joseph and, for a longer period, on the part of Mary be conceived? Did she not know that her Son was not an ordinary being, but was begotten immediately by the power of God? Why, then, this marveling, and why these fears? How can these two recorded facts—Mary's knowledge and Mary's wonder—be reconciled the one with the other? These are some of the difficulties which suggest doubt to many minds, the apparent psychological impossibility of both records being absolutely correct. What, then, is the solution?

In the first place, it must be admitted, whatever else may be, that there is no difficulty here which the writers of the record themselves did not know. They most certainly recognized the apparently irreconcilable character of the unparalleled experience of Mary and the statements they made concerning her wonder and her fears, for they deliberately interjected in their narrative explanatory remarks whenever they deemed them necessary. They knew there was seeming difficulty on the face of the record, but they also knew that in reality, at bottom, there was no difficulty at all. The facts were as they wrote them, whatever the explanation of the facts might be. Now, having narrowed the matter down to this, is the mental attitude of Mary so astounding, after all? Would not such a Being always excite her wonder, even a deeper wonder and of another quality from that of the multitude who gazed in blank amazement at his marvelous works? She does know he is more than human, but whence her knowledge of that? At the Cana marriage feast she appeals to his power and cautions the servants to obey him. Whence her knowledge of his super-

human power? If the mighty mother-love, that divine instinct in woman to which God himself so often refers, crowds out all else in mind and soul for the moment when the holy Being intrusted to her is in danger, it is irrational to turn this sudden blaze of tenderness alarmed into a subtle argument proving her ignorance of angel visits and the overshadowing of the power of the Highest. The mother-heart never reasons; it loves.

Thus far in this article the discussion has been confined to the limits of exegesis and historical criticism. Lack of space forbids excursion in the field of dogma, showing the relation of the virgin-birth to the sinlessness of the Saviour, the divinity of his character, and the efficiency of his work. But it may be said in conclusion that if there is a moral taint in the human race, if in the very blood and constitution of humanity there is an ineradicable tendency to sin, then it is utterly inconceivable that anyone born in the race by natural means should escape the taint of that race. And, finally, if the virgin-birth is not historical, then a difficulty greater than any that destructive criticism has yet evolved from documents, interpolations, psychological improbabilities, and unconscious contradictions confronts the reason and upsets all the long results of scientific observation—that a sinful and deliberately sinning and unmarried human pair should have given life to the purest human that ever lived or of which the human race has ever dreamed, and that he, knowing and forgiving the sins of others, never knew the shame of his own origin. I pray the forgiveness of our divine Lord for writing these words even in his defense. But here is a difficulty with which rationalism must reckon; for as Bishop Goodsell remarks, in that masterful little book before mentioned, "If the new doctrine of heredity be true, that men may inherit good as well as evil, we still have an astounding fact to account for, namely, the birth of such a child from such conditions—that is, with all the good kept in and all the bad kept out." Science knows no such miracle, and it becomes the task of destructive criticism to explain the supernatural phenomenon.

R. J. Cooke.

Art. II.—CHRISTIANITY AND CURRENT LITERATURE.[1]

To attempt a description of the relations of Christianity and current literature in a twenty-minute address is as absurd as it would be to try to explain the philosophy of the absolute between two courses of a dinner. I can only hope to suggest a few thoughts which may lead you, by way of agreement or by way of contradiction, to a further consideration of the subject.

Literature is the art in which the inner life of man seeks expression and lasting influence through written words. Races and nations have existed without it, but their life has been dumb, and with their death their power has departed; they have vanished into thin air. What do we know of the thoughts and feelings of those unlettered tribes of white and black and yellow and red, flitting in ghost-like pantomime across the background of the world's great stage? Whatever message of warning, of encouragement, of hope, of guidance they may have for us remains undelivered. They are but phantoms, mysterious and ineffective. But with the art of literature life arrives at utterance and lasting power. The Scythian, the Etruscan, the Phœnician are dead. The Greek, the Hebrew, the Roman still live. We know them. They are as real and potent as the Englishman, the American, the German. They touch us and move us through a vital literature. Religion is a life, the life of the human spirit in contact with the divine. Therefore it needs a literature to express its meaning and perpetuate its power. It is the fashion nowadays to speak scornfully of a "book-religion." But where is the noble religion without a book? Men praise the "bookless Christ," and the adjective serves as a left-handed criticism of his followers. True, he wrote no volume, but he absorbed one literature—the Old Testament—and he inspired another—the New Testament. How wonderful, how supreme is the Bible as an utterance of life in literature! With what convincing candor are the hopes and fears, the joys and sorrows, the deep perplexities and clear visions

[1] An address delivered June 30, 1904, at Liverpool, England, before the eighth Pan-Presbyterian Council, representing the Reformed Churches holding the Presbyterian system.

of the heart of man under the divine process of education disclosed in its pages! What range, what mastery of literary forms! History, biography, essays, epigrams, letters, poetry, fiction, drama—all are here. The thoughts breathe with inspiration; the unconsumed words burn with the divine presence; the figures live and move. And, most of all, the central figure, the Christ himself—long-expected, suddenly revealed, seen but for a moment, imperishably remembered, trusted, and adored—stands out forever in the simple words of a few brief chapters the clearest, most enduring, most potent personality in the world's history.

I do not hold with the saying that "the Bible is the religion of Protestants." If that were true the Protestants would be in the position of mistaking the expression for the life, the lamp for the light, the stream for the fountain. But I hold that without the Bible Christianity would lose its vital touch with the past and much of its power upon the future. It would be like a plant torn from its roots and floating in the sea. Christianity owes an immense part of its influence in the world to-day to the place of the Bible in current literature. What other volume is current in a sense so large and splendid? It flows everywhere, bearing its thoughts, its promises, its pictures—its very words—deep into the hearts of the races who lead the world. What book is so widely known, so often quoted, so deeply reverenced, so closely read by learned and simple, rich and poor, old and young? Wherever it comes it enriches and ennobles human life, opens common sources of consolation and cheer, helps men to understand and respect one another, gives a loftier tone to philosophy, a deeper meaning to history, and a purer light to poetry. Strange indeed is the theory of education that would exclude this book, which Huxley and Arnold called the most potent in the world for moral inspiration, from the modern schoolhouse. Stranger still the theory of religion which would make of it a manual of ecclesiastical propagandism rather than the master-volume of current literature. "Beware of the man of one book," says the proverb. The saying has two meanings: the one-book man may be strong, and therefore masterful; he may also be narrow, and therefore dangerous. The Bible exercises its mightiest and most beneficent

influence, not when it is substituted for all other books, but when it pervades all literature.

Christianity needs not only a Sacred Scripture for guidance, warning, instruction, inspiration, but also a continuous literature to express its life from age to age, to embody the ever-new experiences of religion in forms of beauty and power, to illuminate and interpret the problems of existence in the light of faith and hope and love. Close this outlet of expression, cut off this avenue of communication, and you bring Christianity into a state of stagnation and congestion. Its processes of thought become hard, formal, mechanical; its feelings morbid, spasmodic, hysterical; its temper at once over-sensitive and dictatorial, like that of a man who makes the mistake of using his house as his castle. It grows suspicious of science, contemptuous of art, and alienated from all those broader human sympathies through which alone it can reach the outer world. Insulated, opinionated, petrified by self-complacency, it sits in a closed room, putting together the pieces of its puzzle-map of doctrine and talking to itself in a theological dialect instead of speaking to the world in the universal language. Books it may produce—books a-plenty! Big fat books of dogmatic exposition; little thin books of sentimental devotion; collections of sermons in innumerable volumes; pious puppet-show storybooks in which the truth or falsehood of certain dogmas is illustrated by neatly labeled figures stuffed with sawdust and strung on wires. And these an insulated Christianity, scornful of what it calls mere literary art and unsanctified charm, would persuade us to accept as a proper religious library. But John Foster spoke the truth in his essay "On Some of the Causes by Which Evangelical Religion has been Rendered Unacceptable to Persons of Cultivated Taste" when he called these books "a vast exhibition of the most subordinate materials that can be called thought in language too groveling to be called style." Certainly they are not literature, nor is it either to be wondered at or much regretted that they are not current. They do not propagate religion; they bury it.

Very different are the works by which the vital spirit of Christianity has been expressed, the vivifying influence of Christianity

extended, in the world of modern thought and feeling. There are sermons among them like the discourses of South and Barrow and Liddon and Bushnell; and religious meditations like the *Confessions* of St. Augustine and the *Imitation of Christ;* and books of sacred reasoning like the Letters of Pascal and Butler's *Analogy* and Drummond's *Natural Law in the Spiritual World;* and divine poems like those of Dante and Milton and George Herbert and Cowper and Keble. But there are also books which are secular in form, neither claiming nor recognizing ecclesiastical sanction, presenting life in its broad human interest, and at the same time revealing the ethical, the spiritual, the immortal, as the chief factor in the divine drama of man. Christian literature includes those writings in which men have interpreted life and nature from a Christian standpoint, in language of distinction and charm, touched with the personality of the author, and rounded into forms of clear and lasting beauty. The standpoint does not need to be always defined or described. A man who looks from a mountain peak tells you not of the mountain on which he stands, but of what he sees from it. It is not necessary to name God in order to revere and obey him. I find the same truth to life in *King Lear* as in the drama of Job and the same sublime, patient faith, though the one ends happily and the other sadly. The book of Ruth is no more and no less Christian, to my mind, than Tennyson's *Dora.* There is the same religion in *The Heart of Midlothian* as in the book of Esther. The parable of the rich man lives again in *Romola.* In *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde* St. Paul's text, "The flesh lusteth against the spirit," is burned deep into the heart.

No great writer represents the whole of Christianity in its application to life, but I think that almost every great writer since the religion of Jesus touched the leading races has helped to reveal some new aspect of its beauty, to make clear some new secret of its sweet reasonableness, or to enforce some new lesson of its power. I read in Shakespeare the majesty of the moral law, in Victor Hugo the sacredness of childhood, in Goethe the glory of renunciation, in Wordsworth the joy of humility, in Tennyson the triumph of immortal love, in Browning the courage of faith in God, in

Thackeray the ugliness of hypocrisy and the beauty of forgiveness, in George Eliot the supremacy of duty, in Dickens the divinity of kindness, and in Ruskin the dignity of service. Irving teaches me the lesson of simple-hearted cheerfulness; Hawthorne shows me the secret life of goodness surviving the dreadful power of evil in the soul of man; Longfellow gives me the soft music of tranquil hope and earnest endeavor; Lowell makes me feel that we must give ourselves to our fellow-men if we would bless them; and Whittier sings to me of human brotherhood and divine Fatherhood. Are not these Christian lessons?

I do not ask my novelist to define and discuss his doctrinal position or to tell me what religious denomination he belongs to. I ask him to tell me a story of life as it is, seen from the point of view of one who has caught from Christianity a conception of life as it ought to be. I do not ask him even to deal out poetic justice to all his characters and shut the prison doors on the bad people while he rings the wedding bells for the good. I ask him only to show me good as good and evil as evil; to quicken my love for those who do their best and deepen my scorn for those who do their worst; to give me a warmer sympathy with all sorts and conditions of men who are sincere and loyal and kind; to strengthen my faith that life is worth living even while he helps me to realize how hard it is to live well; to leave me my optimism, but not to leave it stone-blind; not to depress me with cheap cynicism, nor to lull me with spurious sentimentalism, but to nourish and confirm my heart with Sir Walter Scott's manly faith that "to every duty performed there is attached an inward satisfaction which deepens with the difficulty of the task and is its best reward."

The use of fiction either to defend or to attack some definite theological dogma seems to me illegitimate and absurd. I remember a devout and earnest brother who begged me to write a story to prove that Presbyterians never held the doctrine of infant damnation. I would as soon write a story to prove the binomial theorem. But that fiction may serve a noble purpose in renewing our attraction to virtue, in sharpening our abhorrence of selfishness and falsehood, in adding to the good report of the things that are pure and lovely, in showing that heroism is something better

than eccentricity tinged with vice, and, at its deepest, in making us feel anew our own need of a divine forgiveness for our faults and a divine Master to control our lives—this is true beyond a doubt; for precisely this is what our best fiction, from *Waverly* down to *The Bonnie Brier Bush* and *Sentimental Tommy*, has been doing. Name half a dozen of the great English novels at random—*Henry Esmond, David Copperfield, The Cloister and the Hearth, Lorna Doone, Romola, The Scarlet Letter*—and who shall dare to deny that there is in these books an atmosphere which breathes of the vital truths and the brightest ideals of Christianity?

It must be admitted that there is a great mass of printed books, fearfully current at present, of which this cannot be said. Some of them breathe of patchouli and musk, some of stale beer and cigarettes, some of the gutter and the pesthouse; many do not breathe at all. The presses of England and America are turning out for every day in the year about six new works of fiction—most of them works of affliction! It is a deplorable waste of time and labor, to say nothing of brains. But I do not see in it any great or pressing danger. The chemists tell us that the paper on which these books are printed will not last twenty years. It will not need to last so long, for the vast majority of the books will be forgotten before their leaves disintegrate. Superficial, feeble, fatuous, inane, they pass into oblivion; and the literature which emerges and abides is that which recognizes the moral conflict as the supreme interest of life and the message of Christianity as the only real promise of victory.

There are three mischievous and perilous tendencies in our modern world against which the spirit of Christianity, embodied in a sane and virile and lovable literature, can do much to guard us: The first is the growing idolatry of military glory and conquest. It is one thing to admit that there are certain causes for which a Christian may lawfully take the sword. It is another thing to claim, as some do, that war in itself is better for a nation than peace, and to look chiefly to mighty armaments on land and sea as the great instruments for the spread of civilization and Christianity. The forerunner of Christ was not Samson, but John the Baptist. The kingdom of heaven cometh not with observa-

tion, nor with acquisition, nor with subjugation. If all the territory of the globe were subject to one conquering emperor to-day, no matter though the cross were blazoned on his banner and his throne, the kingdom of heaven would be no whit nearer. "Not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord." That is the message of Christianity. A literature that is Christian must exalt love not only as the greatest, but as the strongest thing in the world. It must hold fast the truth bravely spoken by one of America's foremost soldiers, General Sherman, that "war is hell." It must check and reprove the lust of conquest and the confidence of brute force. It must repeat Wordsworth's fine message, "By the soul only the nation shall be great and free." It must firmly vindicate and commend righteousness and fair dealing and kindness and the simple proclamation of the truth as the means by which alone a better age can be brought nigh and all the tribes of earth taught to dwell together in peace. The second perilous tendency is the growing idolatry of wealth. Money is condensed power, but it is condensed in a form which renders it frightfully apt to canker and corrupt. A noble literature, truly in harmony with the spirit of Christ, will reiterate in a hundred forms of beauty and power his teaching that "a man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth." It will expose with splendid scorn and ridicule the falsehood of the standard by which the world and too often the Church measure what a man is worth—his wealth. It will praise and glorify simple manhood and womanhood, "plain living and high thinking." It will teach that true success is the triumph of character, and that true riches are of the heart. The third perilous tendency is the growing spirit of frivolity. A brilliant British essayist in his life of Robert Browning has just said that the nineteenth century has already become incomprehensible to us because it took life so seriously. This was probably not intended as a compliment, but if the nineteenth century could hear the criticism it would have good reason to feel flattered. An age that does not take life seriously will get little out of it. One of the greatest services that Christianity can render to current literature is to inspire it with a nobler ambition and lift it to a higher level. I

remember an old woodsman in the Adirondack forest who used to say that he wanted to go to the top of a certain mountain as often as his legs would carry him because it gave him such a feeling of "heaven-up-histedness." That is an uncouth, humble, eloquent phrase to describe the function of a great literature.

> Unless above himself he can
> Erect himself, how mean a thing is man !

I want the books that help me out of the vacancy and despair of a frivolous mind, out of the tangle and confusion of a society that is buried in bric-a-brac, out of the meanness of unfeeling mockery and the heaviness of incessant mirth, into a loftier and serener region, where through the clear air of serious thoughts I can learn to look soberly and bravely upon the mingled misery and splendor of human existence, and then go down with a cheerful courage to play a man's part in the life which Christ has forever ennobled by his divine presence.

Henry van Dyke

Art. III.—THE SOUL OF HABAKKUK.

The second quarter of the last thousand years before Christ brought to the staid Semitic peoples and the tribes of Asia Minor the experiences of the Roman empire during the last centuries of its own existence. Aryan peoples, pressed by the terrible Mongol hordes behind them, were steadily pressing southward into the mountainous regions east of the Tigris, some settling there and strengthening and unifying the somewhat decadent and enervated Mongol tribes that had dwelt there for centuries. Other Aryan bands swept westward into Asia Minor, while occasionally the Mongol raiders in the rear burst through the cordon of petty buffer states, and carried devastation and ruin into Asia Minor or into Palestine to the border of Egypt. The Assyrian, never far-sighted in his statecraft and not comprehending the value of buffer states, was exerting all his strength to check their development, not realizing that he was but opening the way for the irresistible flood behind. The inspired statesmen of Israel saw the rise of Urartu, Mannai, and Ashguz; they sounded the alarm at the approach of the Scythian hordes; and, some of them at least, believed that the final consummation was at hand, that the day of Yahweh was near and hastening greatly. All ancient empires were in the crucible; the whole ancient order was yielding place to new. The princes of Egypt were gone; Ethiopians, Libyans, or Assyrians alternately sat in their place; and though Assyria, roused to the energy of despair, won occasional victories, they were of the Pyrrhic type—ruinous to the victor. Her last mad act, the destruction of mighty Elam at tremendous cost to herself, sealed her fate. The way was opened for the hordes beyond.

Within Israel, during this period, the changes are hardly less marked than without. The earlier prophetic dream of an eternal nation and eternal city has vanished. The land has witnessed religious struggles—doctrinal disputes between two great schools of prophets. One believes that Yahweh will defend and preserve his city at all hazards, under all circumstances; the other asserts that it must be included in the sweeping away of all things that

will characterize the day of Yahweh. An effort has been made to reform Israel by centralizing worship, apparently in the belief that the rural altars, liable to Baalistic influences, were chiefly responsible for the evils of Israel. It does not take long to disillusionize the reformers. Ceremonial worship is improved, but oppression, lawlessness, the tyranny of the aristocracy, are even worse than before. The nobles are the more complacent since ceremony is better observed. The Pharisaical leaders, with "hands full of blood," are "selling the poor for a pair of shoes," "devouring widows' houses, and for a pretense making long prayers," and "neighing like fed stallions, every one after his neighbor's wife." The surely approaching dissolution of the ancient order means that all popular theology, and much prophetic theology also, must be modified. It is not germane to the present purpose to indicate all the steps in popular thought. We need only notice some of the opinions of the age preceding Habakkuk's prophecies. We may then understand that a certain skepticism in regard to past opinions was inevitable, and that the most religious of all the prophets might be so because the most skeptical.

Isaiah had put forward in his preaching the supreme holiness of Yahweh; Amos and Jeremiah had preached the doctrine that he ruled all nations, not Israel only. This idea had been developing since Elisha's mission to anoint a king over Syria. But for the masses Jerusalem is the only divinely guarded place. Isaiah had said that Yahweh could hire another nation as a razor for his use; Jeremiah makes Yahweh declare that Nebuchadnezzar is his servant. Such a conception is too much for the common people. All recognize that Yahweh has a covenant with Israel; by its terms the Torah must be kept. But there is no suggestion that the Torah is binding upon other nations, and the ordinary Israelite does not see how there can be special interest in them on the part of Yahweh. Jerusalem is the chosen city; the temple of Yahweh is inviolable. Certainly this is a perversion; but the escape of the city in Sennacherib's time, when the rest of the country was sacked, has produced immense mischief in the minds of the populace, and has become a cloak for iniquity. Isaiah, Micah, Zephaniah, Jeremiah believe the ruin of the city is inevitable. When Jeru-

salem falls Judah is no more. Yahweh has no longer a people, is the popular thought. Isaiah thinks a remnant will return and the kingdom of David be reestablished. Sin against Yahweh will be punished, say the prophets; the sinner is to be cut off. But the nation, not the individual, is the moral unit so far. Yahweh promises to forgive the repentant, according to Isaiah, but Jeremiah concludes that entreaty is vain; the case of Israel is hopeless; no reform and no repentance can avail. Huldah has spoken likewise. Then it must be because of the sins of the fathers, thinks Jeremiah. (Ezekiel's individualism and dispute of this doctrine are not yet come.) Sin against Yahweh is preeminently a legal and social matter; Yahweh is El Mishpat, the God of the legal decisions, cries Isaiah against the ritualists. Sin against Yahweh is a question of the Torah; keep the letter of the law and be safe, think the people. Sin against Yahweh is something involving the nature of man; a fundamental difference between himself and Yahweh, thinks Jeremiah when he discovers that the Deuteronomic reform was but superficial.

Now, there are clearly contradictory elements in the thinking of the period. There is nothing strange in this. Systematic theology was not the business of the prophet. He was preeminently a man of the hour, a religious opportunist, grappling with a great emergency. Experience may show that his methods and principles are not capable of universal application. A systematic theology will require the labors of the sage to sift and assort the utterances of the prophet. Jeremiah's doctrine of sin, some predisposition in the nature of man, is the key to any selection a man of the time would make from the conflicting elements suggested. The original ethical character of the man will determine his choice of materials for the construction of his creed. We can see that Habakkuk's whole attitude toward the ideas of the past turns upon this fact. Among many irreconcilable dogmas skepticism at some point is inevitable for every man. It is apparent that Habakkuk plants himself upon the purely ethical postulates, making an important contribution of his own. Isaiah has greatly elevated the conception of Yahweh. Jeremiah believes other nations besides Judah are his servants, but in his preaching of the

sinfulness of Judah he has kept his emphasis upon the idea of a breach of contract or covenant. But Habakkuk must pass beyond this, retaining the thought of Jeremiah that something is wrong in the nature of man, in order to marshal all nations alike upon the field of thought and consider the relative righteousness of each. He seems to have concluded also, from Jeremiah's doctrine of depravity and the inability of the nation to keep the law, that there must be a division, a sifting of the people. So long as the wicked surround and hamper the better-disposed the Torah cannot be effectual, judgment can never get forth. He has also raised a problem that he cannot answer. Considering the prophetic dogma of the temporal and condign punishment of the unjust, he has learned that Yahweh does not settle all his accounts upon the first of the month. Stubbornly clinging to the purest ethical conceptions bequeathed to him, he finds his difficulties increased by that policy—in fact, they arise from it. Nothing contributes more to it than the extension he has given to the idea of sin as the logical correlate of the extension of Yahweh's authority to all nations; though nations, not individuals, seem still to be his moral units. "Why, seeing the times are not hid from Shaddai, do the wicked prosper?" If wrong shall be punished why is retribution delayed? The reason for delay is not given, but in i, 5-11 he is told that vengeance is on its way. Those who would remove these verses give as a reason for so doing the assertion that it cannot answer the complaint and question about wrong in Judah. Certainly it does not; it is not intended to. It but intensifies the psychological complications of the soliloquy; it answers nothing save his complaint that punishment of evil does not seem to be coming. But it raises mighty problems in connection with his extension of Jeremiah's doctrine of sin, especially when considered with his conviction, "We shall not die!" We cannot agree with those critics who think this anticipates the solution of his problem and should be stricken out. It is, on the contrary, the last element in the problem. With the dogma of the absolute destruction of evildoers the course of events in the land could be understood readily were it not that the prophet is at the same time haunted by the belief that his nation shall not perish. The words

"*lo namûth*" do not anticipate a solution, do not furnish one; and no solution is reached here or elsewhere, in the book of Habakkuk or in any other book. Though he is still thinking in nations instead of individuals, the prophet has come face to face with the Sphinx of the ages, the ethical mystery of the universe: Why, if righteousness is the ultimate aim of Yahweh, are there such long periods of oppression and sorrow? The problem remains unanswered, here and everywhere.

This situation, this struggle of the prophet, must be grasped clearly if we would properly estimate his ethical loftiness, his deeply religious character. Only a soul of great moral sensitiveness could raise the problem or be harassed by it. "To him who only thinks, life is a comedy; but to him who feels, life is a tragedy." Only the soul of supreme moral strength can maintain its *'emûnah*, its steadfastness (not faith, in the New Testament sense), when the problem is unanswered. Could he rid himself of the conception of Yahweh's purity; could he conceive of Yahweh, as the masses have done before, as not the sole ruler of the world; could he impeach His omniscience; could he abandon the belief that his own people are destined for some high mysterious end, and shall not die; could he forsake the dogma that national sin means national destruction, Habakkuk would have no problem. But to surrender at any of these points would detract from the newer ethical conceptions of Yahweh, and in consequence from those of human life and duty. Though this ethical ground confronts him with awful specters of the mind, he will surrender no foot of it. With his moral distinctions and convictions unshaken he proclaims his vision:

> Behold him that faileth! (or fainteth[1])
> Not right is his soul within him!
> But the just shall yet live, by his steadfastness,

though the perils of the righteous be many. There is a foregleam here of the "Ebed Yahweh," who shall faint not, nor be discouraged, till he himself have set in the earth the judgment he so longs to see. We can readily admit the distinction that Habakkuk here lays down, the vision needed for all of his time that one might read

[1] Bredenkamp.

and ponder as he ran. It is clear that faint-hearted Jews who abandoned their creed or who would flee into Egypt had been shaping their course by the dogma of Zion's inviolability instead of by ethical or moral principles. And Habakkuk's peculiar religious intensity and superiority are shown by the facts summarized in the beginning. The political outlook, the contemporary situation, affords him no basis for predicting the overthrow of the foreign oppressor. He sees no new world power upon the horizon. The rushing Aryo-Mongol hordes have swept away Nineveh, but Babylon has profited thereby. "Shall he slay the nations forever?" Nor does he see the final destiny of Israel when the Chaldean passes. The future has no light. No Cyrus yet looms up on the horizon; no Egypt gleams forth as a possible helper; no coalition of distant peoples; no Urartu, Mannai, and Ashguz to sack Babylon as they had sacked Nineveh. His belief in the final fall of the oppressor does not involve the literal acceptance of the details of the taunt songs any more than Isaiah's graphic picture of the sweep of the Assyrian army through Judah meant that his hearers should accept this warning as exact in its details. That Babylon became a spoil to the nations she had spoiled is not true. Habakkuk is not dependent, then, upon the environment to the extent that other prophets had been; nor is he indulging in the wild apocalyptism of later periods. His belief in the final overthrow of the Chaldean springs solely from the stubborn maintenance of his moral distinctions. The circumstantial evidence of the time was against his assertion that the Chaldean would be overthrown. It could not be predicted save upon the basis of Habakkuk's doctrine of ultimate moral results. But the ethical optimism of the man, the fundamental characteristic of his race, triumphs over all obstacles; it cannot be that adherence to moral principles is but to end in extinction. And such has been the attitude of the great Jews of all ages. Baffled in their gropings, unable to explain the fact that their purest may suffer, ceaselessly watching for a Messiah who never comes, led astray at times by dreamers, persecuted in all ages, able at any time to secure respite or even fame and fortune by abandonment of the conviction that temporal prosperity and moral truth are ineradicably rooted in

their creed, the Jews remain, as ever, the lasting miracle of the centuries.

Let us emphasize again the remark that Habakkuk is the most religious of the prophets because the most skeptical. No one before him and Jeremiah seems to have questioned the popular dogma that righteous men are temporally prosperous. The Deuteronomic Torah has given great development and detail to the doctrine. But Habakkuk openly asserts that righteousness only leaves men as helpless fishes and worms, a prey to the powerful and cruel. In this respect the Torah has a blow squarely in the face. Power—cruel, conscienceless, haughty, self-centered, and relentless—seems to be the ruler in the world of his time, in Judah or out of it. There is absolutely nothing that warrants his acceptance of the central doctrine of the Torah. Yet its injunctions to right living are more to him than to any other man and are expanded as no other expands them. And this drives him to Yahweh for the solace the world-order cannot give. If he has any definite opinion of the relation of the Torah to the situation, it is that past truth, that moral truth, is a *mishmar*, or "watch-tower," upon which he may stand to scan the future. The law, once a *res observanda*, is now to be a *vis conservans;* if it cannot preserve him from the temporal calamities that distress him, if it raises shadows of the valley of death about him, it can at least help to keep him from the moral iniquity at which he shudders; and this result is more to Habakkuk than temporal disasters or philosophical specters.

Another feature of the prophetic preaching of this era is a new attitude toward the attesting sign, or *'ôth*, that has often been given in connection with a prediction. An ignorant and superstitious generation is ever seeking a sign. Life becomes a matter of omens, symbols, portents, and prodigies. Mohammedanism and paganism have a hundred times as much miracle as the Bible. Every prophet is expected to furnish marvelous credentials. But so long as such is the state of affairs the morals and statecraft of a people are the shuttlecocks of comets, tornadoes, earthquakes, illusions, fanatics, and pretenders, and intellectual and spiritual growth are hampered and distorted. The Deuteronomic reform,

recognizing from the influences of the past century that Babylon was the great religious rival of Jerusalem, and that the Jew could not match the Babylonian astrologer in the matter of *'ôthôth*, had taken new ground: that the *'ôth* was nothing; that any pretender might be able to give one; that prophecy must henceforth stand on its own feet. To meet the popular demand for *'ôthôth* it asserts that the nation's past history affords all the *'ôthôth* necessary. Seven times over it emphasizes the *'ōthôth* of the deliverance from Egypt; seven times Jeremiah repeats the lesson. These are to be sufficient. The people are to be taught to regard their whole past history as a marvel, to see Yahweh as they never saw him before. And thus is to be created a steadfastness of conviction that they are destined for some great end that will carry them through the terrible years to come and which will create in them the consciousness of a world-mission. The *'ôth* will no longer be a juggler's toy, but the word will become associated with the greatest past deliverance of the nation. It is to be the factor that will center their religious observances around that one historical event. The change is immense since Isaiah seven times over gave *'ōthôth* as credentials, and offered to meet Babylonian astrologers with *'ōthôth* in the heavens above or in the earth beneath. Jeremiah is in full accord with the new doctrine, and warns the people not to walk in the ways of the heathen nor to be dismayed at their *'ōthôth* in the heavens. Their own *'ōthôth* lie in their deliverance from Egypt, he repeats, and he himself refuses to give an *'ōth*, till in Egyptian exile he warns the mad people of the coming fall of Daphne; and, as an *'ōth* to back his assertion, tells the people that Nebuchadnezzar will pitch his tent on a certain platform in the city; they may then know that he will capture Daphne!—a specimen of grim prophetic humor. The event was to be its own *'ôth*, a new sign in the land of Egypt; and the word becomes sacred by such usage. And when a later wailer complains, "We see not our *'ōthôth* any more," this is in harmony with Ezekiel's assertion of a new principle: that the Sabbath will hereafter be Yahweh's *'ōth* unto his people; for the weeper adds, "they have taken away all the synagogues [or appointed times] of Yahweh out of the land."

Now, it will be seen that Habakkuk is in full accord with the

new view. No marvels or portents in the temporal order come to his relief; he casts down no rods and takes up no serpents. Yahweh's messages to his people are not henceforth to be prodigies in nature. The deeply cut principle of moral steadfastness amidst dire trouble is to be an *'ôth* of Yahweh in his people, and rolling centuries have read it in them as they ran. "Give me one proof of the divine origin of Christianity," said Frederick the Great. "The Jews, your majesty," a Christian officer replied. So Habakkuk, not seeing the end, not understanding yet the mission of his people, not having the perfect law, having only the Torah and doubting much of that, still looks with Jeremiah and the Torah back to the escape from Egypt, and argues like the Oidipous of Sophocles that, since they are brought through such strange miseries yet alive, they are surely destined for some great end. This is to be all-sufficient. And so, with all his questionings unanswered, with all his doubts unsolved, he stands upon his *mishmar* and chants his "*Ein feste Burg ist unser Gott*," the literary ancestor of scores. The Torah has not been true in promising bounteous harvests and ceaseless prosperity to the righteous, in promising they shall walk upon the high places of the earth; but though the fig tree does *not* blossom and the vine does not yield her fruit, though the flock be cut off and there be no herd in the stall, he will yet cling to the moral precepts of the Torah, needing not such special temporal signs of Yahweh's care for his people. As a method for effecting a complete separation of Israel from the Gentile no single doctrine of the Torah can compare with this. Taken up by Jeremiah in his insistence that the people ask for and seek after no sign, and that they be not dismayed by *'ôthôth* in the heavens, such principle only could protect the religion of Israel when in contact with the star-driven multitudes of Babylonia. It marks the rise of a more rational religion in Israel. It insists upon their seeing a divine hand in all the past—a matter less emphasized by earlier teachers. Israel is told to think, to think of her past history, to think of all history; and when she thinks she will doubt. She will say with Jeremiah, "Righteous art thou, O Yahweh, when I plead with thee: yet let me reason the case with thee of thy judgments: wherefore doth the way of the wicked

prosper? and wherefore are all they happy that deal very treacherously?" And Israel will find but one answer to this if she clings to her ethical convictions: she herself must set up in the earth the judgment for which she longs. She will hear again, as ages before, the unexpected response to her wail at oppression and surrounding —"Why criest thou unto me? Speak to the children of Israel, that they go forward!"

Closely connected with this peril in the form of ân *'óth* was the danger of too hasty a reading of the signs of the times. The foolish or false prophet knew not the glow of conflagration from the flush of dawn. "The morn cometh!" he often sang when it was but more terrible night. Here we find Habakkuk's broader skepticism again. Zephaniah had burst forth with hammer strokes and trumpet notes, "The day of Yahweh! it is near! it hasteth greatly! a day of clouds and thick darkness! a day of all fearful things!" The final purification, the consummation of Yahweh's purposes, is at hand. But the Scythian horror swept past, and Judah was unreformed. But Habakkuk sees no reason to think that Yahweh's work is nearly done. Nor has he fallen into cold and scornful unbelief, saying, "Where is the promise of his coming? for since the fathers fell asleep all things continue as from the creation." He does not feel himself at the end of time, but in the midst of the ocean of years without a shore in sight. He has no theory of Yahweh's policy. He has not furnished the Holy One of Israel with a chart of statecraft. He does not know whether there is to be an exile or no. He does not know if a remnant will return. He does not know whether there will be a nation or a Church, a city or a temple, a free state or a scattered people. On all the darling themes of Israel's earlier great dreamers his agnosticism is absolute. Unmistakable is the significance of his silence in this hour when the smallest gleam of certainty would mean so much to other souls in an agony of questioning.

> Behold, I know not anything,
> I can but hope that good shall fall
> At last—far off—at last, to all,
> And every winter turn to spring.

One need not apologize for this parallel. Indeed, we may hardly imagine a more perfect presentation of the difference between

Habakkuk and the pious Israelite whose every hope and dream had hitherto centered in the ancient kingly order than we find in the dialogue between Arthur and Sir Bedivere. We may picture it to ourselves as a dialogue between Zephaniah and Habakkuk, who will not admit that the crumbling of the whole earthly structure means the overthrow of divine plan and purpose:

"Ah me, my lord! now whither shall I go?
Where shall I hide my forehead and my eyes?
For now I see the true old times are dead
When every morning brought a noble chance
And every chance brought out a noble knight.
Such times have not been since the light that led
The holy Elders with the gift of myrrh.
But now the whole Round Table is dissolved
And I, the last, go forth companionless,
And the days darken round me, and the years,
Among new men, strange faces, other minds."
And slowly Arthur answered from the barge,
"The old order changeth, yielding place to new;
And God fulfills himself in many ways,
Lest one good custom should corrupt the world.
Comfort thyself—what comfort is in me?
I have lived my life, and that which I have done
May he within himself make pure. But thou,
If thou shouldst never see my face again,
Pray for my soul. More things are wrought by prayer
Than this world dreams of. Wherefore let thy voice
Rise like a fountain for me night and day.
For what are men better than sheep or goats,
That nourish a blind life within the brain,
If, knowing God, they lift not hands in prayer
Both for themselves and those who call them friend?
For so the whole earth is in every way
Bound with gold chains about the feet of God.
But now, farewell. I am going a long way
With these thou seest—if indeed I go
(For all my mind is clouded with a doubt)
To the island-valley of Avilion,
Where falls not rain or hail or any snow,
Nor ever wind blows loudly; but it lies
Deep-meadowed, happy, fair with orchard lawns
And bowery hollows crowned with summer sea,
When I will heal me of my grievous wound."

Ah, Habakkuk! Habakkuk! though all thy mind be clouded with a doubt, such as thou are the true chariots of Israel and the horsemen thereof!

The allusion to the soul in the above quotation is not so inapposite to the character and thought of Habakkuk's age as

might at first appear. It is the skeptic of Israel—the man who has come to disbelieve the old doctrines of invariable temporal rewards —who is to create the new conception of the soul and the life beyond as the answer to the problems of this life. And this early doubter in Israel has given the truest conception of prayer in time of trouble: Let him send as he will, and all temporal prosperity be blighted, yet will I rejoice in Yahweh my preserver. It will speak yet more strongly in that prince of ancient doubters: "Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him." It will produce martyrs of the Maccabean age—to be tortured, not accepting deliverance; who can reply to their tormentors as Antigone replied when taunted by the worldly-wise man Kreon for incurring the death penalty in response to the impulses of her love and her convictions of duty: "I bear the name of fool—from a fool." Or they might say, with Kusakahe of Satsuma:

> It is better to be a crystal and be broken
> Than to remain perfect a tile on a housetop.

Of all this courage and devotion the Jewish skeptic is the father. The literary ancestor of the tribe has left them a guiding star in all their world-pain and speculation:

> Behold the faint-hearted man!
> My soul shall not delight in him:
> But the just shall yet live, by his steadfastness.

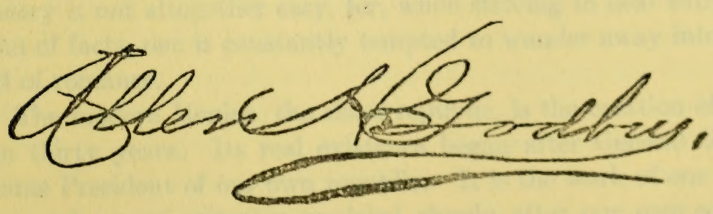
Another trait of character must be noted. Habakkuk had not built the Pharisaical wall of separation familiar to the later Jew between himself and the unrighteous in Israel. He laments the presence of wrong, but there is no note of exultation over its punishment. The heart of the man and the Jew is behind the ethics of the prophet. It is a strange irony of fate that has made this very forbearance to exult over the punished wrongdoer in his land, this sympathy for even the evil man when he suffers, a weapon in the hands of some critics to rob him of his literary work. It is but a parallel to the weeping Hosea, a premonition of the cry of Ezekiel: "As I live, saith Yahweh, I have no pleasure in the death of the wicked, but that the wicked should turn from his evil way and live. Turn ye, turn ye, for why will ye die, O house of Israel!" And his humanitarianism breaks forth in the taunt-songs hurled at the oppressor. All nations share in his sympathy.

O, he that buildeth a town with blood,
And establisheth a city by iniquity!
And the nations weary themselves for the fire,
And toil but for smoke!
Shall they not make moan unto Yahweh of Hosts?
—For the earth shall be full of the knowledge of
the glory of Yahweh,
As the waters cover the sea!

This tangled *crux* of the critics is but the logical correlate of his extension of the humane spirit of Deuteronomy to all the realms that Yahweh governs. And in the humane spirit of this prophet of the cloister, this sympathy for all the oppressed, there is a forerunner of the Ebed-Yahweh who will consider himself the helper of all people.

I have just called Habakkuk the prophet of the cloister. It is, I think, a chief answer to much recent destructive criticism of the book. When we cease speaking of his work as oracles—as public sermons upon specific events—there will be less basis for microscopic complaints about details. When we feel that we are not dealing with the pulpit but with the cloister or confessional; that we are vouchsafed, not a photograph of the times but a glimpse of the soul of a man battling alone with shadows, with deep questionings forever unanswered, yet chanting in solitude the memories of seven centuries before to maintain its steadfastness in the valley of the shadows, we shall find fewer critical difficulties. So passes from our vision, in the midst of the years, Israel's single great prophet-sage, to

Somewhere far off, pass on and on, and go
From less to less, and vanish into light.



Art. IV.—MEXICO IN 1904.

There are several Mexicos, of course. It depends upon which one you go out to see. There is the modern, progressive Diaz-made Mexico, scarce a quarter century old, with its railroads, telegraphs, great smelters, breweries, and cotton mills, its well-policed and paved and rapidly growing capital, and its machinery of a modern republican government, the lever firmly grasped by a master hand. There is the Mexico of the Conquest, with its traces of a mediæval Spanish civilization stamped upon the face of the country in countless churches and cathedrals and public works, as well as upon the people in social and religious customs of the time of Charles V. There is the Mexico of Montezuma and his Aztec predecessors, whose lineal descendants are the bone and brawn of the land, with dress and habits practically unchanged in five centuries. Then there is the Mexico that was already ancient at the time of Moses and Agamemnon, with its pyramids and monuments that are the despair and wonder of the archæologist. Any one of these Mexicos is well deserving of a pilgrimage for its study. All of them combined fairly bewilder the visitor with the mingling of modern progress, mediæval romance, noble and beautiful forms of architecture in decay, and mystery as to the origin of races that were the undisputed American aristocracy before the Pharaohs built their pyramids. To record the impressions of a recent visit to this land of modern enterprise and ancient mystery is not altogether easy, for, while striving to deal with the realm of facts, one is constantly tempted to wander away into the field of romance.

The modern Mexico, the sister republic, is the creation of less than thirty years. Its real existence began after General Grant became President of our own republic. It is the work of one man who, under a constitution modeled closely after our own and a political system frankly imitating the American, exercises a despotism as enlightened and progressive as it is absolute. From the time the Mexicans threw off the Spanish yoke in 1821 the country scarcely saw a decade free from turmoil and revolution

until Porfirio Diaz assumed the presidential chair in 1884. He had been president for a brief term—from 1876 to 1880—then came the four years' interval of Gonzalez—another unsuccessful experiment—and on December 1, 1884, General Diaz was reelected and commenced his long career as real ruler of the Mexican people.

In a peculiar sense Porfirio Diaz is a man of destiny. Born at Oaxaca, in southern Mexico, in 1840, the son of a blacksmith, with a strong mingling of Indian blood in his veins, early associated as a student of law and politics with Benito Juarez, that other great Indian patriot and reformer, he first claimed the gratitude of his country when, as general commander, he captured Pueblo from the French, in 1867, and shortly afterward took the city of Mexico, putting an end to the unfortunate and farcical reign of Maximilian which Catholic intrigue had foisted upon Mexico during our civil war. There had been a long line of patriots, statesmen, reformers, and successful generals before Diaz, but none who rose to the conception of orderly and stable government and the development of the resources of the country by the arts of peace. The Spanish left the legacy of intrigue, turmoil, and personal ambition, and Mexican politics before Diaz was of the familiar order of South American republics. But with Porfirio Diaz came a new régime. Knowing the Mexican character—inflammable, changeable, only needing a firebrand at any moment to start a conflagration—he first set about to make his power absolute. Through the country were thousands of restless spirits, some of them outlaws and bandits, who loved fighting. To them he said in effect: "I expect to hang or shoot every one of you; but if you prefer to come into my service for a dollar a day, wear a uniform and a saber, and help to keep order you may do so." Thus was organized the famous Rurales, or rural constabulary, who are to be seen everywhere thoughout the republic. Through them the president is informed instantly of any incipient political disorder or other trouble, and a swift and heavy hand is laid upon it. There is no wasting of time by public trials or discussions. If a town develops some dangerous characters that threaten the public and private peace they are put on mules with hands tied, led over back of the mountain, and questioners who want to know why they did not return

are told it is because of heart failure. Mexicans understand and admire that kind of government, and when it is exercised for the public good instead of for personal ends it seems admirably direct and efficient. A high official, who is sometimes credited with ambitions for the highest place, lately retired to his hacienda for rest and recreation. He was surprised to find soldiers posted everywhere about the place. He asked what it meant, and was told to see the commanding officer. The latter politely said his orders were from the president, who could explain. General Diaz was appealed to and replied with great cordiality that he had been made aware that his friend, the official, had many private enemies, and for his protection he thought it best that he should be well guarded. Revolutions have been known to start in haciendas.

While the president is supreme in the military administration and in all federal affairs, it is said that in the local governments of the several states also his hand is felt in all that is going on. Not a governor is chosen who is not a Diaz man; not a measure is adopted that is not acceptable to him. Arriving at Cuernavaca, the first object to strike my eye from the hotel window was a posted proclamation announcing the candidacy of Signor Manuel Alarcon for governor of the state of Morelos and in letters larger than Alarcon's name stood the name of Porfirio Diaz, indicating that he was the candidate of the president. On Sunday morning the little plaza, which had the night before been decorated with flowers and green boughs and national colors, began to fill with people dressed in their best. The moment mass was over in the cathedral the bells of all the churches began ringing violently. We could see men working the clappers in the quaint old towers. Then two improvised processions started up in the narrow streets, each headed by a brass band composed of ordinary peons in working dress. A dozen or twenty of the common people fell into each procession, and a score of ragged children brought up the rear. They marched and countermarched a few times and then brought up in the plaza, where the people of all classes sat around upon the benches apparently indifferent as to what was going on. In the meanwhile, the clatter from the church belfries not being enough, a committee from the local political club had ascended the tower of our hotel

and began to fill the air with torpedoes. The dreadful din was kept up for nearly an hour, but there was not a shout or any other exhibition of interest or enthusiasm. Even the burros and mules on the streets refused to get excited. There was not a word of speechmaking. We were told that this was a ratification of the nomination. The formal election would follow later—some Sunday, in church—but the election feature was not deemed important, as the popular ratification which we saw settled it. Opposition candidates seldom appear. They are free to do so in theory, but not in practice. Complete acquiescence in the policy of the government is apparently the only politics in Mexico. It strikes a stranger as rather unique, but a little observation of Mexican character and study of Mexican history convinces that it is best for the republic to have it that way. The editor of the leading Mexican paper said it was hard to think of topics to write upon in his journal, there being no political themes to discuss. Diaz is the only issue, and that has long ago been settled.

Did ever before a ruler have such despotic power and use it wisely, benevolently, for the good of his country? It would be hard to find a case in the annals of history. But the people have learned to believe absolutely in his patriotism and his honesty and not to question his ability. His ambition is unquestionably to establish a government that will stand against intrigues and revolutions and to build up the country in material resources. In a half hour's conversation which my traveling companions, Mr. Irving Bacheller and Mr. Hamlin Garland, and I were permitted to have with him, through the courtesy of our ambassador, General Powell Clayton, I clearly caught the spirit of his administration, and I saw also the secret of his personal charm and power. He appears to be scarcely sixty years old, instead of seventy-four, and in quiet dignity and suggestiveness of reserve power in some ways recalls General Grant. He spoke of Grant in terms of warm admiration, as a friend of Mexico and his own. He said he greatly desired that the relations of the two republics should be cordial and mutually helpful. The United States had capital and organized industries; Mexico needed both. Mexico had great mineral and agricultural resources, but lacked men and money to develop

them. The two countries were complementary to each other. Then he dwelt with enthusiasm upon some of the natural scenery of southern Mexico, particularly upon the colossal caves in Morelos, and expressed the hope that visiting Americans would not judge the republic by the long stretch of arid land through which they had to pass in reaching the capital from the north. Learning that my friends were studying Mexico and its people, he expressed satisfaction, and tendered the facilities of the government for their use to any extent desired. It would please him greatly, he said, to see our country, as well as Europe, and now that provision had been made for a vice president who could take his place he had hopes of doing so. We came away feeling that we had been in the presence of one of the world's really great men. What will the country do when he is gone? This question is always asked by the American visitor, and often, and with deep concern, by the Mexicans themselves. Under the change in the constitution which has just been adopted, lengthening the presidential term to six years, he will be entitled to serve until 1910, and anyone seeing his unabated vigor and apparent exemption from the ravages of age would say that the Mexicans are not likely to need a new president in the next six years either through death or resignation. There is every indication that it is his purpose, in the remaining years of his life, to fix upon the country his policy, and, when he goes, leave behind a man of his own choosing. Who that man will be no one seems able to say. Gossip centers mainly about Limontour, the present Minister of Finance. A new man with the strength and wisdom to simply continue the régime will carry the republic forward to still greater achievements, but if his hand lacks power, or if he is dominated by personal ambition, then, indeed, a condition may arise which will call for attention on the part of our own government. I was surprised to find how strong was the conviction in some well-informed quarters that the ultimate destiny of Mexico is absorption by the United States. The argument is that American financial interests, already immense, are growing so rapidly that when periods of disorder again recur, as they doubtless will, there will be no alternative but to take the country and restore order. As one American investor said to me, "In point of

fact, between railroads, mines, and factories, we about own the country already."

The people themselves are naturally most interesting objects of study. Who are they? Ten millions of ignorant peons or peasants, pure Indians, the descendants of races once proud and perhaps highly civilized, and three millions of white and yellow people, some Spaniards, some Germans, some Americans, but mostly Spanish more or less mixed with the native blood. In early times these would have corresponded to what is known on our Western border as "squaw men." Now their descendants own the land and are the aristocracy of Mexico. It is difficult to escape the impression that the honors and the dignity attach to the peons rather than the ruling classes, to the descendants of Montezuma rather than those of Cortez. The former do the work of the land and support its burdens. The latter toil not; neither do they pay taxes, except on improved property. Vast estates of unimproved land, coming down through families on original grants from the conquerors, are not taxed, and therefore not subdivided, while the working population of the land goes without homes. It may be a hard saying that the virtue and intelligence and even the good looks of the people are rather with the Indians than with the upper class, but a visitor is strongly impressed that way, and many foreigners resident confirm it. The true Indian has regular features, more refined than his North American brother. His color seems to be midway between the black of the pure negro and the white of the Anglo-Saxon. The women and children especially have bright black eyes and beautiful teeth. An Indian lad of twelve who guided us in a forty-mile ride in the mountains on bronchos was one of the handsomest specimens of boyhood we ever saw. Though ragged and dirty, and unable to speak a word of English, he won us completely by his watchfulness and solicitude for our welfare at every turn, his faithful labors early and late in camp, his silvery laugh, his sweet voice, and his bewitching eyes and teeth. Before taking leave of the hacienda we fitted him out with a new cotton suit—shirt, tight trousers, a wonderful peaked sombrero, and a red sash, all in the manner of the country—and the picture of his radiant though dust-begrimed face at the car

steps as we pulled out will remain in the memory. What would happen if a boy like this were taken to the States and given an education? He would probably wilt under confinement and home-sickness, like the mocking bird. Indian children in Mexico learn quickly, and unless spoiled by the accessories of civilization make intelligent, reliable, and industrious men and women. The best specimens of the race are those in the mountains and plains remote from the railroads. Though living in the most primitive way, they are self-respecting and industrious, and begging is rarely seen. Along the railway lines the tourist sees the unhappy results of grafting upon ignorance and superstition the vices of Christian civilization. The product is laziness, beggary, filth, and vice, and it is not pleasant to look at. So well is this understood among the people themselves that the leaders of some of the communistic tribes in the southern states only let their young men go down to work on the railroads and haciendas for short periods at a time, and do not permit them to keep and spend the money which they earn. Better small earnings in the mountains with contentment and virtue, the fathers say, than a dollar a day (forty-four cents in gold) and the demoralization that comes from high living. A study in the native Indian races is extremely interesting. Who are they, and what are the possibilities under favorable conditions of development? Are they the direct descendants of the Aztecs of five hundred years ago and the Toltecs of a thousand and fifteen hundred years ago? Did their still more remote ancestors come from China, Egypt, or Japan? If not, why do we find pyramids like those of the Pharaohs, and remains at Mitla like those of Baal-bek? Why do we find among the ancient charcoal burners of the mountains people who eat rice and wear queues? As one wanders among the ruins of an ancient civilization evidently far superior to the present he can only raise fruitless archæological queries and give scope to his imagination. There are no records and no traditions of the people to give answer. The Spanish conquerors and zealots took good care to destroy everything in existence at their coming which might throw any light upon the past of Mexico, and the dry air and nearly stationary temperature work little destruction of objects through the ages. You can, therefore, give your

imagination full range as to antiquity. Professor Nivvens, of Mexico City, believes the antiquity of some of these remains may better be measured by tens of thousands than by thousands of years, and that nowhere on the globe can the human race be traced further back toward its origin. Americans, therefore, may take some pride in the knowledge that we have on our own continent an Egypt, a Babylonia, and a Mitylene to give our archæologists occupation.

The Mexican capital and its people naturally receive the major share of the visitor's interest. Here was the metropolis of the American continent for two centuries or more. For over four centuries a city of importance, it has, under Diaz, taken on new life, and has been growing in recent years like a young Chicago. It now claims nearly half a million inhabitants. On its streets may be seen each evening a display of beautiful carriages, splendid horses, and finely dressed women which Fifth Avenue or Michigan Avenue could hardly rival in the height of the season. These represent American, Spanish, French, and German residents, but the Mexican predominates. Cynical foreigners long resident in Mexico say that the native will live in a rabbit hole if necessary, but he will have his fine horses and carriage and man on the box, so fond is he of external display. It is said that there is very little of social life as we understand it among the better class of people, and that these public demonstrations on the Reform Drive and San Francisco Street take the place of the functions of society. In the capital and other large cities one catches the flavor of mediæval Spain: the Inquisition, the dungeon, the miraculous shrine, the scores of decayed and useless churches revealing exquisite bits of Moorish and Saracenic architecture, the great cathedral, with its tons of silver and gold, its bells of prodigious size, its paintings by Murillo and Velasquez. But you miss the monk and nun. Half a century ago Juarez suppressed the monasteries and convents, and no government since has dared to restore them. As in other Catholic countries where the touch of Protestantism has not yet modified the pretensions of the priesthood, religion remains where it was at the time of Philip IV. The women and ignorant peasants are held by symbols and traditions while the men go off into

materialism and indifferentism. It is said that the Masons and Odd Fellows have an extensive and growing membership among the better classes, which means, of course, open breaking with the Church. Juarez, though educated by a bishop, joined the Masons and drove out the monastic orders. Diaz is a Mason and an Odd Fellow. His second wife, though liberal-minded when she learned English in our Methodist mission schools, has, under the high social influences of the capital, which are naturally intensely Catholic, become an ardent Church woman, and it is whispered that the president lately is leaning churchward a trifle. The Church party, as in Italy and France, is intensely hostile to free institutions and free schools, and its course in the Maximilian intrigue shows that it only awaits an opportunity to strike down what the patriots have built up. I saw the present archbishop, who is a full-blooded Indian of massive build and strong features, confirm, as it is called, nearly a hundred peasant babies by working with his thumb on the forehead the sign of the cross and then giving a little slap to the jaw, the significance of which was not explained. Why the babies did not cry was a mystery until an American physician of nine years' practice in the country explained that Indian children rarely cry unless severely hurt. It was said by American residents that of every ten peon women seen seven would be accompanied by babies. They marry very early, the life is mainly in the open air, little is required for food, and, barring smallpox epidemics, rapid growth in numbers seems assured.

Agriculture and the land system naturally engage the attention of the stranger. The former is conducted practically as it was in the time of Moses; the latter is a survival of Spanish feudalism. The country is generally arid, particularly in the northern half. Water is the need everywhere. Driven wells and windmills would transform whole regions from dusty plains to rich oases. But I saw only one windmill in all Mexico. In twenty-five hundred miles of railroad travel I never saw an iron plow, a mower, a binder, a drill, or a cultivator. A few haciendas in the interior have them, but we were told of one progressive farmer who imported a lot of American implements only to have them destroyed by the natives, who said they prevented the employment of labor.

Irrigation will make a garden out of large sections of Mexico now given over to cactus and dust storms, but it involves modern engineering and the investment of capital. The water which falls in the rainy season, July to October, must be stored and distributed as needed. The ancient man wheel, which Egyptians used in Moses's time to lift water from the Nile, is the instrumentality mainly relied upon now. The ownership of the land is, next to the unstable money standard, the hard problem of Mexico. When the Spanish conquerors took the country they parceled out vast tracts among themselves. It is a point of honor in a Mexican family never to part with any land. The government only taxes that which is used, and so it follows that these immense haciendas go down from generation to generation undivided and unimproved. We passed through one hacienda which extended eighty miles along the railroad. It was on this land that we made our excursion to the mining districts in the mountains. The owner lived in Mexico City and never visited his land. We saw a camp of hard-working miners who had just been scattered from their little village of mud huts by orders of the haciendado. No man or institution owned to the least responsibility toward these poor people, who were delighted to work for thirty cents a day (our money) from daylight to dark, carrying two-hundred-pound sacks of ore on their backs up a chicken ladder out of a silver mine! No priest ever visited them. The government never touched them. The landowner, though collecting head rent, kicked them off their patch of barren mountain. There was a ghastly but characteristic Spanish touch of humor, though, which appeared before we left the mine. The rent collector of the haciendado, who appeared (on Sunday, of course) to gather his toll from the miners, was easily persuaded to reduce his claim from ninety dollars to forty-five dollars, and ingenuously remarked that if he sent twenty dollars to his employer and kept twenty-five dollars for himself it would be about right. The remedy for this condition, of course, lies in taxing the great tracts of idle land. But the lands are largely owned by the members of Congress and the class most influential in government circles, and no one in the republic seems to look for any relief in the land question. This tying up of the desirable

lands is given as the main reason for lack of immigration. There is every reason why Italian immigrants, who are coming in great numbers to North and South America, should go to Mexico. In climate and religion it is a congenial country, and there is a crying demand for labor. But Italians who immigrate want the right to purchase land with their earnings if they like the country and choose to remain in it.

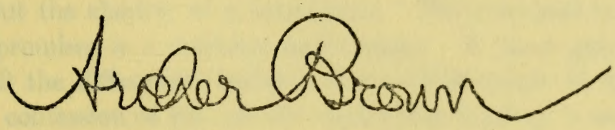
The outlook for education and religion in the republic is naturally much discussed by the progressive element. Diaz is said to be an enthusiastic supporter of popular education, and is pressing it upon the nation as fast as circumstances will permit. Attendance upon school (presumably where schools are provided) is now compulsory between five and twelve years of age. A visit to a public school at Cuernavaca gave a good opportunity to study the system. The features that seemed novel and interesting were the apparent enthusiasm of the pupils in their work; the babel occasioned by noisy studying aloud in one room while in another room, separated only by a low partition, the boys were vociferously learning the national hymn; the excess of teachers, male and female, who seemed to be in doubt as to whether to give the time to quelling the hubbub or to showing the scholars how to get their lessons; and the mixing of the poor and rich in true American fashion. The Catholic authorities view the public school system with ill-concealed hostility, and it will take a strong hand in the presidential office to prevent its being wrecked before it becomes an accepted national institution, but it takes little discernment to see that upon this the whole future of free and stable government in Mexico will depend. The religious problem seems to be substantially that which Protestantism confronts in all Latin-American Catholic countries. The ecclesiastical system holds the people with a grip of iron, but does not seem to touch their lives. An American who has lived twenty years in the republic made the harsh declaration that every Mexican of the lower class is a thief, and several sitting near confirmed the statement and gave a series of personal experiences which they thought proved it. The most expert pickpockets in the world are in Mexico City. They will take the valuables out of your pocket while, being fully

warned, you are carefully guarding them. For instance, a newcomer, on his bridal trip, remarked that he had traveled before and thought he knew how to take care of himself. The first day on the street his purse, containing a good round sum, was taken. There was some talk about it, and—as if to demonstrate that the owner was not so smart as he thought—the thief a few days later put the empty pocketbook back in the pocket from which it was taken. A railroad man in the passenger service told of bringing a party of ticket agents from the States on an excursion. When the party turned homeward there was a net shortage of over thirty watches—and railroad men are not usually counted as "easy" game. A resident representative of an American corporation had his amusing story. A Mexican stole his valise, containing a new vest and trousers. He spotted the thief, who was employed by his own company, and had him arrested. Getting no satisfaction in the local court, he levied upon forty dollars of wages due the man from the company. At once a lawyer appeared and told him if the claim was not released he would be arrested and jailed. He released it. An evening or two later, sitting with his wife on the plaza of the little town, the thief proudly walked past him wearing the very garments! The incident closed there. A Pullman car agent said the company seldom received a car back from Mexico that did not have all its rubber mats stolen from the steps and platforms. Now iron plates were substituted, and they are screwed on hard. The rubber was popular among peons as soles for sandals. The manager of a large American air-brake company said the Mexican Central Railroad alone had to replace an average of three thousand rubber pipes a year cut from the air brakes to split up for sandal soles. Another story was of a pile-driver weight, weighing a ton, which had been shipped from the North and left standing at the station over night. Next morning it was found in the road half a mile away, where the thieves had rolled or carried it with prodigious labor before becoming discouraged. The "Thieves' Market" in the city has for generations been an open exchange for articles of every kind supposed to be stolen. The Westinghouse Company missed a lot of printed instruction books, worthless to anyone but themselves and the railroads.

There they were, in the market, smilingly offered to them for ten cents each! It is said that articles of great value from the National Museum are occasionally offered for sale, their place in the museum being supplied with skillfully made substitutes. Even the treasures of the Church are not exempt from light-fingered sacristans. From all of which it would appear that the religion of the country does not especially discourage theft. Neither, apparently, does it discourage murder. The knife is always busy. A newspaper man told me the murders averaged four a day. The usual sentence, when conviction followed, was two to eight years in prison. The disputes are said to be very noisy, but cutting begins on small provocation. The pulque shops are usually the scenes. The day I arrived in the city two Mexicans fell out over the old question of who should have the girl. They selected an empty freight car, locked the doors, and went at it. Both were found dead—one with forty knife wounds in his body. An ordinary murder, my journalist friend told me, seldom called for more than a stickful of space, and many were not even mentioned. The cheapest things in all Mexico apparently are human life and human labor. The spirit of mediæval Spain still survives, not because the people are by nature savage and corrupt, but because there has been nothing in their education by Church or State to soften and modify it. Under proper guidance and environment they are as kindly a people to-day as when Cortez and his private adventurers brought them the arts of a depraved civilization. Dr. Butler, who has given thirty years of intelligent and unselfish labor among them as head of the Methodist Episcopal mission enterprise in the republic, says the original races are peculiarly susceptible to enlightened Christian influences. There are now one hundred and forty-three congregations under his charge, with six or seven thousand members, with well-attended day schools and Sunday schools, with organized Conferences, publishing interests, etc. He finds the Mexicans of mixed Spanish and Indian blood the hardest material to deal with. The pure Indian seems quick to respond to light and truth when once he has a chance. Dr. Butler told me that the man who would have been king of Mexico to-day had the old order under Montezuma continued unbroken was now

an honored steward in the Methodist Episcopal Church in southern Mexico. When Maximilian, desiring to attach to his cause the heads of influential tribes, summoned this chieftain to the capital for a conference the old man returned the answer that when he went to salute his emperor it would be to a Mexican, not an alien. Which we would call rather fine, considering that Maximilian was then in undisputed power.

Whether or not this fair sister republic, which scarcely two generations ago (before the adjustments of 1847) possessed the greatest undeveloped empire on earth, is predestined to absorption by the United States of America, there is abundant reason in humanity, in national policy, and in self-interest why we should know her better. There the tourist may find novelty, antiquity, mystery, and romance unequaled elsewhere in the world; the health seeker a climate to heal most earthly ills; the young man of commercial or industrial ambition a broad and inviting field; and the archæologist the richest treasure that the earth has yet to give up.



Art. V.—HERBERT SPENCER'S PHILOSOPHY OF RELIGION.

Among all the articles called forth by the death of Herbert Spencer few deal specifically with his attempted philosophy of religion. Yet, if religion sums up, as it does, a man's ultimate attitude toward the universe and life, it is in his religious philosophy, in his views of the origin, nature, function of religion, that the real drift and natural outcome of his thinking may be most clearly seen. Moreover, in the hands of Herbert Spencer the empirical philosophy of religion has reached its most elaborate and ingenious form, if not its most perfect one. It is not intended to present here for detailed criticism his doctrine of the Unknowable as the common ground upon which religion and science can meet in peace; an Unknowable of which we can be certain only that it is, without knowing anything as to what it is. The claims which Spencer makes for the religious value of this Unknowable are without the shadow of a foundation. The universal religious peace it promises is a delusion and a snare. A peace gained by sinking all the differences between the various creeds in the one universal confession of the utterly inscrutable mystery is only the peace of the graveyard, where both religion and science lie buried together.

Certainly no one will deny that in religion there is deep unfathomable mystery. That man cannot find out the Almighty unto perfection has been the confession of devout souls in every age. "Verily thou art a God that hidest thyself, O God of Israel, the Saviour," exclaimed Isaiah. Says Hooker, "Of thee our fittest eloquence is silence, while we confess without confessing that thy glory is unsearchable and beyond our reach." To those who would have all things clearly seen through by the dim eyes of man what reverent thinker would not feel like saying with Carlyle: "Thou wilt have no Mystery and Mysticism; wilt walk through the world by the sunshine of what thou callest Truth, or even by the hand lamp of what I call Attorney-Logic; and 'explain' all, 'account' for all, or believe nothing of it? Nay, thou wilt attempt

laughter. Whoso recognizes the unfathomable, all-pervading domain of Mystery, which is everywhere under our feet and among our hands; to whom the universe is an Oracle and Temple, as well as a Kitchen and Cattle-stall—he shall be a delirious mystic; to him thou, with sniffing charity, wilt protrusively proffer thy hand lamp, and shriek, as one injured, when he kicks his foot through it"? But to say that because we cannot know God unto perfection we cannot know him at all is to say that since we are not omniscient we can know nothing. It is true that just because he is the light of all our seeing he can never be completely seen. "Let finite intelligence stand at its furthest and highest peak of progress in intellectual and spiritual knowledge, and it will still discern, stretching away before it, the dim regions of the unknown, peak above peak, range beyond range, lifting their heads into the clouds of mystery, impenetrable heights and unfathomable depths of that Being before whom the befitting attitude of created mind must forever be that of holy wonder and humble reverence." But can one really worship a Being who is all mystery—mystery absolutely inscrutable? The only appropriate, yea, the only possible, feeling toward such a Being would be a dumb, blind wonder of ignorance, the paralysis of thought in presence of a portentous yet insoluble enigma, a dull, stolid submission, a crouching, groveling terror before the supernatural. Never could it be intelligent admiration, humble reverence, aspiration, trusting obedience, much less joyous sympathy and love. As Professor Bowne says, "A God who must always remain for thought and conscience has no more religious value than a centaur or a sea serpent." Again, "Out of this blank abyss of total darkness, neutral alike to good and evil, no inspiration can come. Religion cannot live on nescience, and reverence is impossible toward a blank. . . . In the God who commands our reverence and our loving worship there must be mystery and there must be manifestation."

It is in his maturest work upon religion, *The Principles of Sociology*, that Spencer gives an exhaustive exposition of what he conceives to have been the origin of religious ideas and observances. He does this with his usual wealth of happy illustration, which, however, almost overwhelms and devours the argument. To

examine the theories here advanced in the light of his ontology and psychology would carry us too far afield and be too wearisome and unprofitable a task. We can simply indicate the broad outlines of Spencer's religious theory and the lines of criticism. He begins by reconstructing, in a manner perfectly familiar nowadays, primitive man and his conditions. The external factors are described, and we see early man stand forth within his environment. But unfortunately this primitive man was manufactured in the brain of Mr. Spencer. He is just as modern as his maker. That he ever really existed outside the heads of such thinkers as Spencer is exceedingly doubtful. But this hypothetical primitive man in the course of his pilgrimage into a higher state has some striking experiences. From the difference between motionless natural objects, on the one hand, and moving animals, on the other, he grasps the distinction of animate and inanimate, knows himself to be a living being. But he is a living creature who sleeps. In his sleep he dreams. The dream is interpreted as a real experience. He explains it by supposing that he has a shadow or double. "He floats through space like a swan on sweet St. Mary's Lake or he floats double." This motion is confirmed by such phenomena as swooning, epilepsy, and especially the state induced by a heavy savage supper. He comes at length to imagine that the dead are only asleep, or swooning, or dreaming, as he does after a feast, and that their doubles are alive somewhere, sooner or later to return. Thus is developed the idea of a soul. The dead man returns not simply as a ghost, but also to reanimate the body. On this belief are founded all customs of preparing food for the dead and other related rites practiced by savages. This leads to sacrifice. The tomb grows into the temple, and the custom of placing food on the burial mound gives rise to the altar. In strange human visitors coming from distant parts the ghosts of unknown dead men were seen, and in nature all manifestations of power were ascribed to ghostly agents. Ancestral ghosts are beneficent ones, able in council or in war to aid their pious sons. Thus the ghosts became gods. From the partial control which one personal agent may acquire over another among men arose the belief in divination, sorcery, etc. Out of praises and prayers to the dead arose all the

modern forms of religious worship. Thus the fear of ghosts was the real root of ancestor worship and, indeed, of all religion. The poverty of his speech forces the savage to name his kindred after animals, and since the ghosts are believed sometimes to enter animals these causes combined occasion the person to be identified with the animal. Hence arises animal worship. Plant and nature worship have a similar origin. Idolatry resulted from the preservation of skulls and other bones and the manufacture of images of these relics when for any reason they were missing. Great men arise, and as extraordinary beings are deified. Thus using the term "ancestor worship" in its broadest sense, as including all worship of the dead, we reach the conclusion that it was the real root of every religion. All our gods are transformed ancestors. The spring of all religion is the primitive savage's ignorant and ignoble fear of ghosts. Civilization, as it advances, gradually frees man from one form of superstition after another, until at last we reach the highest phase of monotheism. This is at length in its turn left behind. The Christian God is dethroned, and in his place is proclaimed the Unknowable.

This, then, is in substance the explanation given by this world-famous thinker of the mightiest moral power in history. Were it not for the great name of its author it would hardly merit serious refutation. It is a theory, not of religion, but of superstition. Well does Pressensé say: "A dream taken for a reality, a ghost story, a craven fear, this is all! The sublimity of devotion, the cheerful endurance of martyrdom, the pouring out of the treasures of charity at the feet of suffering humanity, the sacred yearning of the soul after the infinite, the deep thoughts of such men as Augustine and Pascal, the rapture of the soul upborne above all transitory things, aspiration after the ideal, heart sorrow for sin, tears that will not be dried, the craving for pardon and for righteousness —all these, we are told, are the result of the wild dream of a savage with brain bewildered by a hunting feast. Thus, all that is grandest, most thrilling in history is to be traced back to the vapors of a morbid brain. The disproportion between the fact to be explained and the explanation is self-evident." It makes the perfect love of God nothing better than most complete self-stultifica-

tion. We note in special criticism, first, that the theory is practically a return to the worn-out notion of Euhemerus. It is instructive to see modern scholars thus dressed up in the cast-off rags of antiquity and posing as leaders of the best modern style. Mr. Spencer himself anticipated this charge, and he cannot escape it. In fact, his explanations are often as shallow and tasteless as those of his ancient prototype, who has been well described as "one of those too ingenious minds who understand everything except the simplicity of those ages which were governed by spontaneity." For example, to Euhemerus Zeus was at first nothing but a king of Crete. There his grave was still pointed out. The stories about his love affairs were not the variations of the nature myth as to the life-begetting relations of the heavens and the earth, but simply anecdotes from the gossip of the Cretan court. Danaë was not the earth fertilized by the golden rays of the springtime sun, but a mistress whom the king had purchased with gold. The cloud which Ixion embraced, mistaking it for Hera, was not the rain cloud encircled by the splendid arms of the setting sun, but a coquettish court lady named Nephele; and so on through the catalogue. What could be more superficial and insipid? If anyone can believe such things there is presumably no help for him. He is joined to his idols. But Spencer's explanations are often in exactly the same vein. See, for illustration, what he says about Zeus. He tells us that Rajah Brooke in describing a prolonged contest with a mountain chief in Borneo shows us what would probably happen when a stronghold was in possession of a superior race. Brooke's antagonist had fortified an almost inaccessible crag on the top of Mount Sadok, a peak rising "grim and grand" to the height of about seven thousand feet. Only after three determined attempts was this fastness taken, and then not until a howitzer had been brought against it, dragged up by the joint strength of a hundred yelling Dyaks. This mountain chief, commonly called "Grandfather Rentap," was held in dread by the surrounding tribes. He was dangerously violent. With his followers and subordinate chiefs he was unconquerable by any of the native powers. Already there were superstitions about him. Now if, instead of a native ruler, thus living up in the clouds,

occasionally coming down for plunder or revenge, making the whole countryside tremble, and giving birth to superstitious stories, we suppose a ruler belonging to a superior invading race, which, bringing knowledge, skill, arts, implements unknown to the invaded, were regarded as beings of a higher order as civilized men now are by savages, we shall see that there would inevitably arise legends concerning this superior race seated in the sky. Further, if the country were subject to drought, and thus fostered belief in rainmakers and heaven herds; if, as among the Zulus, there was a faith in weather doctors who could contend with the lightning and the hail, this ruler, living on a peak around which the clouds form and whence storms come, would, without hesitation, be regarded as the thunderer wielding the lightnings and holding the tempest in his mighty hand. Then naturally would arise stories of his descents from this lofty abode, or his appearances among men, and of his amours with their daughters. Only grant a little time for such legends and interpretations to be exaggerated and idealized, and presto! we reach the idea that heaven is the abode of superior beings commanding the powers of nature and inflicting punishments upon men. Something like this, forsooth, is the origin of Zeus, cloud-compeller and wielder of the thunderbolt, ruler of gods and men, and lover of mortal women. He was at first a "Grandfather Rentap," only this, and nothing more. In Mr. Spencer's hands other gods share a similar fate. How such theories could ever attain any prominence, how they could be defended, in our time, with such a display of learning by a thoughtful and serious investigator, is difficult to understand. With Max Müller we say, "If Mr. Spencer can find a single classical scholar to second his bill I will vote for it myself." Any scholar acquainted with the literature of Greece, Rome, and especially of India, must feel how tasteless, not to say ridiculous, such a theory really is. Moreover, every such scholar well knows that in the religions of all these countries ancestor worship stands on the foundation of nature worship, or more correctly a "worship of the gods of nature." "We constantly hear that the departed, the fathers, the ancestors, the heroes, are admitted to the society of the gods; they are often called half gods; they may at times

claim even a certain equality with the gods. But the gods are always there before them, and even when their individual names are forgotten there is the general concept of deity to which the ancestral spirits aspire." Spencer himself brings forward passages to show that ancestral spirits are again and again represented as admitted to the society of the gods, or exalted to seats beside them.

A second criticism of the theory is that in it Spencer is not true to his own psychology. How could a divine character be ascribed to a "Grandfather Rentap," or to an ancestral spirit, by a people or person who as yet, according to the hypothesis, had no knowledge of divine beings? How could a man call anything divine unless he already possessed the concept of deity? On the principle of Spencer's psychology it is difficult to see how he could ever get such a concept. According to Spencer all the savage's beliefs and ideas are derived from associated sense perceptions. Yet this primitive savage does not rest in perceptions by eye, ear, etc. For example, he does not merely gaze at the setting sun like the ox, who also sees things, but he learns to think about it and call it god. When it rises again he sees much more than a great red ball emerging from the sea, but from its setting to rise again he infers a law of metamorphosis applicable to life generally. Also from the transformations of tadpole and caterpillar, and of the buried grain into blade, ear, full corn in the ear, he reaches the general conclusion, "I too shall be like the chrysalis and the corn. I shall be laid in the grave, as in a dark and narrow house, but I shall come forth again like the butterfly which flits in beauty over the fields, and in greater wealth, as the multiplied grain." But this is not sense perception, nor any grouping of mere sensations. Here, as also in the conclusions which Spencer makes the savage draw from his dreams, we have an act of generalization, a reasoning from effect to cause. Is it so simple a thing as Spencer assumes it to be to arrive at the notion of the other self? Is it so perfectly easy for a creature upon so fragile a foundation to build up the belief in another existence independent of the material frame? Why does not the dog do the same? He also seems to dream, but he only barks at his imaginary prey. Why does not he, from his dream, proceed at once to deduce the idea that one part of his

real being is independent of the body that lies in slumber on the hearth, and that not only for himself, but for all dogs, there is the possibility of another life besides this common career upon the earth? Spencer's savage, if consistent with the theory of him, would not generalize and reason in the way required. His ideas, we are told, are to be derived wholly from external things. Instead of this, in forming the notions ascribed to him, he goes very far beyond the plain tangible facts and adds a great deal out of his own reason. In order to divert religion of any distinctive and unique character, marking it off from other ideas acquired by sense perception, Spencer represents it as an error of the senses. But when a savage is deluded into the belief that imagined spirits exist and will continue to exist after death in some other regions, and exert an influence for good or evil upon men and their affairs—is that religion? Is it any more religion than would be the wonder caused by seeing for the first time some new and peculiar animal, or than would be the fear of some living human enemy? In a theory like that of Spencer the distinctive element in religion is entirely ignored. The question is, Why does the savage worship at all, and why does he worship one thing rather than another? He does not make all plants and animals into gods. He picks and chooses. Nor are those chosen always more wonderful than those passed by. But for some reason he sees in some objects something supernatural, transcendent, divine. Whence comes this idea of the divine? However external objects may aid in awakening within man this idea, he would never have deified anything had he not possessed in the depths of his own being the intuition of the divine. Had he not found this in himself he would have seen divinity nowhere. No mere external revelation could have given him the idea of God. How could he have comprehended such a revelation more than an ox would? The very voice of God himself would have been to him only a voice. Without the inner Word, which is, so to speak, "the utterance of the ineffable Name in unison by all his highest faculties, moral and speculative, in contact with God, he could never have said "God." We will not enlarge upon the lack of evidence to prove that the savage in his dreams of the chase ever confuses the dream with actual facts

after he awakes, nor upon the fact that the theory of the double as a real being is far from adequately supported. The belief in immortality is always accompanied by a deep sense of the identity of the living with the dead person. Spencer himself tries to make plain the fact that the savage regards the future life as one with the present. In proportion as he succeeds in proving this consciousness of the identity of the living person with the dead he lessens the importance of his own hypothesis of the other self, upon which, nevertheless, he builds his whole explanation of religion as the product of a dream.

Again, we consider Spencer's method of proof. It may be styled the ethnographical method as opposed to the historical. The truly historical procedure begins with no theories of what must have been. Instead, it takes pickax and spade, studies ancient ruins and manuscripts, to see, if possible, what actually did happen. The facts thus gleaned the historical student classifies and studies in the hope of understanding and explaining them. This method studies the organism as it lives and grows in its own home, influenced by all the forces that surround it and play upon it. In language, for example, it takes some living tongue—like the English of our streets and marts, of our society and our literature—traces it back from century to century to the speech of Chaucer, back to the Saxon of Alfred, the old Saxon of the Continent, the Gothic of Ulphilas, as spoken on the Danube in the fourth century. Then, finding that Gothic is but a branch of the great Teutonic stem, that this is in turn a branch of the great Aryan tree, it traces the Teutonic and other collateral boughs, such as Greek, Latin, Celtic, Sclavonic, Persian, Sanscrit, back to the proto-Aryan trunk. It goes further. It takes individual words of this language and analyzes them to find the roots. On similar principles, in religion, this method collects all accessible evidence, classifies it, follows a religion from its birth or earliest known moment down to its latest forms, examines carefully its religious content, notes the influences that have wrought upon it; and thus, by a careful examination of the facts, seeks to understand and interpret them. The historical method thus aims at being sincerely and thoroughly objective. It must, of course, be confined to historical peoples. It

gives no permission for the imagination to take free wing and soar out confidently into the unknown. It is possible only to a man who has the open eye and the impartial mind, willing to check the cavortings of his fancy and to clip the wings of his generalizing faculty, and anxious to read the actual story without obtruding notions of his own to distort the facts in the interest of a pet theory. The ethnographic method is different. It is all too apt to begin by declaring what must have been. Primitive man must have been a savage or a child; therefore he had to make his way through certain stages upward. Having assumed this, the writer who pursues this method studies and pictures features, characteristics, customs, scattered and isolated phenomena; chooses facts that interest him or that will support his theory; groups and grades them in the way most favorable to his hypothesis; throws the emphasis where he wants it to lie; finds and describes resemblances, real or fancied, between customs and beliefs of most diverse peoples, without ever asking why, for historical reasons, these notions have emerged, or why, for psychological ones, they have, at particular stages, been born. In a word, the ethnographer states his own problem just as he wants it stated and finds the solution he wishes. He knows beforehand precisely what must have happened in prehistoric ages; therefore all his facts are made to take the place fixed for them within the boundaries of the theory. In the study of language, for instance, the ethnographer is cocksure that his "Bow-wow" and "Pooh-pooh" theories of speech are true. Undismayed by the undeniable fact that real language, when analyzed into its elements, shows comparatively few signs of the so-called imitations of natural sounds, he yet clings to his hypothesis and makes all his facts fit it, if by any kind of violence he can. And why? Because, forsooth, the savage and the child utter cries of pain or joy and imitate some of the sounds they hear, and early man must have been a child or a savage. "If a child can say 'Bow-wow' what difference between that and saying 'Dog'? If a child can say 'Fie' why should it not say 'I disapprove'? If a child says 'Ding-dong' why should it not say 'Bell'? All these, we are told, are differences of degree only, whatsoever that may mean, and with a sufficient amount of time there is nothing that will not become

anything." As to the evidence that such wonderful performances have actually taken place, it is in inverse ratio to the confidence. Similarly in religion. The ethnographer is confident that early man, being a savage, must have believed, felt, and acted as savages do now. Not being here to speak for himself, not having left us his photograph, this primitive man is naturally the most obliging of persons. He does anything, feels anything, believes anything which will please the anthropologist. Concerning this method of study Principal A. M. Fairbairn aptly says: "The only development ethnography can be made to exhibit is the one which the writer designs; it is like a picture painted on a flat surface by an artist who creates his own perspective, and by a skillful use of light and shade compels us to see just what his imagination has seen and as he saw it. The ethnographic method is thus subjective, and either, if the man who uses it be an artist, simply descriptive, or, if he be a thinker, an illustrated dogmatic; that is, a system speculatively deduced, though expounded in terms drawn from savage customs, real or imaginary." Now, Spencer's method is not historical, but ethnographic.

A first consequence of this is that it is entirely and ridiculously without sense of the nature and value of historical evidence. Spencer's works are marvelous treasures of ethnographical materials, but he is first of all a philosopher, and his "primitive man" he constructs out of his psychological presuppositions. Strange that a thinker of such repute should fancy that he could write upon the origin of religion while ignoring the discoveries of comparative philology! Now that the science of language has proved beyond a doubt that the names of the chief gods of the best known historical religions alike refer to natural phenomena; that many of them carry on their very face indisputable proof that they are sun gods whose deeds, amours, sufferings symbolize, without any disguise, the sun's daily and annual course in relation to the life of the world, dramatized by poetry and legend, shall we be coolly and seriously asked to believe that all these figures were earthly kings and heroes of the olden time, who by some marvelous coincidence had precisely similar fortunes which impressed the observers in exactly the same way? In explaining away facts like

these Spencer helps himself out with "Totemism." Since some American redskins regard some particular animal as the guardian spirit of the family or tribe, which in many instances traces its descent to that animal, the custom arose, so Spencer says, from the supposed fact that the ancestor of such tribe or stem was distinguished by the name of the animal which he resembled in strength, swiftness, fierceness, agility, etc. His spirit is therefore worshiped as guardian spirit of the tribe under the name of the same animal. Then, of course, ancestors may have been compared not only to animals, but to other phenomena as well—to wind, storm, cloud, lightning, sun, moon, dawn, sky, evening star, etc. Then how natural that, as standing titles of honor, these names should be given to the heroes and heroines, the great ancestors of the race! But, meanwhile, what about the very different explanation of these things given by philologists, historians, and classical scholars? Almost with one voice they say that the great gods had a natural origin; that is, that they resulted from the interpretation of the living and wondering and revering human soul as it stood face to face with the mighty beneficent or dreadful powers of nature. O, they are all mistaken! Why, herein is a marvelous thing: that all the philologists who have studied this matter should thus grievously blunder! Marvelous too that their blunder should have been luckily discovered by one who prides himself that he does not know even Greek! It is hard to repress a smile at the cool, audacious assumption of the man. Strange, too, is it not, that the heroes of every land who were distinguished by the title of sun, and all heroines who were named after the moon, should have met with misfortunes so strikingly similar that they may well be taken for duplicates? Had Mr. Spencer set himself in earnest at the study of any one of the great historical religions; had he by a careful historical method watched the developing organism and traced it back to its living roots, the world would never have been troubled with the theory that forms the basis of his sociology. What could he have said when he found that the farther back we go in tracing the traditions of antiquity the less can be discovered any consciousness that the names of the gods derived from nature are merely figurative epithets; that, on

the contrary, in the very earliest times the gods and the phenomena are thoroughly identified?

But Mr. Spencer seems to have no idea how to use historical evidence. In framing his religion of "primitive man" he jumbles together facts gleaned from the most diverse lands, times, peoples. Age and place, racial relations, historical antecedents, condition and grade of culture, are coolly ignored as of no conceivable consequence. Without the slightest regard for the historical setting he coordinates the most dissimilar times, lands, races. In the same chapter, even in the same paragraph, he will bring together, to illustrate some supposed doctrine or custom, such a conglomeration as Tahitians, Basques, Huns, American Indians, Maoris, Veddahs, ancient Hindus, modern Hindus, African Negroes of different tribes, Egyptians, Greeks, Romans, Hebrews, Arabians, Semites in general, and Europeans in the old times. Who these were he does not tell us. Were they Eskimo, Finns, Basques, Celts, Teutons, Slavs? He seems to have no consciousness of the difference. Moreover, with the most amusing naïveté, he will adduce in proof of the beliefs of a people its most ancient books side by side with the most modern. Thus, as evidence of the ancestor worship of the Hebrews, he cites not only Deuteronomy, but the book of Tobit. He seems to think Tobit an ancient Hebrew book! Notions of evident Persian parentage and peculiar to the last centuries of Judaism he regards as evidences of what was distinctively Hebrew. Worse yet, he cites, as alike trustworthy sources for the original Aryan beliefs, the Rig Veda and the Laws of Manu—as though one should explain the state of Britain when invaded by Julius Cæsar from Chaucer's "Canterbury Tales" or, worse, from Carlyle's "Essays," or should summon the Epistles of Paul, the "Westminster Confession," the "Scottish Covenant," and the Decrees of the Council of Trent or of the Vatican as all equally valid testimonies as to the earliest elements of Christianity! Is there, then, no such thing as history? Have chronology, race, place, genetic evolution nothing to do with the forms assumed by religious doctrine and custom? May all historical and literary criticism be thus coolly and easily put out of court? Can we take root, trunk, branches, leaves, blossoms, green fruit, ripe fruit, fruit

decayed, and, putting all in the same class, argue that the bottom filaments must have been thus and so, without ever asking whether they came from the same tree or whether the leaves came before the blossoms or the blossoms before the fruit? It is all very well for Spencer to construct his tables of what he wants to find and then set his helpers to scouring the universe, past and present, to find what he wants; but when the immense labor is all done nothing is done except to gather an enormous undigested mass of information, each bit torn out of its organic setting and fastened artificially upon something else with which it originally had nothing to do.

The consequence of this is that Spencer has no perception of what are really the primitive elements in a religion. Had his theory been correct then the oldest developed elements would have referred to the future life. But they certainly do not. The belief in a future life is one of the last elements to develop fully and clearly in a religion. Taking the great historical religions, there is not one, except that of Egypt, which is not haziest in its notions of the life to come. This is generally acknowledged to be the case with the Hebrews. But that does not trouble Spencer at all. With a few crude sentences he bows them off the stage and thinks that he can from notions of later Judaism, notions plainly influenced by the life in captivity, gather the primitive and distinctively Hebrew faith. He does not care either that the bright Olympians of Greece were gods of the present life. Zeus had nothing to do with Hades, Pluto nothing to do with the upper world. In India Dyaus, Varuna, Indra, and other gods of the bright or stormful sky have no relation to the future life. The god that has relation to that is younger. There is a still more remarkable fact. While in the old religion of China there is the utmost belief in the continued being of ancestors, there is a strange lack even of hints that any person now living will possess immortality. But though, outside of Egypt, he finds little evidence of a belief in a resurrection, Spencer does not seem to miss it. This anti-dogmatist is just as dogmatically sure about his theories when he cannot find evidence for his doctrines in the ancient religions as when he can. Further, Spencer has no sense whatever of the importance of personality in history. He never sees great prophets

and reformers and religious founders, much less persons of lesser light and power, in working the historical development. As a consequence, religious history has no real worth. Throughout his entire book there is no glance into the depths of the human spirit as a spirit that hungers for light and life and love, for the spiritual and eternal. Religion is handled only as a series of transformed dreams and glorified, or hideous, or childish superstitions of infantile and savage imaginations. What shall we say of a writer on religion who apparently knows nothing of the great personalities of history; to whom Moses, Zoroaster, Gautama, Confucius, Lao-tse, Mohammed are as though they had not been; who into the meaning and mission of such men shows not the faintest flash of insight and not even a transient sympathy with their aims and achievements? These great religious spirits, with their light and force, as it were, direct from heaven—God's lightning, as Carlyle thinks of them—are not friendly to his scheme; so he passes them by.

Thus, taken all in all, Spencer's theories upon religion, it seems to us, have little enough to recommend them. An explanation of religion as only an abnormal and morbid function of human nature is not even good evolutionism. Self-condemned would seem to be a theory which represents as diseased and morbid all those experiences which all peoples have agreed to call the highest and worthiest known to the soul, as "the true honor and Sabbath of their lives." As ex-President W. F. Warren has said: "It is as if a naturalist were to insist that winter's death is the normal condition of nature, and that all the verdure and flowerings of June are unwholesome cutaneous eruptions of the plant; a kind of heat rash. So long as philosophy retains the ability to distinguish between normal and abnormal evolutions, or continues to demand for every effect an adequate cause, Mr. Spencer's attempted reduction of the love of the living God to the fear of death will never be accorded a high place in the list of exploded philosophies of religion."

Geo. H. Trever

Art. VI.—COMMERCIALISM AND THE MINISTERIAL LIFE.

A distinguished minister of another denomination recently told in the leading paper of his denomination how, walking one summer night some time ago in a New England city with a Christian business man toward the latter's beautiful home, as they came from a conference in which they had heard considerations pressed upon a young minister almost entirely along the line of material advantage in urging him to accept a call to a large church, which he had declined on the ground that he felt he held an appointment from God, this Christian business man said: "I am not a little surprised; I supposed such views were given up long ago. My father, who all his life was the pastor of a church in a small New Hampshire town, held them. He lived among his people as a shepherd of the flock, and where he had lived and worked for Christ he died. He never would listen to a call to leave. I supposed all that had changed." As he said this his voice grew tender, and memories of his boyhood days in that humble parsonage filled once more the life now absorbed in business and burdened with many cares; the deep things of God spoke again to his soul; religion, as absolute loyalty to Christ, a blessed unselfishness, a completeness of devotion to the cause that he loved, was once more a reality. The significance of this is twofold: the belief that prevails—to which this Christian layman gave expression—that material advantages are now generally supposed to be a large factor in determining fields of labor, and that to the lay mind there is a higher motive and a stronger appeal. Concerning the latter there can be but one opinion. The words and the example of Jesus establish this beyond question.

As to the prevalence of the commercial spirit among ministers there may be divergent views. That there was danger of such a material attitude toward Christian service was early evident in the Church. Peter showed his anxiety about what he was going to make out of his relations to Jesus when he spoke to the Master concerning compensation. His idea seems to have been that discipleship was a matter of contract, or at least of equivalents.

How wisely and comprehensively Christ pointed out to him that there are some relationships in life which are not based on commercial values, that the introduction into these sacred relationships of questions pertaining to right-hand positions in the kingdom of heaven as pay for sacrifices, or services, is foreign to his conception of the supreme privilege of service and the beauty and blessedness of it! This statement of Jesus appears to have satisfied the big-hearted, impulsive Peter (it may be doubted, however, whether Judas was fully convinced), and he does not seem to have bothered himself thereafter concerning his salary. But there are other Peters who are constantly thinking of salary and rewards; whose decisions as to duty are influenced invariably by what there is in it for them; who always see in a larger salary a "providential indication." It is as a frank-spoken Scotch minister said: "Stipend has a verra strong influence on metapheesics." But these are the exceptions. The ministry of Jesus Christ is not yet wholly given over to commercialism. The great majority of the ministers of all denominations are impelled by worthier motives. Some recently published reminiscences of Mr. Gladstone's later years recall a remarkable conversation between the aged statesman and Bishop Wilberforce. They were speaking of the Church, and of the fidelity and unselfishness of her servants. "It has been my lot," said Mr. Gladstone, "to dispose of some fifty preferments in the Church—higher preferments, I mean, such as bishopries and deaneries. Not one of the men I have appointed has ever asked me for anything. That is the literal and absolute fact, and I don't know that anything could be said more honorable to the Church of England as a body." This statement made by that wise observer concerning the English Church is undoubtedly true of the other denominations as well. The public press, however, seems to think otherwise. A typical story which appeared recently in a Western paper will illustrate the attitude of the press to this question. It was of a clergyman who while catechizing a Sunday school referred to the pastor of a church as its shepherd, and to the members as sheep, and asked, "What does the shepherd do for the sheep?" A small boy—it is always "a small boy"—answered, "Shear them." Perhaps that was the flying thought

of a child, but more likely it was the sober judgment of the editor who manufactured the yarn. There can be no doubt that the press is of the opinion that ministers are swayed by the motives that move other men and influenced by the same considerations that determine the actions of many men in other professions. This opinion is not borne out by facts. The majority of ministers are not actuated by mercenary motives; their zeal is not the energy of salaried men; their tears are not poured out to the music of clinking gold and silver; they are under the constraint of love, not money. Many a faithful servant of Jesus Christ can truthfully say what Joseph Parker affirms in his autobiography: "I can truly say, in the fear of God, that I have never been tempted by any pecuniary offers of opportunity. When I went to Banbury I never asked what the salary was. When I went to Manchester I did not make a single inquiry about money. After being fifty years in the ministry I can truly say that I am not fifty shillings the richer for any preaching outside my own pulpit." To them the ministry is a vocation and not a position. It is as Balzac, in *The Country Parson,* makes the curé of Montegnac say in reply to the question as to what led him to become an ecclesiastic: "I cannot understand how anyone can take holy orders for any save the one indefinable and all-powerful reason, a vocation. I know that not a few have become laborers in the great vineyard with hearts worn out in the service of the passions, men who have lived without hope or whose hopes have been destroyed, men whose lives were blighted when they laid the wife or the woman they loved in the grave, men grown weary of life in a world where, in these times, nothing, not even sentiments, are stable and secure, where doubt makes sport of the sweetest certainties and belief is called superstition. I am not supposing that any man can give himself to God for what he may gain. There are some who appear to see in the clergy a means of regenerating our country, but, according to my dim lights, the patriot-priest is a contradiction in terms. The priest should belong to God alone."

But it is undeniably true that there is a very marked tendency at the present time to put a commercial value on ministerial labor. Commercialism is undoubtedly increasing even within the sacred

precincts of the ministerial office. For this growing disposition to regard the ministry as a legitimate field for "so much pay, so much work" there are numerous causes. The age is a commercial age. The doings of millionaires and plutocrats are exploited by a sensational press. The rights of "labor" are everywhere taught, and the demands of labor are published to the four winds of heaven. Legislatures are besought to create by statute a shorter day, and yield. A minimum price is fixed by the same bodies for municipal employees. In some sections the wages of laboring men are constantly being increased. In others strikes are almost daily occurrences. There is perpetual agitation. In one way or another the question of pay is kept before the public in such a manner as to waken queries in even ministerial minds, and sometimes to create unrest. The press, as I have said, takes it for granted that the commercial aspect is one that appeals most strongly to all ministers, except possibly the fanatics or the ultra-pious. For instance, after the death of Dr. John Hall—whose income was a matter of wide speculation, much romancing, and more untruth—a cynical weekly paper published in New York printed an editorial which read as follows:

> To all Protestant pastors, notice. There is at this time in New York city an aggregate sum, equal in amount to, say, $100,000 per annum, awaiting those preachers of the Gospel who are able to earn it. In other words, the Protestant pulpits in New York now vacant are good for $100,000 every year to the men who are able to get positions in them. . . . In other days the Lord called men to preach the Gospel; in these, perhaps, it is Mammon. From whomever the call may come, the fact stands that one hundred thousand dollars' worth of pulpits in New York are now awaiting occupancy.

Yes, that is the modern phraseology. It is common to talk about "earning" what the early Methodist preachers would have designated as "support;" indeed, that, or "quarterage," is still the word found in the Discipline and heard in Quarterly Conference. "One hundred thousand dollars' worth of pulpits"—why, that is the language of the exchange, and it is this kind of talk that has created new standards among our ministers. There are other phrases used, not alone in the public prints, but by congregations as well, which minister to this idea of commercialism. The world thinks it pays a high compliment to a minister when it character-

izes him as an "up-to-date" man. But that is about the worst thing you can say of him. To be abreast of the age is not enough. The true preacher always lives ahead of his age; he is in advance of the spirit of the times as Elijah ran swiftly before the chariot of Ahab. He is in the world and yet not of the world. He must keep himself unspotted from the world, avoid the very appearance of evil, be above suspicion as to purity of motive. More than once have I heard this commendation of an alert, active pastor: "I tell you, our minister is a 'hustler'"! Indeed! Why, that is what they say of the pushing drygoods drummer, of the newspaper reporter who gets a "beat" on his rivals, and of the soap agent. Not long ago I heard a man say of his pastor, a faithful servant of Jesus Christ, who in season and out of season was seeking to do the work of his Master, "He's a dandy"! Think of calling Isaiah a dandy, or Peter a hustler, or John an up-to-date preacher! Who thinks for a moment that the same respect is paid to the clergy as a half century ago, or even a quarter of a century? Regard for his message has likewise decreased. Men rank the preacher now with the lawyer, the stump speaker, or the professional actor. He is no more the prophet, but a Sunday diversion; not an oracle, but a lecturer; not the voice of God, but a prattler of platitudes. The very nomenclature of the pews reveals somewhat of the depths to which he has fallen. For this new conception of the ministry the ministry itself is in good part responsible. They are creating the impression that the loaves and the fishes have much to do with the heart and strength they put into their work. Whatever the causes may be that have produced this condition of mind, or the reasons that have conspired to this parasitic growth, the existence of a growing commercialism is unmistakable. This man is popularly known as a thousand-dollar man, that one as an eight-hundred-dollar man, the one sitting next to him in the Annual Conference as a two-thousand-dollar man, the next a three-thousand-dollar man, and so on. Grades have been created almost as distinctive as the castes of India, and these grades are all on a monetary basis. The amount of salary a man receives is the measure of his ability and the seal of his success in the eyes of the multitudes. The distinction between men is based, in the popular

mind at least, not on intellectual vigor or moral tone, but on their incomes as printed in the Minutes. Edward Everett Hale was once talking of education with a Japanese prince, who said to him, "We do not give so much time to arithmetic in our schools as you do. We think arithmetic makes men sordid." Those columns headed "Ministerial Support" tend to the same thing. They are unwholesome in their influence, demoralizing in their effect. What a blessing it might prove to be if all this should be eliminated from the Minutes! Promotions then might be promotions other than by increase of salary. At present, when a church has a man under consideration for its pulpit, the first question is, What does he get? And if no one happens to know the Minutes are consulted and the seemingly important information obtained. When a place is mentioned to a preacher for himself or some one else the question is, "What does it pay? And the Minutes are requisitioned again. What inquiry is more frequently heard in the vestibule or other places where preachers and people congregate during the sessions of the Annual Conference than, "What does it pay?" Now, this in many cases may be only the expression of a laudable interest or concern, but too often it denotes that sordidness of aim which more than any other one thing is working havoc with our altar fires, confirming church members in their worldliness, furnishing an excuse for avarice and selfishness, keeping sinners away from the sanctuary and making the so-called power of the Gospel a jest and a by-word.

Of late it has been asserted that Methodism is at a standstill; that the denomination is barely holding its own; and speculation has sought to determine the causes for this condition. The assertion is probably not well founded, but it may be prophetic. When ministers offer themselves to the Church with the unholy prayer on their lips, "Put me, I pray thee, into one of the priests' offices, that I may eat a morsel of bread," who can dare hope for anything but decline and loss? There can be no success unless the impression prevails that there is absolute purity of purpose, and nothing will more quickly obliterate such an important impression than the suspicion, which cannot long remain unvoiced, that one is impelled not so much by a consciousness of duty or spiritual

reward as by love of money. There is a higher motive than this. "For what pay," asks John Wesley, justly proud of his preachers, "could we procure men to do this service—to be always ready to go to prison or to death?" They were under the sway of the loftiest impulses, and the word of the Lord grew mightily and prevailed.

Men said of the life of Samuel Rutherford at Anworth, "He is always praying, always preaching, always entreating, always visiting the sick, always writing and studying." "There," he says, "I wrestled with the angel and prevailed. Woods, trees, meadows, and hills are my witnesses that I drew on a fair match betwixt Christ and Anworth." Back of every pulpit utterance of that saintly man was his unselfish, devoted service. What was the secret of the grip Phillips Brooks and Henry Drummond had on men? Why, it is found in their very *abandon* of unselfishness, self-forgetfulness, and self-expenditure. They spared not themselves. The glory of the Christian ministry is the gift of the life to Jesus Christ. Self-forgetfulness, self-denial, self-abasement are essential to a ministry of power. As Goethe says, "Everything cries out to us that we must renounce. Thou must go without, go without! That is the everlasting song which every hour, all our life through, hoarsely sings to us." Chrysostom was charged with always dining at home. The great did not like it. They thought him too ascetic. But his power was in the pulpit rather than at the dinner table. Asceticism may seem repulsive to us, and this paper is no plea for asceticism; but the asceticism of the fourth century was a protest against the materialism of the day, that dreadful moral blight so weakening and destructive, and, moreover, luxury and extravagance had been the conspicuous evils of the old Roman world in its decline. Why should there not be a legitimate protest against them? Elijah and Elisha protested in the days of Ahab. St. Francis protested in the days of a decadent papacy. "What went ye out in the wilderness for to see?" said our Lord, with disdainful irony, "A man clothed in soft raiment? They that wear soft clothing are in kings' houses;" as much as to say, My prophets, my ministers, rejoice not in such things. The distinctive power of the pulpit is in its personality; not primarily what it says, important as that is, but who says it;

not the clothing which a man wears, but what is the spirit of the man who is inside the clothes; not whether a man receives three hundred and forty dollars for every sermon he preaches, as it was computed that a certain well-known minister received—he was in somewhat delicate health and has since resigned—but whether the man and his message so correspond that the voice of God is heard sounding in the soul. The coin must not only have the right weight, but it must ring true. The minister must not only preach self-denial, but he must show the power of sacrifice. Above all else he must compel the confidence of men in the validity and value of his message by the regnant purity of his motives and the dominant tone of his life. Whether witnessing to many or to few the true successor of the apostle protests, with Paul, "I seek not yours, but you." If a man preaches primarily or chiefly for what he can get out of it he must take the consequences. Ruskin says: "If your fee is first with you, and your work second, then fee is your master and the lord of all fee, who is the devil; but if your work is first with you, and your fee second, then work is your master and the Lord of all work, who is God." If fee is first, then a preacher must be willing that his preaching shall be judged according to worldly standards, just as men would judge of a player on the stage or an artist who makes pictures for the shops. He must not complain if his work is estimated by the material standards of the counting-house. He must be content to be considered simply as an employee of a congregation, standing in exactly the same relation to his employers as do their other employees in office, store, shop, or on the road, and with the sure result that, when weighed in the same scales as they are weighed in and found wanting, the same fate awaits.

In discussions of the length and efficiency of ministerial service much is said about the "dead-line." That there is such an imaginary line for many clergymen there is little doubt, but it is not fixed by the calendar. It is a self-imposed limitation. It is not a matter of destiny, as some would teach. This fateful line, which marks both the noon and night of a man's life, is not drawn by time. The decrees of kings do not fix it. Whoever crosses it draws it for himself, and it begins to define itself in the Christian

ministry the moment the sign of the cross commences to fade from before a man's eyes and he sees instead the traffic of the street and hears the clamor of the market place. When spiritual conceptions of opportunity yield to a commercial interest, with the resulting indifference to obligations, when a man does his work only under the spur of a money consideration, a minister's power and influence begin to ebb.

Sydney Smith says that it is vain to talk of men numerically; that if the passions of a man are exalted to a summit, like the majestic steadiness with which St. Paul points out the single object of his life and the unquenchable courage with which he walks toward it, he is a thousand men. Wellington was convinced that the presence of Napoleon on the field of battle was equal to the addition of a hundred thousand bayonets. It is equally difficult to place value upon the power of a concentrated life. It cannot be measured by arithmetical process. There are values for which there are no expressive numbers. I know of but One who can measure the dynamic force of a timely pressure of the hand; the weight of a falling tear from the eye of sympathy; the strength of courage which leaps from a loving, forceful heart into some chamber of despair, flooding it with new life; the new aspirations which are begotten of contact with a life impelled by the love of God. There is no money equivalent for this kind of a life. The compensation is of another sort. It is indeed. We must stop this talk about salaries—not that close-fisted stewards may grind us, and mean congregations grow meaner. "If you love and serve man you cannot by any hiding or stratagem escape the remuneration," are Emerson's wise words. But the moment we make a commodity of ourselves, and take our stand in the labor market, and put our services on the basis of bargain and sale, that moment the glory fades from the western sky, the fragrance vanishes from the heart of the rose, and we are only hirelings. And then God pity us!

Ezra Squier Tipple

Art. VII.—LUCRETIUS THE EVOLUTIONIST.

In materialistic world-making there is nothing new under the sun. Lucretius, the Roman philosopher, born about B. C. 95, in his celebrated poem, "De Rerum Natura," presents an exposition of materialistic evolution which equals the performance of any of the modern advocates of that doctrine. He enunciated the same principles and defended them as lucidly as they; he encountered the same difficulties and evaded them quite as successfully. He does not pretend to be an original investigator in this field; he is confessedly a pupil of Epicurus, and he sets forth the doctrines of that great teacher illuminated and adorned by the splendor of his own native genius.

Both by contrast and by similarity his method reminds us of some of the modern teachers of "advanced thought." He is very frank in stating his aims and expectations in publishing his work. He desires to free men from the debasing influence of religion. This he would do by showing them the truth about "nature." When we call to mind the character of the religion known to Lucretius we cannot refrain from commending his purpose. The echo of his condemnation of that spurious religion has been prolonged into this age, when the reasons for his condemnation have passed away. Is this due to the conservatism of the scientific instinct? Quite as frankly he rules out any interference of deity in the creation or government of the world. The gods care nothing about us one way or another. "For the whole nature of the gods must necessarily, of itself, enjoy immortality in absolute repose, separated and far removed from our affairs; for, exempt from all pain and perils, sufficient in its own resources, needing nothing from us, it is neither propitiated by services nor affected by anger." This, however, seems to be a concession to the weaknesses of the vulgar; for it is not certain that he accredits the existence of any god. He makes no more use of deity, unless it may be to adorn a paragraph. Some modern evolutionists admit the existence of a deity, not to round out a sentence, but as a concession to an obvious weakness in men of this generation who are

prone to inquire not only after the existence of things but, after the cause of that existence. Childish curiosity in the unscientific mind has always been a cause of stumbling and offense in the way of philosophy.

Lucretius announces as the first law of nature that "Nothing is made of nothing."

Nullam rem e nilo gigni divinitus umquam (I, v. 150).

Perhaps *divinitus* is inserted here to guard against the possible error that the gods may have power to make something out of nothing. It is the denial of creation and the assumption of the eternity of matter. This is modern. He adduces proof of his proposition. This is not modern.

His second law is, "Nothing is reduced to nothing." Matter is indestructible. Here the atomic theory is introduced, and also the nature of the void. There are two real existences: atoms and void. All things else are properties or accidents of these two. There is no third thing. The atom, whether divisible or not, is undivided, and it is impenetrable, containing no void; but outside of the atoms is void, and only void. This theory was first stated by Leucippus, was adopted by Epicurus, and is well presented by Lucretius.

Given atoms and void, how was the universe formed, with its order and beauty?

The atoms were in motion. They moved downward. Why did they move, and why "downward"? What would be "downward" and what "upward" in the infinite void? He does not answer, and why should he answer? Atheistic evolutionists until this day have kept a golden silence. Theistic evolutionists have introduced a god at this point, so as to get the business of world-making fairly on its feet. He is then assigned a position of dignified obscurity—only to appear in cases of extreme necessity. Lucretius is consistent. He sternly remands the gods to their "absolute repose."

But atoms moving in straight lines would never get together, and all their motion would result in nothing. But they did come together, and worlds and systems were formed. How is this explained? Some of the atoms "swerved" from their direct

course. Why? He answers the question as conclusively as the moderns. His answer is silence.

Then, after the atoms had "swerved," collided, and rebounded for ages, the world is formed and its inhabitants. Atoms vary in forms, and forms adapted to each other cling together, and thus come into being the various kinds of animate and inanimate things. He rigidly applies his theory, and shrinks from the solution of no problem. The third book of his poem is devoted entirely to the consideration of the soul and its nature. His atomic theory explains all. The soul is material, complex, composed of different kinds of atoms. This third book is worthy of study, both for its earnest argument and for its literary beauty.

In the fifth book he treats of the origin of animals, including man. How did they originate? They are here; whence came they? "Where any suitable region offered itself wombs sprang up, fastened to the earth by fibers." From these came all living things.

Crescebant uteri terrae radicibus apti.

His imperfect tense of the verb in this verse suggests the repeated and long-continued efforts of nature before the final result was attained. It is the modern theory stated in plain language. If you want a better explanation of first beginnings you must turn to an old book called Genesis.

He notes the law of "the survival of the fittest." Many kinds of living things perished, unable to survive under changed environment. The lion survived because of superior courage, the fox by cunning, the stag by flight, the domestic animals because they have been protected by man. There is no reason to find fault with his theory, or with his treatment of it. But why does not nature still exert her productive power and produce new kinds of plants and animals? Here sounds out something of that minor tone which runs through all this stately poem. Nature grew weary and ceased to be productive. "For age changes the nature of the whole world, and as to all things one state must succeed another, and not anything remains like itself; all things change."

Mutat enim mundi naturam totius aetas
Ex alioque alius status excipere omnia debet,
Nec manet ulla sui similis res: omnia migrant.

The whole world came from the void, and to the void it returns. From this view of things he gets as much comfort as anyone can who does not "look for a new heaven and a new earth."

In his third book he argues that death is the extinction of being. The soul is material and mortal. Death is an end of pain and pleasure, hope and fear.

> He is not wretched who does not exist;
> Nor knows nor cares that he was born at all,
> When death immortal conquers mortal life.

It is unbecoming to shrink from death and complain that life must end. It is a vain thing to regret the brevity of life. Added years would not bring satisfaction.

> Our life pursues its course in beaten paths,
> And no new joy in living can be found.

A few years more or less taken from that eternal sleep will make no difference to us. It is the part of wisdom to accept its undisturbed repose without any weak repinings.

> However many ages you may live
> Eternal death not less will overtake.
> Nor briefer will his nonexistence be
> Who made to-day the end of life than his
> Who perished many months and years ago.

You say this is "a lame and impotent conclusion"? Yes, but he spoke according to his lights. He is honest. He is the voice of one crying in the wilderness of doubt and despair, sending a strong and manly cry through the night; not announcing any dawning, but summoning men to meet the inevitable with dignified courage. We have better light. Atheistic evolution is a mine worked out; even theisitc evolution is unproved. In any event we will still hold to the faith of the fathers: "In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth." "And God said, Let us make man in our image, after our likeness."

R. E. McBride.

Art. VIII.—JOHN, SON OF ZEBEDEE, AUTHOR OF THE FOURTH GOSPEL.

I. *His Life and Character.*—When Jesus gave to the sons of Zebedee the surname Boanerges he intended to point out a trait of character peculiarly prominent in these two men. John, the beloved disciple, was a son of thunder. As such he would command lightning to fall upon the Samaritans who refused to receive Jesus, and as such he was ready to oppose certain ones who cast out demons in the name of Jesus and yet were outside the inner circle of the Master's followers. A Galilean by birth, he sprang from a hardy and warlike race, an ardent and ofttimes fierce people. Impetuous, and unreserved in devotion to his Master, John was ever impatient with lack of faith in others. He possessed a measure of the quick, impulsive nature of Peter, his friend and almost constant companion. "Who is a liar but he that denieth that Jesus is the Christ?" "He that doeth sin is of the devil." "He that believeth not God hath made him a liar; because he hath not believed in the witness that God hath borne concerning his Son." How like an echo of thunder these words sound, revealing a character unchanged by time—in one essential trait at least! The Master does not wish to destroy but rather to sanctify the God-given personality; to render it productive of holiness, piety, and fruits of righteousness.

Zebedee and Salome, the parents of John, had servants, owned a house, and were on intimate terms with the high priest. Of the father we know only that he was a fisherman. The mother was ardent and pious, ministering to the wants of Jesus, bringing spices to his tomb, and revealing everywhere decided energy of character. Sharing the prominent character traits of his people and family, and having been for a time the disciple of John the Baptist, we find John earnest, bold, fervid in his manner of address, a man of decision and energy; one of the most prominent of the disciples and one of that smaller circle to whom Jesus revealed himself at times more fully than to the others. With him universal tradition has identified the unnamed disciple who

in the fourth gospel plays such an important part, especially in the closing scenes of the life of our Lord; in the Acts of the Apostles we see him in company with Peter both at Jerusalem and in Samaria; in Gal. ii, 9, Paul speaks of having seen him at Jerusalem among those who seemed to be pillars. Outside the Apocalypse and the gospels he is nowhere else mentioned in the New Testament. He becomes apparently less prominent among the apostles in the first decade after the resurrection and ascension of our Lord. Perhaps this was because Jesus had intrusted to him the care of his mother, and in this the Master may have had a twofold purpose: he was giving Mary to the care and keeping of one in whom he could utterly confide, but it would seem no less his purpose that Mary's gentle, queenly nature with its deep and penetrating intuitions should exert some definite influence upon the son of thunder. She was one who silently treasured in her heart all that she heard and experienced. Only twice in the gospel narrative is she mentioned as speaking after she has become the mother of our Lord. The mother's anxious care for her boy and sympathy for others in their embarrassment prompt the brief utterances. And henceforth John too is silent, even during the fierce controversy at Jerusalem concerning the status of Gentile Christians. He is silent as long as any of the other apostles remain. But when these have all departed, after a new generation has grown up and false teachers are seeking to lead astray the faithful, then at last does he break his long silence and, as it were, in awful monotone—like the peal of distant thunder—his message sounds forth, lightnings flash from heaven before which we close our eyes, and, lo! the sultry, oppressive atmosphere of error and unbelief which has rested upon the Church is rent, the air is clarified, and new life and strength fill the hearts of the disciples.

John left Jerusalem some time after 50 A. D., the date of the so-called apostolic council. Possibly he tarried in the Jewish capital until just before its destruction, 70 A. D., and then with other Christians sought refuge beyond the Jordan, in the region of Decapolis. According to well-established tradition of the early Church he went to Ephesus and died there in the time of Trajan, about 100 A. D. Of the period intervening between his

departure from Jerusalem and his residence in Ephesus we know nothing except that Tertullian affirms that St. John came to Rome and while there miraculously escaped martyrdom. His banishment to Patmos is connected in point of time with the persecution of Domitian.

Notwithstanding the fragmentary character of the material at hand from which to construct an account of the life and work of St. John, we have a consistent picture of a character that is vehement and tenacious, but which has been molded in its later days by a spirit of love. Thus his life constitutes, as it were, the glorious sunset of the apostolic age, and the gospel which he has left us, a gospel which is preeminently one of life, and light, and love, harmonizes well both in its form and content with the traditional account of its having been written by John during the last quarter of the first century, presenting, as it does, not a chronological narrative of the life of Christ, but rather the mature reflections of the apostle upon the life and character of him whom the author had long since come to regard and to know as of a truth the incarnate Son of God, the Saviour of men, and the Giver of life eternal.

II. *The Authorship of the Fourth Gospel.*—The mighty onward sweep of knowledge which the century just past has witnessed, and which we believe will be again eclipsed by the yet mightier achievements of scholarship and genius in the century before us as the first strong wind of an oncoming tempest is eclipsed by the tempest itself, has been strictly in accord with the truest philosophy of evolution as a phenomenon in human progress. In retrospect the principle of acceleration discernible in the social improvement and intellectual advancement of the nineteenth century is seen to be the principle of the achievements of a far longer period, the beginnings of which we must seek in the glorious epoch of the Reformation and the end of which is certainly not yet. To the student of to-day, who is called upon to accept—on faith largely—results achieved by a host of brilliant scholars who have gone before, and with the multitudinous facts thus attained as a basis to push just a little farther along the line of some chosen specialty, no greater or more difficult problem presents itself than

that of eliminating the error ever present in even the most logical deductions and most valid conclusions which unaided human intellect may draw. Along with every revival of learning, as with every revival of religion, go certain accompanying phenomena, adjuncts, or accessories, not themselves a part of the learning (that is, the truth), but rather a by-product of the revival of the intellectual activity as this turns aside from the beaten paths of centuries into new fields. Such accompanying phenomena alongside the marvelous positive gains in the field of biblical research during the nineteenth century are the ruthless attempts of the extreme destructive wing of so-called higher critics to undermine and tear down every ancient and sacred tradition which the Church holds concerning the Scripture canon. A special instance in point furnishes us with the subject for this brief essay. Dr. Richard G. Moulton suggests: "The writings ascribed to St. John —gospel, epistles, Revelation—may be classed with the book of Deuteronomy in the fact that they are, for Old and New Testament respectively, the storm centers of modern controversy. Over Johannine literature intricate and perplexing questions of genuineness and authenticity, of canonical authority, and of theological exegesis, have . . . arisen and divided the world of scholarship and religious thought." We shall here consider only the questions of authenticity and authorship of the fourth gospel, touching these questions with reference to the epistles and Apocalypse only as we may thereby shed additional light on the more immediate question.

Down to the end of the eighteenth century the question of the authenticity of the fourth gospel of our New Testament canon had not even been raised. This fact is most significant, and none the less so because of the single unimportant exception which must be made to the positive statement above. To this single exception we now briefly turn.

Just after the middle of the second century there appear from the writings of Irenæus and Epiphanius to have existed a small sect, the Alogi, who dissented from the otherwise unanimous tradition. They were Monarchians of dynamic or adoptionist convictions, rejecting the doctrine of the logos (whence their name)

and believing Jesus to have been only human, but inspired and exalted by God. They appeared in Asia Minor about 170 A. D. in extreme opposition to Montanism, with its ideas of prophecy and its doctrine of the Paraclete, and therefore rejected both the fourth gospel and the Apocalypse, attributing both to Cerinthus the heretic; but, as Bishop Lightfoot shows clearly and every modern critic would allow, the doctrine of the person of Christ of both these books is in direct opposition to the teachings of Cerinthus. But even had the Alogi ever been a large and important party, as they were not, they witness at least to the antiquity of our gospel—for Cerinthus was a contemporary of John—and hence they also witness against the modern impugners of its genuineness. Harnack, however, considers the attitude of the Alogi as "sehr verhängnissvoll" (that is, of ominous import) for the fourth gospel; but, as Sanday says, "it is worth just so much as the critical ground by which it is supported is worth and no more." "It is clear that this handful of primitive rationalists had nothing to trust but their own arguments. They were not in possession of any real historical tradition adverse to the Johannine authorship of the gospel. The attribution of it to Cerinthus was a random guess, thrown out in the heat of personal dislike; it goes so far to confirm the Catholic tradition that it agrees with it both as to time and place."

In 1792 an English theologian, Evanson, raised for the first time serious objections against the general belief. Germany at once took up the question, and in 1796 Eckermann controverted the authenticity of the gospel, but in 1807 he retracted. For four decades the battle raged with varying success. Among the chief antagonists were Bretschneider, De Wette, Chr. Hermann Weisse, and Strauss. According to Strauss the life of Jesus was reduced, as Ebrard suggestively points out, to a single sentence: "At that time it came to pass . . . that nothing came to pass." In 1844 Ferdinand Chr. Baur, "in one of the most ingenious and brilliant compositions which theological science has ever produced," as Godet describes his work, substituted for the purely negative criticism of Strauss and others of his predecessors a more positive yet equally antagonistic theory, suggesting that the fourth gospel

was written about 160–170 A. D. (not earlier than 160) as a compromise between opposing Christian factions which threatened the Church with disruption. Being a compromise, it appropriated the then prevalent Philonic logos doctrine and united with this the better tenets of Montanism. It further compromised between the Eastern and Western Churches in the famous dispute on the subject of the paschal rite, modifying the passion chronology precisely so as to decide men's minds in favor of the Western rite. Baur, nevertheless, saw in the gospel the work of a single great thinker, a masterpiece of high mystical philosophy and ecclesiastical policy, but did not specify who in his estimation the great unknown author was. But Baur's theory, ingenious and brilliant though it was, is long since obsolete, and his successors of the Tübingen school were forced in the light of accumulating data to abandon one historical position after another until the unquestioned antiquity of the gospel approached so near to the beginning of the second century as to make the compromise theory of Baur untenable had this not already been abandoned, as it was, on other grounds by some of his successors. This necessary and "pretty steady retreat" of the adverse criticism, says Dr. Fisher, from the date assigned to the fourth gospel by Baur and his (more immediate) followers (c. 160) renders the accounting for its origin, if it be considered spurious, more and more difficult.

Between the time of Baur and that of Jülicher, a prominent radical critic of the present, the names of Weizsäcker, Volkmar, Keim, Hilgenfeld, Renan, Hase, and the unknown author of *Supernatural Religion* stand out prominently in the long list of those who reject the apostolic authorship of our gospel. Of these, however, hardly two can be found who agree in any positive statements or in their theories. Not seldom does one critic preface his attack on the gospel itself with an attempt to utterly annihilate the arguments of his predecessor. Thus at one time it was argued that John could not have been its author because he never lived in Asia Minor, where the gospel undoubtedly arose; a few years later it was convenient to reverse the argument and say that the residence of John in Asia Minor proved that he did not write the gospel because he did there write the Apocalypse—and both books

cannot be by the same author! All are alike dead and gone now, and the good they may have done is interred with their bones—for all schools alike have outgrown their arguments; but the evil men do lives after them, for, alas! the end of would-be destructive criticism is not yet. Among the host of valiant defenders of the apostolic authorship of our gospel in the past must be mentioned: Eichorn, 1810; Geiseler, 1818; Tholuck, 1827; Schleiermacher; Neander and Ebrard, who answered Strauss and Baur; Thiersch, who also replied to Baur; Meyer, Hengstenberg, and Lange have in their commentaries pronounced in favor of the authenticity; Professors Tischendorf and Luthardt, Ezra Abbot and Bishop Lightfoot, James Drummond and Vincent Henry Stanton. Between the two extremes there have always been men of mediating or compromising views, until the student of Johannine criticism of to-day finds current three well-defined theories. There is, first, the radically antagonistic view which holds the gospel to be spurious and of which Jülicher, Pfleiderer, Holtzmann, and others are representatives. Their attitude is well represented by the words of Jülicher (*Einl. in d. N. T.*, 1894, pp. 258 and 259): "The fourth gospel is only estimated rightly when it is considered to be the product of philosophic poetizing, with a religious tendency, emanating from the third Christian generation. As a source of the history of Christ in the flesh it is almost worthless." And this quotation brings us at once face to face with the underlying motive, as it appears, of a large part at least of this destructive criticism. The history of Christ in the flesh, the sublime view which John unfolds for us of the incarnate Word, his signs, his testimony of the Father and of himself, his resurrection from the dead—if these could only be set aside! An unwillingness on the part of the antagonistic critics to believe in the supernatural is at the bottom of the whole controversy. The miracles recorded by the evangelist are incredible and absurd; hence they were not related by an eyewitness, but were recorded by some one living at a later time, after oral tradition had first distorted and then magnified and thrown the halo of past greatness over and about ordinary and in no sense supernatural events. The extreme subjectiveness of such procedure is, however, a weak foundation

on which to build, and the textual criticism growing out of it is untrustworthy. Men try, by examining the gospel itself, to determine how far it is worthy of belief and so decide how far it is the authentic work of an apostle. But the burden of proof lies with the party that raised the doubt, and at the present stage of the conflict the attacking party is farther from its objective point than was Baur in the estimation of his contemporaries. With every new discovery of additional data controverting its position the opposition changes front, shifts the question, and seeks a new point of attack. *Aber vergebens!* A second view current is that the gospel was written by another than the apostle, but that it was composed mainly of genuine Johannine memoranda. Weizsäcker and Hase championed this view. Its latest most prominent defender is Dr. H. H. Wendt. His *The Gospel according to St. John* is one of the more recent works which have appeared in an English translation on the subject. For this reason, and because his theory differs a little from that of other mediating critics, we give in brief his conclusions:

1. The gospel is subapostolic in its origin.

2. The evangelist (not John) made use of the synoptics and of another, still older, written source which contained Logia of Jesus, especially his longer discourses and conversations during his visits to Jerusalem, also in all probability the prologue, i, 1-18.

3. This older source was written by the apostle John, and when liberated from the narrative framework and interpolations of the evangelist editor is trustworthy, presenting the utterances of the historic Jesus such as the synoptic sources reveal.

4. The supposed earliest traces of the gospel turn out to be traces only of this source or of that oral tradition which received in the source a fixed literary form.

5. Final conclusion: The gospel includes precious materials of apostolic tradition, but it was not composed—any more than were our other three gospels—by an eyewitness of gospel history.

With regard to these conclusions of Wendt two points are to be noted: (1) They contravene both extreme positions which hold that the gospel exhibits a unitary completeness. The destructive wing, if, indeed, we are not to count the mediating school as also a part of this wing, has always held, with Strauss, that "the gospel is itself the seamless tunic of which it tells us, for which men may

cast lots, but which they cannot rend." How different Wendt when he says, "Glaring difficulties are met with of various sorts, the natural solution of which lies in the source hypothesis"! (2) The starting point of Wendt's whole investigation is the same subjective judgment concerning the plausibility of the gospel record as it stands which we found to be at the bottom of the extreme destructive criticism. The third view regarding the authorship of the fourth gospel is the traditional or orthodox view which holds that the gospel as we have it, with the possible exception of the last chapter, is the work of John the apostle and disciple of Jesus. All objections to its genuineness, as we have seen, proceed mainly from theoretic or internal considerations. "There is practically no external evidence in their favor; on the contrary, there is a line of external witnesses arrayed against them which reaches back to the very verge of the apostolic age." Mangold confesses that this external evidence "would," to quote him exactly, "suffice to establish it if internal reasons did not oppose to the admission of its authenticity reasons which, to me at least, remain hitherto insurmountable." The orthodox party, however, claims that the internal evidence is not only not against the genuineness of the gospel, but rather so clearly in its favor that, even without the unbroken chain of external evidence unquestionably in their possession, the Johannine authorship would be by this internal evidence alone firmly established. Thus Credner, in his *Introduction to the New Testament*, says: "If we possessed no historical data regarding the authorship of the fourth gospel we should none the less be led to a positive result by the indications which the book itself supplies" (Godet, vol. i, p. 262). Or, as Dr. Stevens sums it up: "All things considered, the genuineness of the fourth gospel is amply attested, and internal considerations in favor of Johannine authorship may be adduced which are, to say the least, as strong as the objections which are urged on the other side." To a brief consideration of this positive testimony, both internal and external, we now turn.

External Testimony.—1. Disproving the date assigned to the gospel by Baur (160–170): It is now universally conceded that the fourth gospel existed as early as 160 A. D. not only in Greek, but

also in Latin and Syriac, and was read publicly in all the churches from Mesopotamia to Gaul. It must have therefore existed in Greek at least some decades earlier, to permit its becoming thus widely circulated among peoples so widely separated from each other and speaking different languages.

2. Against the date next suggested by the negative school (130–140): Guiding documents, Justin Martyr, Montanism, and Gnostic systems of Valentinus and Marcion. Quoting from these and others, Luthardt has plainly shown that the Gnostic circles were acquainted with John's gospel as an apostolic book as early as 130, and from this fact argues: "It must, then, have been recognized more thoroughly and still earlier in Church circles. This compels us to go back with its origin to the beginning of the second or the end of the first century, namely, to the times of the freshest recollections of John." The closing words of chapter xxi were without doubt added by another hand. They designate the apostle John as the author of the gospel. This appended testimony is found in all manuscripts; hence the gospel was evidently not published in wider circles without it. This testimony is, moreover, meaningless if not added before or just after the death of John, for the Greek reads μαρτυρῶν (*testifieth*, present tense), not γράψας (*wrote*, past tense). It appears to be the testimony of a company of Ephesian presbyters as the gospel passed from the confined to the wider Church circles. "But at that date," Luthardt again argues, "they would not in Johannine circles have accepted a book as John's if it had not come from the apostle, and much less if it were fully foreign to his way of thinking. If the fourth gospel passed for John's in those circles at that time it must have been John's, or else the whole tradition about John in Asia Minor is an error." The sojourn of John in Asia Minor is, however, too well established to be any longer seriously doubted were the apostolic authorship of our gospel to hinge on this question, as Luthardt half admits. But it does not hinge on this question. Dr. Alfred Resh, of Leipsic, whose work has not yet been translated into English, thinks John probably wrote the gospel before coming to Asia Minor—he does not, however, question his residence there—at Pella, namely, in the region of Decapolis,

whither Christians fled at the time of the destruction of Jerusalem, 70–80 A. D.

Internal Evidence.—It still remains for us to examine briefly the internal evidence to the genuineness of our gospel. Among the several lines of argument often used we choose to follow Bishop Lightfoot, giving only his conclusions:

1. Of all the New Testament the fourth gospel is the most Hebraic in style. Hence the writer was certainly a Jew.

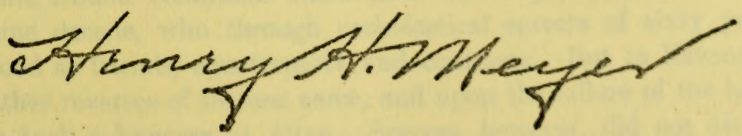
2. He must have been a Palestinian Jew, because of the intimate acquaintance he manifests with the manners and feelings and, moreover, with the history and geography of Palestine. "Whether we turn to the Messianic hopes of the chosen people, with all the attendant circumstances with which imagination had invested this expected event; or to the mutual relations of the Samaritans, Jews, Galileans, Romans, and the respective feelings, prejudices, beliefs, and customs of each; or to the topography of the city and temple, as well as of the rural districts—the Lake of Gennesaret and the cornfields and mountain ridges of Shechem; or to the contemporary history of the Jewish hierarchy and the Herodian sovereignty, we are alike struck at every turn with subtle and unsuspicious traces betokening the familiarity with which the writer moves amidst the ever-shifting scenes of his wonderful narrative."

3. The gospel is the genuine narrative of an eye and ear witness who records the events just as they occurred in natural sequence. The accuracy and simplicity with which the author deals with details in the history and geography, the institutions, the thoughts and feelings of the Jews, just referred to, and, above all, his portrayal of character and individuality prove this.

4. The writer is the disciple "whom Jesus loved" (John xxi, 24). But who is this anonymous disciple? It seems safe to assume, first of all, that he was one of that inner circle of disciples which comprised the two pairs of brothers, Peter and Andrew, James and John, if, indeed, we may count Andrew as among the number. It cannot, however, have been Andrew, for Andrew appears in company with this unknown disciple in the opening chapter of the gospel. Nor can it have been Peter, for with him

also is this disciple frequently associated in the gospel narrative, especially in its closing scenes. Again, James seems to have been excluded, for James fell an early martyr, and all the evidences point to a later date for this gospel. Thus John only is left as the possible one. With this result, moreover, all correlative facts agree. In the synoptic gospels and in the Acts John is seen to be the almost constant companion of Peter. If this unnamed disciple be not John, then we have in the fourth gospel but a single incidental reference to one who in the other gospels is one of the most prominent figures, which is hardly credible. Lastly, in this gospel alone the forerunner of Christ is never called the Baptist, but always simply John. To others some distinguishing epithet seemed needed. Not so to John the apostle when speaking of another bearing the same name.

In conclusion: Internal and external testimony combine in designating John, the son of Zebedee, disciple of our Lord, as the author of the gospel which has always been ascribed to him. And with Resh, in the last chapter of his *Ausser-canonische Parallelltexte zu Johannes* (Leipsic, 1896), above referred to, we conclude that "the apostolic authenticity and Johannine authorship of the fourth canonical gospel is the corner stone of all gospel research. On grounds of careful literary criticism the Johannine gospel appears as the firm basis of all further research concerning the life of Jesus, the safe shore from which one may look calmly upon the surging billows of synoptic criticism, and, if need be, venture courageously into its threatening depths, awaiting with confidence the maturing results, both of a more thorough objective, literary criticism and of a saner historical criticism as well."



Art. IX.—J. H. NEWMAN AND THE OXFORD MOVEMENT.

A human life is so varied, its relations so complex, its activities so numerous, so many streams of influence flow from it, such multitudes of thoughts and words and acts enter it, that it almost baffles analysis. There are lives that have social, religious, political, and literary phases. To follow such a life from beginning to end is not like unwinding a spool of carefully wrapped thread; it is more like lifting the meshes of a net. Especially is this true of the life of John Henry Newman—so rich in its personal features and its public experiences, so full of struggles, defeats, and victories, one scarcely knows through which open gate the most enticing entrance is afforded.

He was born in London, within the sound of Bow Bells, the eldest of six children. His parents belonged neither to the aristocracy nor to the so-called lower classes, but occupied a vantage ground of safety between the two extremes. The heads of the few previous generations had been small landed proprietors in Cambridgeshire, and the home life had been simple and free. On these outlying estates there was plenty of leisure time, and since the Newmans employed much of it in reading and study we are prepared to find that Newman's father was a man of culture, refined tastes, and gentlemanly bearing. He belonged to nature's nobility and labor's aristocracy. He entered the banking business in London, becoming a partner of the Ramsbottoms in Lombard Street. Cardinal Manning's father, too, was of the order of shekels and checks, being connected with the Bank of England. From quite similar conditions came these two boys, born within the same decade, who through ecclesiastical careers of sixty years stood as friends, counterparts, and contrasts. But to Newman's father reverses of fortune came, and upon the failure of the bank he took a brewery at Alton. Success, however, did not attend this venture, and little was left to the family but the mother's jointure.

Most interesting is it to note the production of character by the blending of ancestral traits, and in this instance much of the

required data would seem to be at hand. On the paternal side were elements of independence leading to loyalty to his personal convictions. Newman's mother was devout, consistent, conscientious. Her family was of direct descent from the Huguenot refugees, Fourdrinier by name. They were enterprising and progressive paper manufacturers, and had introduced many improvements into the process. Naturally, as his mother was a Calvinist, Newman's early training was in that direction. He took delight in reading Romaine, Newton, Milner, and Thomas Scott, whose "bold unworldliness" and "vigorous independence of mind" deeply impressed him. "He followed truth," said Newman, "wherever it led him, beginning in Unitarianism and ending in a zealous faith in the Holy Trinity." The critical spirit of the boy is shown in the fact that before he was sixteen he had made "a collection of Scripture texts in proof of this doctrine" and added remarks of his own upon them. A proof of his power to select and assimilate is afforded in the fact that he drew from Scott two principles as the scope and issue of his doctrine: "Holiness before peace" and "Growth the only evidence of life." He also took great delight in reading the extracts from "The Fathers," which Milner gives in his Church History.

At this time conflicting ideas came into his mind. While reading the experiences of those pious men, of their devotion and lives of beauty and worship, the cloistered cells and taper-lighted chapel, and over all the halo of mediæval romance, he was led to take up, from Newton's book on the Prophecies, the idea that the Roman Church is Antichrist—a conception which, he declares, "stained" his imagination even after his intellect had given judgment against it. He also was impressed with the conviction that it was God's will that he should lead a single life, a conviction which held its ground, with certain brief intervals of a "month now and a month then," up to the age of twenty-eight, after which it possessed him without any break at all. Add to these impressions, evidently not very coherent, the rather capricious doctrine which he borrowed from a book of Romaine's, that men know whether they are elect or not, and that, if elect, they are of course sure of their "final perseverance"—a view which he held till a year or two

after he had taken his degree at Oxford, when it gradually faded away—and we find enough material for theological fermentation in a dreamy, susceptible, and imaginative mind. And Newman's mind was of this cast. In reading he would stop upon every suggestion and project the thought into many a fertile fabrication of fancy. Through this habit of working over and amplifying what he read it became really his own, and took such a hold upon him that he never lost it. He is said to have known the Bible almost by heart. His love of dogma and his sense of the delusive unreality of all that lay outside the Bible soon threw him upon it, and it alone, as the basis of his religious faith.

After reaching mature years he put in writing his recollections of the thoughts and feelings on religious subjects which he had as a child and a boy. He says: "I used to wish the Arabian Tales were true; my imagination ran on unknown influences, on magical powers and talismans. I thought life might be a dream, or I an angel, and all this world a deception; my fellow-angels by a playful device concealing themselves from me and deceiving me with the semblance of a material world." He was "very superstitious, and for some time previous to my conversion used constantly to cross myself on going into the dark. Of course, I must have gotten this practice from some external source or other, but I can make no conjecture of where; and certainly no one had ever spoken to me on the subject of the Catholic religion, which I only knew by name." "When I was at Littlemore I was looking over old copybooks of my schooldays, and I found among them my first Latin verse book; and on the first page of it there was a device which almost took my breath away with surprise. . . . I had drawn the figure of a solid cross upright, and next to it is, what may indeed be meant for a necklace, but what I cannot make out to be anything else than a set of beads suspended with a little cross attached. At this time I was not quite ten years old. I suppose I got these ideas from some romance, but the strange thing is how, among the thousands of objects which meet a boy's eyes, these, in particular, should so have fixed themselves in my mind that I made them practically my own." From earliest boyhood Newman was a dogmatist. "From the age of fifteen," he says, "dogma

has been the fundamental principle of my religion. I have no other religion. What I held in 1816 I held in 1833 and I held in 1864. Please God, I shall hold it to the end." Referring to that "great change of thought" which is called "conversion," he says: "When I was fifteen a great change of thought took place in me. I fell under the influence of a definite creed and received into my intellect impressions of dogma which, through God's mercy, have never been effaced or obscured." Such are the underlying principles and traits which help to explain the final outcome of the religious life and belief of John Henry Newman. He began his education in a private school. Going at an unusually early age from this private school to Trinity College, Oxford, he took his degree when he was not yet twenty—certainly a proof of extraordinary ability. However, he took no first places, this, doubtless, being due to his youth and resultant immaturity. In 1823 he was elected to a fellowship in Oriel. At this time he began to feel a certain disdain for antiquity, which showed itself in some flippant language against the Fathers. His old Calvinistic theology had given way, and he was "beginning to prefer intellectual excellence to moral," and "drifting in the direction of the liberalism of the day," as he says. This was merely superficial. At the end of 1827, "under two great blows, illness and bereavement," he was rudely awakened from his intellectual dream, and the mists began to clear away. Keble's *Christian Year*, just issued, touched Newman, the tenderness and warmth of the devotion exhibited in the poems showing him the increasing coldness of his own heart.

But we pass on to the movement in which Newman was engaged, and which then claimed the attention of the Church.

Old Oxford and her schools have been the center of religious thought in England. Around her cluster the names of those who have directed the trend and fostered the development of the movements which have marked the changes in the sentiment of the Church, on which many volumes have been written. Possibly none has been more widely noted than that known as the Oxford Movement, an attention due as much to the character of those who participated as to the permanent effects or final outcome. In all human progress two extremes have been marked: liberalism and

conservatism. These are found in every phase of life, social, political, and religious. Each is necessary, and serves as a check upon the other. Nowhere have these elements been more manifest than in the development of religious thought.

Newman felt impressed early that there was awaiting him a great work in the Church of England. His friendship with Hurrell Froude, the elder brother of the historian, was most important in its influence on his career. Froude was a man of genius, and his intellect was as critical and logical as it was speculative and bold. He admired the Church of Rome and subscribed to many of her beliefs. In 1832 Newman and Froude took an extended trip known as the Mediterranean voyage. They visited Catholic dominions and saw something of the workings of the Church. The effect of these visits upon Newman was to greatly diminish his horror of Romanism, but Froude seemed to see hollowness and mockery in it all. Just previous to this journey of the two friends turmoil and conflict were in the air. Liberalism had proved its ascendency everywhere, and the orthodox side was violently agitated. All these things made a deep impression upon the Oxford group whom sympathy of feeling had banded together. Newman's mind was excited in the highest degree, and he studied how the Church might be kept from being liberalized. The journey seems to have acted as a stimulus to this excitement. In Sicily, in Paris, "England was in my thoughts solely," Newman wrote. He longed to be back in England. Keble's Assize Sermon was preached the Sunday after Newman's return to Oxford. Action followed at once.

As a result of the decay into which the Church of England had fallen there arose two schools of thought, each having in view the bringing about of reform. They were represented by Arnold and Newman. Arnold was strong in his contempt for formalism, and had utter disregard for dogma as such. He was pronounced in his opposition to sacramentalism and to the priesthood. In 1832, alarmed at the prospect of disestablishment, Arnold published his pamphlet on Church Reform. He proposed the sinking of dogmatic differences and the inclusion of the Dissenters within the pale of the State Church. He looked to a closer and more acknowledged union between religion and the State as a remedy

for existing evils. The other party, the one which brought about the Oxford Movement, began with the same general fear for the safety of the establishment which provoked Arnold to write his pamphlet, but it embodied very different tendencies from those of Arnold's school. The two schools parted company at the outset, though the chief purpose of each was to protect the Church of England. The danger, in Arnold's view, lay in the tyranny of State over Church. The party of the Movement, on the other hand, from the first declared war against State control. To them the essence of the English Church was that side of her not dependent on, but independent of, State control. She was, above all, the lineal descendant of the Church of Gregory and Augustine and, through them, of the Church of the Apostles. Hence the authority of her bishops; hence the sacredness of her ordinances. While Arnold viewed the Church as essentially a Protestant establishment, the Movement viewed her as essentially still a part of the Catholic Church. Complete dependence on the State, which was to the one party her ideal perfection, was to the other her absolute destruction. The Newmanites proposed to inoculate the Church with a little popery, the Arnoldites to inoculate it with a little liberalism, as the best safeguard against its diseases in their malignant form. The outcome of neither movement was that which its designers and champions contemplated, but the forecast of each side with reference to the failure of the other was true. Arnold said of the Movement, "It will not take the form Newman wishes, but its far more natural and consistent form of pure popery," while Newman's view, that the tendency of liberalism is "to make shipwreck of Christian faith," may claim to have been prophetic; witness the association of the name of Arnold in our day with a belief concerning the Supreme Being differing little in its essence from Herbert Spencer's agnosticism.

In order to promulgate the principles of the Movement Newman hit upon the idea of the "Tracts for the Times." Newman was the tractarian *par excellence*. The Tracts were intended to circulate right notions on the apostolical succession, and also for the defense of the Prayer Book against any sort of profane innovation. In 1836 Newman made, in a series of lectures in St. Mary's,

the first systematic attempt to define publicly the theory of the Movement. The lectures were entitled, "The Prophetical Office of the Church Viewed Relatively to Romanism and Popular Protestantism," and advocated what he called the Via Media, a middle course between Protestantism and popery: the comparatively gentle authority of a Church which elicits, and even cultivates, the spirit of freedom in its children, but curbs it and will not allow it to go beyond a certain point in asserting freedom of opinion or freedom of practice. But this Via Media was a temporary position. Newman was not satisfied; he was drifting toward he knew not what. The feeling embodied in his beautiful stanzas beginning "Lead, kindly Light"—"I do not ask to see the distant scene; one step enough for me"—seems to have indicated what was from the first Newman's view of the situation, but he was moving gradually to a position from which he would have shrunk had it been predicted to him. In defining his position he was led to the study of the primitive Church and the religious life and faith of the early Fathers. He passed on to the conception of a united Universal Church. From that conception there crept in a reluctant doubt as to the lawfulness of separation from Rome. The members of the Movement began to adopt fasting and other practices prevailing in the Church of Rome, and the nature of the Tracts changed as the personal views of the writers assumed new form. That this Romeward movement still remained tolerable to quite a section of the Anglican Church was partly due to the guarded language used in the Tracts, but the time came when the rupture took place.

The signal for a great uprising was the appearance of the famous Tract No. 90. The growing feeling of suspicion and distrust on the part of the Church and the University took shape and burst in a storm over the heads of the party. In this Tract Newman held that the Articles of the Anglican Church were really drawn up against the political supremacy of the pope much more than against the doctrines of the Church of Rome. He insisted that those subscribing to these Articles virtually declared themselves Roman Catholics. It was declared by four Oxford tutors that the Tract suggested that the Articles do not contain any condemnation of the doctrines of (1) purgatory, (2) pardons, (3) the

worshiping and adoration of images and relics, (4) the invocation of saints, (5) the mass. The whole Anglican communion denounced the position of Newman, which was indeed an extremely awkward one at this time. His own Church strenuously repudiated what he considered the true principles of Catholicity, and yet he was unable to retreat to any Church that asserted them. This was the last of the Tracts, and he retired from the Movement, it being practically at an end. From this time Newman says that he was on his "deathbed" as regards the Church of England, but it required five years for him to fully reconcile himself to the Romish Church. His estrangement from the Anglican Church took place in 1841. In the beginning of 1846 he passed formally within the pale of the Roman Church. Such was the natural outcome of the position he had held, and at last the haven was reached. The freest and happiest epoch of his life may be said to have commenced.

Many and diverse have been the criticisms upon Newman. He has been accused of insincerity, of playing false to trusts placed upon him, and even of a light regard for truth. In the study of his life—inner and outer, private and public—one finds no grounds for such accusations. Newman was moved by convictions. Often he was in error, but the mistakes were of the head and not of the heart. He was a true Christian. He towered high as a preacher. His preaching was characterized by irony, humor, pathos, eloquence, and imaginative force. He was remarkable in controversy, skilled in argument and keen logic. He was equally at home in doctrinal sermons and in discourses of a more popular nature. His language is chaste, pure, beautiful, and expressive. His early sermons were specially practical; behind the preacher was constantly the teacher. Seldom is such a profound and vivid apprehension of the truth and the marvel of revelation united with realism such as his. His hearers understood his knowledge of the human heart; his sympathy led men to lay their troubles before him and ask his counsel. When he left the English Church St. Mary's became a sacred shrine for young Oxford men who loved his memory. Newman's poetry is to be found chiefly in the beautiful thoughts scattered through his prose, but in the words of the competent critic, Henry Nicoll, "Newman

is the author of some of the finest religious verse in the language." He shows true poetic fervor in the expression of the hope and longing of the heart, the portrayal of the life of faith and sweet simplicity. The Mediterranean voyage was especially fruitful in the production of verse suggested by classical and historical associations. In 1833 he wrote an exquisite poem called "Separation of Friends," to which he added some singularly beautiful lines upon the death of his friend Froude in 1836. The world will remember him as the author of "Lead, kindly Light." This lyric has found its way into almost every hymnal and has been sung in almost every house of worship. He wrote one long poem, and quite a remarkable one it is, entitled, "The Dream of Gerontius." It delineates Newman's conception of the peaceful and beautiful side of the doctrine of purgatory. It is vivid and full of imagery, and it touches on all the beliefs and hopes which had been the mainstay of Newman's long and gracious life.

The announcement of his death, on Monday, August 11, 1890, was the signal for an almost unanimous expression of esteem and affection—a proof, if one were needed, that "widely as most of his countrymen differed from his religious opinions, there was probably none in whose unswerving rectitude they more entirely believed or for whom they entertained a greater reverence." Hutton well says, "In a century in which physical discovery and material well-being have been all-absorbing such a life as that of Cardinal Newman stands out in strange and almost majestic though singularly graceful and unpretending contrast to the eager and agitated turmoil of the confused passions."

N. Wilbur Helm.

Art. X.—RABBI AND SYNAGOGUE: THEIR PLACE AND POWER.

It was a revolutionary pronunciamento when Paul (Rom. iii, 20) said, "By the deeds of the law there shall no flesh be justified." It is not easy for us to appreciate what "the law" was to an old-time Jew, his reverence for and trust in it. It was the duty of everyone to write a roll of the law, and thus obtain the same benefit as if he had received it in person on Sinai. If unable to write another might do it for him, he making a correction of one letter, or several persons might write each a single letter and be able to declare that the roll would not be legitimate without the part he added. A roll of the law written by an apostate, by a man who takes money from Jews on behalf of Gentiles, by a man who denounces a Jew to a Gentile, by a slave, a woman, a boy, must be buried; if written by an Epicurean it must be burned. The work was unlawful if the scribe before writing any of the names of God did not pause and say, "I am now ready to write the name of the Lord with mind and understanding." He must write the holy name and the three following words in silence and with a fresh pen. If the name of God be written incorrectly, whether upon an earthen or a stone vessel or a sheet of parchment, that thing must be buried and replaced. If written with blue, green, or red, or any dye or metallic matter, if written on papyrus, linen, or cotton, the roll is unlawful and may not be read in the synagogue. This written roll of the law might not be sold even to save life, but the sale is justified if the money ransoms a captive Jew or enables a man to marry.

The Jewish law students—there were always many—had to learn the six hundred and thirteen commands of Moses collected by the craft. Originally any Jew who could officiate in public worship was thus designated, though he was not even a preacher. He taught in the school, not in the synagogue; his function was with the law (halacha) rather than with the homily (hagada). Since the Middle Ages the maggid, or local rabbi, has not even been required to know rabbinical law. The term "rabbi" became

common after the destruction of the temple and implied no superior holiness, though he was qualified to act as judge on questions of rabbinical traditions and Mosaic readings.

It seems almost impossible to exaggerate the reverence with which the doctors of the law, the rabbis, were regarded by the Jews in the time of Christ. For four hundred years there had arisen no prophet to show the way and point the meaning of the providences which had come to this people. Herod had come in and, with the humiliating exercise of his power, appointed the high priests, and naturally the people turned to the exponents of the law to know what all these things meant. Hence such utterances in the Talmud as, "The honor due to a teacher borders on that which is due to God." It exceeded that due to a parent, because the parent only brought the child into this world while the rabbi was to guide him into life eternal. If one's father and a rabbi be both in prison the rabbi must be first redeemed. To dispute with a rabbi, or murmur against one, was like doing the same with the Almighty. "The sayings of the scribes are weightier than the law" was a common saying. Little wonder, then, that Joseph and Mary marveled (Luke ii, 46) when Jesus either showed great appreciation of or acquaintance with the questions which these learned men were discussing in the temple; much more if he exhibited the temerity which called in question anything they were teaching. The rabbis had a surprising hold on society. The position was open to anyone and was remunerative. Paul said (Acts xx, 33), "I have coveted no man's silver, or gold, or apparel." It was and still is customary to pay the teachers and religious guides, though often not any fixed price. A good part of the profits of the oriental teacher still consists of the presents given by the disciples, often costly wearing apparel. They would have paid Paul, doubtless, and may have done so during the two years in which he taught in the school of Tyrannus, or the three months he taught in the synagogue, or for teaching privately in the house of Aquila and Priscilla, in all about three years; but Paul had worked with his own hands at his own craft during this same time and accepted no costly garments. That the disciples (John i, 38) called Jesus "rabbi" does not signify

that he had been trained by any special master, since ordinary laymen assumed this office; but no one could assume it without securing a group of pupils to teach in the mysteries of the law. In the case of the professional rabbi it was considered a grave sin to be without some one to instruct. The method employed by Jesus, calling a small group of men of whom to make disciples, seems ingrained in the economy of the Eastern world. Every Hindu "guru," or teacher, pursues more or less this very method. In the remotest fastnesses of the Himalaya Mountains groups of disciples were found in lonely places, and they in turn went out to make disciples.

Paul acknowledges (Acts xxiv, 14) that he belonged to the sect of the Pharisees, the word "sect" denoting a chosen set of doctrines or a mode of life. The two well-known sects, Pharisees and Sadducees, were, according to the popular notion, now being supplemented by another sect or party or division of the Hebrew communion. Paul claims, however, that he followed the strict sect of the Pharisees, holding to the law and to the prophets in teaching the resurrection of the dead. Paul was a rabbi, and this order of teachers, taking the place of the prophets, known by the title "The Learned in the Law," aimed to secure its strictest observance. They commanded three sentences: "Be slow in judgment; make many disciples; put a hedge around the law," this latter being a quantity of ceremonies and precepts gathered around the weightier requirements of the precepts of Moses. Rites and observances were indefinitely multiplied. The priesthood constituted an aristocracy of birth, but the rabbis came to be an aristocracy of learning, and the contest waxed fiercer and fiercer till the aristocracy of learning became superior in power over the heart and life of the people. The scriptures became a dead language, and the people had to depend on the scribes' knowing the law as well as the prophets. Paul said that "after the strictest manner" he was of the sect of students and protectors of this "hedge about the law." He taught the doctrine of the resurrection of the dead, which the Sadducees held was one of the fables which the Jews had brought back with them from Babylon and which the fathers had not known. Around

such points as these the whole controversy of the "sects" raged. Hence the Roman soldier gave up Jesus to the Sanhedrin, as the case involved quibbles which could in no wise interest the Roman government or law; and Felix took a curious interest in getting at the detail of the Christian sect and desired a "more perfect knowledge of that Way," or that division of the Jewish parties.

The tendencies of the Jewish Church in the treatment of accretions from without were strong. One class was unconditionally opposed to admitting any proselytes. Shammai, a famous teacher, would admit no overtures from them. He drove Gentile converts from his house even if they consented to enter the community by the ceremony of circumcision. He maintained that "all the uncircumcised go to hell," and "no uncircumcised one shall rise at the last day." The other school was far more lenient. Rabbi Hillel, a great authority, advised that they love all men and bring all men into fellowship with the law. The Golden Rule was all that was necessary; "all else is mere comment." Philo was also in favor of the largest moderation, but the Jews generally held that a man was unclean till he was circumcised. T. E. Zerbib, missionary to Morocco, says, "The Mishna and the Gemara are the scriptures of the Jews of Morocco to-day." "In which Midrash [school] did you learn the Jewish religion?" asked Koolil, a rabbi in Morocco, who had been sent to collect money for the poor of Jerusalem. "During the hour you have been speaking you have not once quoted from either the Mishna or the Gemara; you have only spoken of the Taanach [the Bible]." When alone the Jews of Morocco converse on the prophecies, which they will compare with the New Testament, but fear of the rabbi makes them hide their true sentiments. "Be quiet; if the rabbis hear us we shall not sleep in our beds;" they would be sent to prison. They are entirely in the hands of the rabbis, who by the order of the Sultan exercise civil, commercial, and even criminal jurisdiction over them. They inflict fines or put them in prison as they please. It is little wonder that Jesus said (Luke xi, 52), "Woe unto you, lawyers!" The Roman government delegated large powers to the Sanhedrin, who exercised authority rigidly, and often unjustly, without appeal.

The Jewish synagogue was everywhere, even in the remotest parts of the Roman world. There were four hundred and eighty in Jerusalem. Nearly every foreign colony in the city had its own, partly from race jealousy and partly from difference in languages; besides, there were peculiar prejudices against foreigners on the part of the pure and unmixed old Palestine Hebrews—especially those who had their ancestral habitations in the holy city. These synagogues of foreigners were generally named after their respective geographical divisions; as, the Alexandrians, who came from that city in Egypt, the Cyrenians, from another section of Africa; the Cilicians, who came from Cilicia in Asia Minor. There was, however, still another synagogue which embraced representatives of several countries who, though originally born in Judea or the descendants of such as were born there, had been carried away captive into foreign countries by some conqueror and had obtained their liberty. On returning to Jerusalem these were styled "freedmen." The Romans called a freed slave "libertus," and his children born after the parents had obtained his freedom were "libertinus," the plural being "libertines." Sixty-three years before our era Pompey overran Jerusalem and carried vast numbers away into slavery, most of whom the Romans afterward liberated, in many instances because they were so tenacious of their religious usages as to be unadjustable as servants. Emperor Tiberius expelled these from Rome, and many naturally resorted to the holy city. Paul was a "libertinus," or the son of one, but as the Cilicians had a synagogue of their own he would probably resort to that rather than to the mixed company of the libertines. Most of these large synagogues had connected with them rabbinical schools or colleges under the charge of some famous rabbi, and the young men connected with these stood ready to combine to challenge any comer to argument. The Jewish synagogue was of the pattern seen in the ruins at Tell Hum and elsewhere—a rectangular hall with Grecian-pillared portico, the wall opposite the entrance being toward Jerusalem; as to-day in all Moslem mosques, on the deserts of Africa, the uplands of Asia, or in the islands of the sea, the *kibleh* is found marking the direction of Mecca. Some were

built of white marble, with vine leaves and grapes sculptured on them in high relief. The men and women in the congregation were separated by a latticework partition. The synagogue had no altar, nor was any sacrifice offered in it; yet it had an order which suggested that of the temple. In both there was a chest at the far end containing the sacred law; the lid of the one as well as that of the other was called "the mercy seat" and a veil hung before it. Here were "the chief seats" which the rich and the Pharisees loved to occupy. In the middle was a raised platform, on which several persons could stand, with a pulpit for the scripture reader. There was another chest for the sacred rolls of the prophets. There was a college of elders, one of whom was chief; he ruled the synagogue. There was a chair near the pulpit, and to sit down in that chair was to assume the function of preacher. The chapter was read standing. Jesus "stood up for to read" and sat down to teach or preach (Luke iv, 16). The roll was handed to him by the deacon (chazan), whose duty it was to keep these sacred writings and to get everything in order for the service; he also acted as schoolmaster. There were always ten "men of leisure" whose duty it was to be on hand to make a congregation and take up the collection for the poor. Without ten persons present it was not a congregation.

There were two readings: one from the Pentateuch, the second from the prophets. The Pentateuch was commonly written on one long roll. Isaiah was probably in a roll by itself, as in the synagogue at Nazareth are the other prophet volumes. The chapter read by Jesus was that in the modern ritual appointed to be read on the Day of Atonement. In the calendar of modern Jews Deuteronomy and Isaiah run parallel. Any reputable person of sufficient culture might be asked by the deacon to read the scripture lesson; even strangers might officiate (verse 17). Isaiah's description of the "acceptable year of the Lord" was grounded on the rhetoric of the year of jubilee, of liberty to slaves, release of debtors, and restoration of encumbered or forfeited estates. There could scarcely be named a period of history when such a message would be more acceptable. Slaves were unprotected; males and females were exposed to nameless cruel-

ties, compared with which death by being thrown to wild beasts would be mercy. Lecky's *History of European Morals* abounds in descriptions of cruelest customs of the Romans, and it is little cause of surprise that the people (verse 22) wondered at the "gracious words" which proceeded out of Christ's mouth.

"And when he had opened the book he found the place." This phrase opens up a view of the whole scene. There has been for centuries a lectionary, or prescribed order of scripture readings, but it is doubtful if that which is in use to-day dates back to the time of Christ. The division of lessons originated in Babylon and covered some fifty-four Sabbaths; that of Palestine covered three or more years. The preachers of those days would divide sentences in reading, cut off syllables from a word and join to the next, making sometimes a different meaning or new interpretation, or would introduce Greek words for witty repartee or illustration, or use passages from any part of the prophets, stringing them together like pearls. There was also the free translation from the Hebrew into the Aramaic, which the people understood. The translator, whether the preacher himself or another, was prohibited from writing his translation. He would naturally prepare by familiarizing himself with the Septuagint, and thus the free translations of the quotations from the Old Testament in the New may be explained. It was customary on the Sabbath to have seven readers, who generally selected three or more verses, sometimes twenty, and followed their reading with the sermon, which generally concluded with references to the hope of Israel, the Messiah. Jesus had to "find the place" because the prophets were on one roll only, while the law was on two rolls, and was generally left open at the place of reading, and the clerk in charge would naturally hand that roll in a way which would not require "finding the place." It is surprising to come upon innumerable confirmations like this of the exactness of the text of our scriptures. In Mark i, 22, we read that "he entered into the synagogue and taught, and they were astonished at his doctrine: for he taught them as one having authority, and not as the scribes." The teaching of the scribes pertained to the kind and quality of wood for the altar offerings,

tithing and its minute laws, the sacred text of the ceremonial observances, the proper length of the phylactery, how to pose in prayer, how long to fast, how far to walk on the Sabbath, besides making their sermons the deadest and driest round of religious triviality and burdensome rubbish the world has seen. But it was in another respect that the contrast of Christ's teaching with that of these clerks now appeared. They based their teaching on citations from learned authors, as a lawyer in court might cite authorities, retailed opinions of commentators, searched for the indorsement of some master, and expected their teaching to be accepted only as they were able to fortify their views. Jesus spoke as, himself, the highest "authority."

The synagogue service familiarized the people with the Old Testament phraseology which entered into their common speech so persistently. Jesus Christ was scarcely different from other synagogue preachers in bringing into his discourses so much of the Old Testament. His disciples, too, exemplify the widespread knowledge of the scriptures, so enriching the New Testament with references to the Old. Mr. D. C. Turpie, in his *Old Testament in the New*, says that there are two hundred and seventy-five passages all but a few of which may be indisputably recognized as quotations from the Old Testament. Mr. C. H. Toy, in his *Quotation in the New Testament*, enumerates six hundred and fourteen passages of the Old Testament quoted in the New. Many of the so-called quotations are not announced as such by the speaker or writer using them. Some consist only of a few words, which may be a mere coincidence of expression. Some seem to be an almost unconscious use of the language, and their number shows that the minds of the writers of the New Testament and the current speech of the people of the times were saturated with the thoughts of the Old Testament. The quotations vary, also, in the reproduction of the Septuagint translation and of the Hebrew, a large proportion of those in the New Testament being from the former.

Only in the synagogue to which a man belonged could he take part in the regular ritual of the service. In Pisidian Antioch (Acts xiii, 14) Paul and Barnabas were not invited to read the lessons.

It was customary, however, to invite strangers as well as persons well known to deliver the address or sermon which followed after the ritual was concluded. It was in accordance with this custom that the ruler of the synagogue sent to Paul and Barnabas, saying, "Ye men and brethren, if ye have any word of exhortation for the people, say on" (Acts xiii, 15). This usage made the synagogue an open door for the early Christians; here they found their audiences. They found the synagogue a center from which to promulgate the new "doctrine." There was a large number of Jews in Antioch. Its founder allowed large religious freedom to the Jews, and the Christians, being Jews, shared this freedom and had license to worship unmolested. In Cyrene also, a Greek colony in North Africa, where the Greek language was spoken by most of the people, were many Jews. Many had settled on the island of Cyprus, and they had numerous synagogues. The Greek language was quite generally acquired by Jews residing in these commercial centers. The common designation of these among the Jews was, "those who speak Greek," as opposed to those who dwelt in Palestine. But many Greeks by race became Christians, and it is not always easy to distinguish to whom the term "Grecian" was applied by the Jews.

When the persecution of the Christian Jews occurred, after the death of Stephen, the Christians were driven out of the Jewish center and scattered widely over the Roman empire. Naturally they went where there were Jewish communities less antagonistic to their new "doctrine." The Jewish colonies outside of Judea, especially in the Mediterranean region, were broadened by their association with ideas of other men, and as they themselves were rather suffered than patronized they were less likely to discriminate against Jewish sects; and it must be remembered that till now Christians were merely known as a new "way" or "sect" of Hebrews. All Jews were despised throughout the Roman communities of the West, and to be spoken of as a Jew meant much of contempt. Wherever these Christian Jews went they entered the synagogue and taught their new views of the Old Testament prophecies and that they were fulfilled in Jesus of Nazareth. Sometimes a great number of the resident Jews would

listen to their word and join their "sect." Whenever a "revival" of this kind occurred the central church at Jerusalem would, as a body, send a deputation to the aid of their brethren. Thus Peter and John were sent down to Samaria. But in all this work they still preached "to the Jews only," and the synagogue was the fulcrum of their operations. In fact, there was not much need to go beyond the synagogue to find an audience. As the Jews were always eager to learn from travelers and strangers what phases of thought or developments of a religious nature were occurring in other parts of the Hebrew world the synagogue was always a place of resort and interest. Especially the Jews residing in foreign parts, who had less abundant opportunities of obtaining instruction in this way than those in Judea, were always eager to hear some occasional traveling Jew who was invited to speak in the synagogue. This eagerness served a good purpose with the apostles in the remoter mountain regions of Asia Minor, as in this instance at Antioch in Pisidia.

Paul says the Jerusalem Jews knew not the "voices of the prophets which are read every Sabbath day" (Acts xiii, 27). It was true that the synagogue had never been without the reading of the roll of the prophets. The Jews had been prohibited at one time by the Roman government from public reading of the "law," but even in those times they continued to read every Sabbath day the "prophets." They had much reason in these days for special study of the prophets. Their nation was humiliated, being dominated by the Romans. They were in troublous times, and were eager for any interpretation of the "prophets" which would throw light upon their situation and arouse any hope of a change for the better. It must be borne in mind that in all these discourses in the synagogues Paul was a Jewish rabbi. He never addressed the Jews from any other standpoint. What he was trying to show in the synagogue at Antioch was that the Messiah of the prophets had already come and that salvation of the "prophets" was available for the Gentiles also. What gave offense was that the Messiah should be a suffering Messiah. He took an entirely different line of address when, outside of the synagogue, he spoke to a Gentile audience. His approach then showed him

as the "apostle to the Gentiles," not the Hebrew rabbinical teacher. This appears, too, in his epistle to the Gentiles, in which he makes no argument on Hebrew usage, law, or prophecies.

It was the right of the ruler of the synagogue to expel any person who abused the privileges or taught strange doctrine. Several kinds of excommunications were common: 1. That for thirty days, during which the person must not come nearer than four cubits to everybody, even his family. He might, however, observe this and yet attend on the synagogue. 2. Banishment from all religious privileges and instruction, and his separation pronounced with curses, for a season. 3. Perpetual banishment from all religious services and fellowship. Farrar says that in the time of Christ the first could be extended to ninety days. The other expulsions he thinks were from the synagogue only, not excluding from the temple, which the excommunicated person might enter by a side door. Excommunication took place for a variety of offenses, from keeping a fierce dog to taking God's name in vain, for debt, or for wanton insolence. Besides not being allowed to teach or to be taught, those excommunicated could not hire or be hired, nor do any other business except to buy necessary food. Joshua Ben Perachiah, the reputed teacher of Jesus, was said to have excommunicated the Saviour "with a blast of four hundred rams' horns."

The Jewish temple is gone; its priests are gone; its ephod is gone. The Jewish synagogue, the law, and the prophecies remain. It is the synonym of "orthodoxy," though it has in many quarters swung away from orthodoxy toward rationalism, or to a limited degree toward Christ. It is a surprise to find the rabbi to-day describing the murder of Jesus as the act not of his nation, but of outlaws, and claiming Jesus of Nazareth as one of the Hebrew prophets and the *greatest of them!*

J. R. Gracey

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENTS.

NOTES AND DISCUSSIONS.

SIR OLIVER LODGE, of the University of Birmingham, recently wrote:

> The sacrifice of Christ has convinced the Western world of sin to a unique degree, of its reality and dire consequence, of its unreasonableness, its aspect as a disease which must be cured—with the knife if need be, but cured; we have learnt that it is foreign to the universe, it is not the will of God, it is not due to his caprice, or amusement, or dictation, or predestination, or pagan example; it is something which gives even him pain and suffering; it is something to be rid of, and there is no peace or joy to be had until unity of will is secured and past rebellions are forgiven. The sin of the creature involves suffering in the Creator; the whole of existence is so bound together that disease in one part means pain throughout. This is the element of truth in the extension of suffering to the Highest.

PROFESSOR THOMAS NICOL, writing recently in the *London Quarterly Review* on "The Bible in the Church and the Mission Field," ends with the following conclusions:

> 1. The Bible holds a more prominent and influential place in the religious life of the world than ever. It has conquered new countries and peoples, and has not lost its hold upon the lands where Christianity has been long planted. It is something to know, when Church censuses profess to have discovered a great decline in religious interest, that at home and abroad, in Christian lands and heathen countries, in our venerable English tongue and in the languages of yesterday, the Bible is more widely circulated, more universally honored, and more extensively read than ever. As long as the Bible holds its own as the Word of Divine Revelation and the Book of Life there cannot be any fear for Christianity and the Gospel. The promoters of Bible translation and circulation are all optimists.
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> 2. It is nothing less than providential that in this twentieth century, when the discoveries of science and the course of critical inquiry have bewildered and obstructed the faith of some, there come to us from mission fields and from countries newly opened up to the Gospel those fresh and irresistible proofs of the vitality and spiritual power of the Bible.
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> 3. In spite of the assaults made by negative criticism upon the Bible, and in spite of what is urged, sometimes not too wisely, in its defense, the Bible goes on its way, proving itself quick and powerful, as it was in its earliest days, casting down and yet building up, rending in pieces and yet making whole, regenerating and rejuvenating, elevating and sanctifying, wherever it comes. A

little apologue from one of the Church magazines points the practical inference. A minister sat in his study, and the sweetbrier sent its delicious fragrance in at the open window. A learned man chanced to enter, and the minister called his attention to the perfume. "Ah," said the visitor, "I must investigate this." He took a cutting, dissected the plant, examined it carefully, and came to the conclusion that there was no scent in it. So the minister dug it up and threw it into the dustbin. The dustman recognized the rejected plant at once as sweetbrier, and brought it home to his wife, who planted it in her garden. Not long after, when the dustman's wife was dying, her husband placed a sprig of the plant in her bosom, and the minister, calling to see her, exclaimed, "What a delicious fragrance!" And the dustman said, "Yes, it is from the sweetbrier thrown out of your garden, which we took and planted in ours." The sweetbrier still fills the air with its fragrance, though the dissector and the minister both alike are gone.

WINGS OF A DOVE; HOMING PIGEONS.

MANY years ago Father Taylor, the inspired genius of the Mariners' Bethel, arose in a prayer meeting in the old West Church in Boston, and began to talk in a quiet way about doves. One who heard him says, "He hadn't talked many minutes before that old meetinghouse seemed to be full of doves; and then somehow pretty soon he made us all feel like doves waiting to be fed from God's hand." Among the mysteries of things animate and inanimate, few are more wonderful and suggestive than the carrier dove, or homing pigeon.

Every bird is a marvel. The miracle of wings puzzles and defies the earth-bound creature, man. The bird floats superior, still unexplained and unmatched, describing its ancient challenge in circles on the blue dome above us. The frigate bird, with its slight body hung between prodigious pinions fifteen feet in span, outstrips the tornado, and finds the hurricane, which breaks frigates like eggshells, a mere frolic; with incredible wing-sweep covers eighty leagues of ocean in an hour, and reposes on the storm, unwearied, superb, victorious.

Man envies this power of flight. Egypt betrayed the desire in that strange and significant conception, the Sphinx, composite of a human head, a lion's body, and a bird's wings, indicative of man's wish to add to his thought-power the strength of the tawny brute-king and the bird's gift of aerial transit. Well, it is believed that the human creature *has* wings. Greece figured the soul by her winged Psyche. Dreams that are not all a dream give us the sense of wings concealed or prescience of wings to come. It was not on us that the degrading sentence was pronounced, "Upon thy belly shalt thou go, and dust shalt thou eat." Mounting faculties are felt in us, flutters

which have charter to a large, liberal, and lofty franchise. We have no occasion to be jealous of the bird.

The bird is a creature that moves in and on an element that is invisible, from the tangible, hard earth into the viewless air; from the visible up into the unseen, living and breathing and having its being in that realm. The atmosphere—you cannot see it; take a telescope, and you cannot; take a microscope, and it is all the same. But the invisible is not therefore unreal; wings find something in it substantial enough to rest on, lean on, and rise upon. The bird finds it practicable to advance through the unseen and live there. So do we. For us, also, the invisible is actual, veritable, substantial.

The homing pigeon challenges admiring wonder by its fine fidelity and mysterious faculty for finding its way. Loose it anywhere, and it starts instantly homeward. Carry it however far away and toss it up, it spirals to a great height in the air, sails around a moment or two, chooses its course and sets out for home, making sometimes a hundred miles an hour and a flight a thousand miles long. How it knows the way is inexplicable. Not by landmarks, for it may be loosed far out at sea, beyond possible sight of any object that could give direction, coming back safe and straight. This knowledge is strange enough to fill us with awe. It is as if that little flying craft of the upper ocean, with trim, slender hull, and wide spread of canvas, had machinery on board for winding in its clew, as the *Great Eastern* might take up, haul aboard, and coil away an Atlantic cable from mid-ocean shoreward, so coming in at last to the headlands of Heart's Content.

This swift, unerring navigator of the air—where does he keep his sextant? What observations does he take of sun by day or pole-star by night? Whose logarithms does the little mathematician use in ciphering out latitude and longitude on the aerial sea? Where is the binnacle which hides the needle that gives him his bearings? By what chart does he know the where-away of the unseen port? The Sphinx has no more answerless riddle. No man guesses the bird's enigma. The instruments of its strange feat are not among its visible organs; science is baffled at the hiding of this power. "The secret of the Lord is with them" to whom it is given, and who "fear him" so much that they would not disobey the instinct or the revelation he has given them; it is a secret not to be explained, conveyed, or transferred. Take in your hands one of the homing pigeons when it flutters in at the dovecote, stroke the panting breast that holds the true

home-loving heart, and ask, "How did you know the way home?" It could only say, if it should speak, "I cannot tell. Ask God!"

"O wise little birds, how do ye know
The way to go?"
"We but obey
One who calleth us far away,
And maketh the way appear."

Then to this answer of the doves let your heart make response, "Dear little birds, He calleth me who calleth ye." Heinrich Heine, having passed through flippant skepticism, atheism, and pantheism, repented of them all and at last wrote himself down a Christian. Attributing his late enlightenment entirely to reading the Bible, he gave this account of what happened him: "A sort of heavenly home-sickness fell upon me and drove me forth."

The homing instinct is in the soul of man, and, moreover, the God of doves has not left the human spirit without faculty for finding its way to the Home which it longs for. Remember the beautiful words of the priest to Evangeline, seeking in vain for many a day and many weary miles her lost lover:

"Patience," the priest would say; "have faith and thy prayers will be answered!
Look at this delicate flower that lifts its head from the meadow.
See how its leaves all point to the north as true as the magnet:
It is the compass flower that the finger of God hath suspended
Here on its fragile stalk, to direct the traveler's journey
Over the sea-like, pathless, limitless waste of the desert.
Such in the soul of man is Faith. The blossoms of passion,
Gay and luxurious flowers, are brighter and fuller of fragrance,
But they beguile us and lead us astray, and their odor is deadly.
Only this humble plant can guide us here, and hereafter
Crown us with asphodel flowers that are wet with the dews of Nepenthe."

"In all thy ways acknowledge Him, and he shall direct thy paths." "Thine ears shall hear a voice behind thee, saying, This is the way, walk ye in it." "Let thine eyes look right on, and let thine eyelids look straight before thee." A man of eminence has told us how, when in childhood, he raised a stone to crush a tortoise; at the moment of the lifted arm something said, whether from within or from without he could not tell, "No, you must not. It is wrong!" What is it plucks the boy by the sleeve, holds his arm back, and makes him drop the stone harmless to the ground? "A power not ourselves that makes for righteousness," say the philosophic phrase-inventors. It is a saving of breath, and perhaps of souls, to say, God. Man circles round, like a pigeon bewildered in the air, till he takes the way of Christ

homeward through penitence, forgiveness, adoption, and obedience, and as he settles to it sings:

> This is the way I long have sought,
> And mourned because I found it not.

THE METHODIST EARL OF DARTMOUTH.

THAT a Christian college in America should bear the name of Dartmouth is, even apart from the benefactions received by that institution at its founding, eminently fit and proper, for the reason that the good earl whose name the college bears, and of whose munificence it is a monument, was highly distinguished both as a fervent Christian and as a sincere friend of America.

In the government of England this Lord Dartmouth, who was Secretary of State for the Colonies at the outbreak of the American Revolution, counseled against harsh measures, deploring war and striving to avert it. When report of the armed rising of the Northern Colonies, the battle of Lexington, and the investment of Boston by the insurgents reached England, in May, 1775, Lord Dartmouth, who knew the colonists on their best side, was so deeply affected that he could not discuss the news. In the British Cabinet he had stood almost alone in treating the colonists with sympathy and giving respectful hearing to their appeals for justice. Benjamin Franklin said, "Dartmouth is a truly good man, and wishes sincerely a good understanding with the colonies." Sir George Trevelyan tells us in his valuable *History of the American Revolution* that in the farmhouses of America, where the portrait of King George was hung head downward on the walls, the conversation was uncomplimentary to all the Cabinet ministers, "save and except the good Lord Dartmouth." Because of this friendship for the ill-treated colonies, it is a duty of American patriotism to honor the name of Dartmouth. And England itself to-day, perceiving in the light of history the mistakes made in dealing with the colonies, is likely to approve Lord Dartmouth's attitude as showing him to have been the wisest member of the British Cabinet.

In 1750 William Legge, aged twenty-five and unmarried, arrived in London from a foreign tour. Having by the death of his grandfather, the first Earl of Dartmouth, just come into possession of immense wealth and the title of Lord Dartmouth, he was expected to become at once a conspicuous matrimonial prize in the gay life of English court circles. Instead of this, he attended the preaching in

the parlors of Selina, Countess of Huntingdon, became a devout Methodist, and married shortly after a wife like-minded with himself, who confirmed him in his earnest devotion of spirit and joined heartily with him in all religious work. The spread of the spirit of religious awakening and reformation among the titled great was mostly due to Lord and Lady Dartmouth and Lady Huntingdon. The nobility of England were not wholly unaffected by the great revival. Even the Prince of Wales was so influenced by it that the infidel Bolingbroke, after conversing with him, declared that His Royal Highness was "fast verging toward Methodism." And King George himself was so favorably impressed as to say, "They call my Lord Dartmouth an enthusiast, but surely he says nothing on religion but what any Christian may and ought to say." It was said that Dartmouth had been excluded from the office of Lord of the Bedchamber for fear "lest so sanctimonious a man should gain too far on His Majesty's piety." Among the nobility the Earl of Dartmouth was the chief champion of the Methodists, and used his influence at court and with the Anglican bishops to secure fair treatment for all the evangelical clergy. At a time when current literature teemed with abuse of Wesley and his followers, and when the dramas on the boards of London playhouses turned the laugh of the theater upon the men who were awakening and saving England from lethargy and peril, and when Lady Huntingdon's friend, Conyers, was threatened with having his clerical gown "stripped over his ears" for "preaching his Methodism in the presence of His Grace, the Archbishop of York"—at such a time this noble peer of the realm stood forth as the ally and defender of the persecuted cause, and as a leader in religious reformation. Lord Dartmouth appears at many a turn in the history of the great revival, contributing of his wealth to build houses of worship; interceding at court for some wronged evangelist; accompanying some itinerant preacher around on his circuit, and making one of his congregation in the fields, or chapel, or private mansion, or humble cottage, or by the wayside; devising with Lady Huntingdon plans for extending religious work; or relieving the temporal wants of the evangelists. At Cheltenham, in 1768, when he tried to secure the use of the church for the Methodist evangelists, one of whom was his own private chaplain, Mr. Downing, his request was refused by the rector and wardens, and the service was held in the churchyard. Abel Stevens thus describes it: "A singular spectacle it was—the closed church, the graves covered with thousands of

people, and such churchmen as Venn, Madan, Shirley, Maddock, Talbot, Rowlands, and Whitefield, ordained and gowned, and yet proscribed for preaching to the famishing multitudes the doctrines of the Anglican Reformation, and this, too, while the Earl of Dartmouth, a nobleman distinguished for his wealth and dignity of character, admired by the king, the first Lord of Trade, member of the Privy Council, and Principal Secretary of State for the American Department, stood with his family among them as their friend and patron." Being unable to obtain the use of the church, Lord Dartmouth opened his own stately mansion evening after evening for the administration of the Sacrament and the preaching of the Gospel. It was to him that the poet Cowper, himself a Methodistic churchman, referred as "one who wears a coronet and prays." When Dartmouth was offered the Lord Lieutenancy of Ireland, somebody said that if he were in that position of power he would probably make John Wesley a bishop. How such an event would have affected the history of Methodism is an interesting subject for speculation.

How intimate and free were Wesley's relations with Lord Dartmouth, and what courageous fidelity characterized Wesley's dealings with his noble friend, is illustrated in the plain-spoken letter he wrote the earl in 1764 about his failure to support Wesley's plan for a formal union of all the evangelicals, from which the following is an extract:

> At present I do not want *you*, but I really think you want *me*. For have you a person in all England who speaks to your lordship so plain and downright as I do? who considers not the *peer*, but the *man?* not the *earl*, but the *immortal spirit?* who rarely commends but often blames? who is jealous over you with a godly jealousy, lest you should be less a Christian by being a nobleman, lest after having made a fair advance toward heaven, you should measure back your steps toward earth again? O, my lord, is not such a person as this needful for you in the highest degree? If you have any such, I pray God to bless him to your soul. If you have not, despise not the assistance which it may please God to give you by
>
> Your lordship's ready servant,
>
> JOHN WESLEY.

With similar fearlessness and energy, as Sir George Trevelyan reports *in extenso* in his great History, did the ablest man in England advise and admonish the advisers of the Crown in the matter of the American war. Trevelyan says Wesley "addressed to them a series of most impressive letters in which the exalted diction of an old Scriptural prophet added force and dignity to the solid arguments of a sagacious and patriotic Englishman." At the time when George

III was entering in high spirits on the work of subduing the Americans, regarding himself as commissioned by Providence to punish them, and was saying to Lord Dartmouth, "I am of opinion that with firmness and perseverance America will be brought to submission. Old England will make her rebellious children rue the hour that they cast off obedience. America must be a colony of England, or treated as an enemy"—just then did Wesley try to enlighten the British government in an appeal to Lord North, Prime Minister, and Lord Dartmouth, Secretary of State for the Colonies, dated June 15, 1775, of which the following is a part:

> I cannot avoid thinking, if I think at all, that these oppressed people asked for nothing more than their legal rights, and that in the most modest and inoffensive manner that the nature of the thing would allow. But waiving this, waiving all considerations of right and wrong, I ask, Is it common sense to use force toward the Americans? My lord, whatever has been affirmed, these men will not be frightened; and it seems they will not be conquered so easily as was at first imagined. They will probably dispute every inch of the ground, and, if they die, die sword in hand. Some of our valiant officers say, "Two thousand men will clear America of these rebels." No, nor twenty thousand, nor perhaps treble that number. They are as strong men as you are; they are as valiant as you, if not abundantly more valiant, for they are one and all enthusiasts—enthusiasts for liberty. They are calm, deliberate enthusiasts; and we know how this principle breathes into softer souls stern love of war, and thirst of vengeance, and contempt of death. We know men, animated with this spirit, will leap into a fire, or rush into a cannon's mouth.

Within forty-eight hours after this letter was written the battle of Bunker Hill confirmed Wesley's warning to His Majesty's government. From his constant correspondence with his religious adherents in America, Wesley knew the character, mind, and purpose of the colonists better than did any member of the British Cabinet. He greatly influenced the Secretary for the Colonies. When the government was deluding itself with the notion that the colonists were divided among themselves, Wesley said, "No, they are terribly united, not in New England only, but down as low as the Jerseys and Pennsylvania. The bulk of the people are so united that to speak a word in favor of the present English measures would almost endanger a man's life." "And then," says Trevelyan, "the famous preacher, who was such a master of condensation, shortly and frankly exposed the difficulties of a war conducted across a vast ocean, and with Europe hostile." Also when the king and his Cabinet were under the delusion that their course had the approval and support of the English people, the ubiquitous itinerant, who knew England better than all

His Majesty's councilors did, endeavored to undeceive them. Trevelyan says:

> If anyone had special opportunities for ascertaining what the people all over the country were thinking and saying, it was John Wesley and no other. After commenting to the king's Cabinet on the defenseless state of Great Britain, and the threatening attitude of foreign powers, Wesley informed the government that its most dangerous foes were in England itself. He had conversed more freely and with more persons of all classes than had anyone else in the three kingdoms; he was familiar with the general disposition of the people—English, Scotch, and Irish—and he knew for certain that a large majority were bitterly angry and profoundly disaffected. . . . The Cabinet had got reports that trade was flourishing and the population of Great Britain well employed and well satisfied. The expression of Dartmouth's innocent gratification over these reports had come round to Wesley, who wrote his friend the earl: "Sir, there cannot be a more notorious falsehood than has been palmed upon the Administration for truth. In every part of England where I have been (and I have been east, west, north, and south within these two years) trade is exceedingly decayed and thousands are unemployed. I aver that the people in general all over the nation are far more deeply dissatisfied than before the Great Rebellion and far more dangerously dissatisfied. The bulk of the people aim not so much at the Ministry, but at the king. They heartily despise His Majesty, and hate him with a perfect hatred. Nineteen out of twenty to whom I speak in defense of the king seem never to have heard a word spoken in his favor before. I wonder what wretches they are who abuse the credulity of the Ministry by florid accounts of the contentment of the people."

Thus did Wesley do his duty to the British government, and particularly to his fellow-Methodist Lord Dartmouth, by warning of dangers at home and abroad, and pointing out grievous mistakes in the treatment of the American colonies. Later on, to be sure, when England grew actually turbulent and openly disloyal to Crown and Cabinet, and when he saw the British Throne itself in grave danger, he rallied as a loyal Englishman to the support of his Sovereign and of his friends in the Cabinet, Lords Dartmouth and North, by publishing what is known as the *Calm Address*. Having tried to save his country from the mistake of entering upon war with the American colonies, he later, when in spite of him war was actually proceeding, tried, with equal zeal, to save his country from internal rebellion and his government from the impending danger of overthrow. For this last effort the scurrilous Horace Walpole charged "the artful patriarch of the Methodists," as he then called Wesley, with trying to court favor with Lord Dartmouth in hope of obtaining a bishopric or a deanery. But no one knew better than Lord Dartmouth that John Wesley was the strongest, bravest, most erect and unbendable man in England, incapable of doing anything in order

that thrift might follow fawning, and far more certain to rebuke the king and his Cabinet than to ask any favor for himself.

In the history of that troubled and eventful time two figures stand together in close friendship and cooperation, the good Lord Dartmouth and the great Wesley, both devoted patriots and both devout Methodists. To both of them the world is infinitely indebted. That the memory of both should be perpetuated by giving their names to two New England colleges, Dartmouth and Wesleyan, is supremely fit and proper. The visit of the present Lord Dartmouth to this country in October of this year, to lay the corner stone of the new Dartmouth Hall, renders especially timely our remembrance of the noble earl whose portrait adorns the walls of the grand old Christian college at Hanover, New Hampshire, which was founded in part by his personal munificence and his influence in obtaining its charter from George III, on December 13, 1769.

A WELL-DRILLED MAN.[1]

BEING called to stand by the bier of a friend, and speak of him and his life, I recalled that always I had noticed in him what seemed to me the effect of drill in three years of army life. There were a certain unconscious erectness of bearing; a promptness of movement; an easy quickness of response; a compactness of language, using few words to express his idea, the compressed sentence dropping out as

[1] This little monograph is given now to a wider circulation because of its alleged usefulness. Sent at one time in tract form by our Tract Society to every student in all the colleges and seminaries of our Church, read by teachers to their classes and by pastors to their people, its latest and most unexpected service is reported in the letter of a Japanese army officer who read it in Japan just before the outbreak of the present war. On December 29, 1903, this soldier of Japan wrote thus from Tokio to his friend, Dr. C. M. Lacey Sites: "I am expecting a war in the very near future. I believe you can imagine from what part of the world I expect to write you next time. I send you a Japanese picture-book as a token of greeting—a happy New Year; I mean the very year during which the gallant Samurai (soldier class of Japan) will sweep away the monster from Manchuria in behalf of a permanent peace in the far East. I am very anxious to serve at the front like a soldier as described in *A Well-drilled Man*." Somewhere at the front this brave son of Japan has been doing a soldier's duty during this year of bloody war with Russia. That he has practically recognized Japan's need of Christianity is indicated by his statement to Dr. Sites that although it had been his belief that each nation needed a religion especially suited to its own peculiar genius and that Buddhism had seemed best adapted to Japan, yet the present transition period in Japanese civilization has played havoc with morals, and Buddhism does not seem adequate or suited to the new situation; and there is a necessity for some greater spiritual power. This conclusion means that only Christianity can save Japan. Whether this Japanese officer is still fighting his country's battles in Manchuria, or whether he has fallen at the front trying to do his duty like a well-drilled man, we do not know. But we feel confident that, living or dying, he has showed himself a man, he has stood upon his feet and played the game. It is reported that, for the first time in the history of the dynasty, the Emperor and Empress of Japan have just given money to sustain a Christian enterprise, one of the mission schools. Now is the Gospel's opportunity in Japan.

from a bullet mold; a pertinence and quiet precision of speech, which suggested that it was somehow a result of rifle practice, and came by shooting at a mark. When he spoke he took aim, and always easily struck the point.

His action also was accurate, measuring to obligation and the occasion without insufficiency or excess. Duty was done veteran-wise, without bluster, hesitancy, or noise. He stood on his post, and paced his beat like a sentinel. There was a soldierly, silent acceptance of whatever was appointed, as the trained soldier takes severity, exposure, danger, hardship, and hurts as something expected and bears with a resolute endurance which is so calm as to look almost like insensibility. The impression grew on me that in large measure all this was due to military training. A scrutiny of the picture of him which memory holds upon its photographic plate sums up its conclusions by describing him as physically, mentally, and morally a *well-drilled man.*

Of all this, which I observed, my friend was not conscious. He did not realize what army drill had done for him. It had been done so gradually that he did not notice. Yet it had wrought results the value and use of which did not cease with the war occasion, but were—nay, for evermore are—a permanent part of the worth and quality of the man. I say quality because the purpose and effect of drill are not simply that the recruit may keep Upton's tactics fresh in mind so as not to forget his maneuvers, not merely to keep memory ground sharp by daily whetting; but to make of him a soldier through and through in all the inmost habits of his being, to habituate every muscle, nerve, fiber, and the mind as well, to the soldierly way of action, training him until every power goes right, as by instinct, unconsciously.

The value of the veteran above the raw recruit is not any number of years in soldier clothes, but the trained condition and quality of the man. This makes the soldier trustworthy. He may be trained till he needs no watching, till he hardly need watch himself, till all actions of a soldier come natural to him. Then he is officered by Habit, and it is a long time since there was any sign of insubordination in the regiment of his powers. New recruits may do, by chance, for a frenzied dash under excitement, but veterans alone can be counted on for steady fulfillment of their training, to advance with unwavering columns in attack or stand "like a stone wall" against assault.

A Connecticut colonel took a raw regiment down to the Gulf, and one night, to test his officers and men, had the call to arms suddenly sounded in the sleeping camp. Those who failed to respond promptly were severely dealt with. It was not a fair test. Failure to respond might be due not to cowardice or insubordinate spirit, but to their untrained condition, which they could not help, and which any intelligent treatment would have considered.

Napoleon eulogized "four-o'clock-in-the-morning courage." That can never be simple bravery, for it is also trained readiness to respond to orders, without thinking beyond them either back of the orders to ask why or ahead to ask what consequences they may involve, the mind being disciplined to concentration on a single point, namely, the command, and the man habituated to deliver the full force of his being in instant obedience. The superiority of veterans is not merely being hardened to peril and toughened to endure, but being drilled to precise and utter compliance, so that no confusion, startle, or terror can wrench them from their habits of obedience.

The benefit of drill is seen in all directions. The young men of the Fire Insurance Patrol, sleeping on cots in the upper story around the well which opens to the ground floor, become so disciplined that when a fire alarm strikes on the gong below they find themselves out of bed and part way down the slide rope to the wagon before they are half awake, and are not fully roused until sleep is rattled out of them over the cobblestones as the feet of the galloping horses strike fire through the dark and the keen night wind searches out their self-consciousness.

The elocutionist finds vicious habits of breathing, and says: "You will never make a speaker until you learn to breathe in another way;" and the student must not simply commit directions by rote and learn how to follow them in the drill hour, but practice so often and long that right breathing shall become, as we say, second nature —the breathing organs, with their adjuncts, acting like automata, and the frame itself behaving like an intelligence.

Drill is the practice of obedience. In a soldier obedience is the only possible evidence of loyalty. Disobedience is treasonable. The same is true of the Christian. Reducing all volition to obedience so simplifies action that life's business is no longer intricate and complex, but reduced to hearing and executing orders.

Obedience, though less brilliant, is better, because steadier, than bravery; courage may fluctuate and relax, but habitual obedience

has the calm persistence of principle and all the staying quality of patience. Moreover, the soldier, trained to loyal action, hardly needs courage as a separate quality; obedience rules out fear, and does the work of bravery; it gives attention only to the command, and by abstraction loses sight of danger and difficulty.

The grandeur of all soldierly and all Christian functions as well lies in precise and punctual compliance. No action which is obedience can be small, and the life which marches forward its obediences in close ranks has all the majesty of Frederick's Potsdam guard of giants, every member of the regiment over six feet high.

Furthermore, in the army and in the religious life the key to promotion is excellence of execution.

Obedience, and not solving of mysteries, is our business. Embarked on this sea of time, we are not to devote ourselves to leaning over the taffrail and trying to sound unfathomable depths, but to hold our voyage over it and work the ship to the desirable haven. Our right use of the wells of truth is not to give ourselves rush of blood to the head by hanging over the curb and trying to see the bottom, but to drink our fill of the sweet, sufficing waters, and go refreshed on our journey toward the city of our God.

Such action as is proof of love is better than all knowledge. Religion is not like that creature of Egyptian fable, the Sphinx, requiring men to explain riddles before enjoying the benignity of its smile; obedience basks in the sunshine of her face and receives felicity in the favor of God.

Drill is the repeating of the same movement over and over, and is the sole road to any kind of excellence. The maxim, "Practice makes perfect," is true of the soul's motion as of the body's action; true of the devout act of self-consecration as of casting a heavy weight with ease and precision.

Frequent repetition and steady practice make trained souls in all spiritual activities. The most valuable violins are those which have been rightly played for a century or two, until, by continual playing, the completely seasoned frame has been brought to harmonious vibration, so that all particles of its wood are trained to respond with homogeneous resonance.

Nowhere is the benefit of repetitiousness more obvious than in the religious life. The round of Christian living becomes delightful when practice has made obedience so easy that there is no reluctance to fret the smooth flow of its joyousness.

It is true that routine is apt to seem monotonous. Without doubt my friend in his soldier life sometimes found drill irksome. Inertia and weariness substitute indisposition in the place of interest. But inclination is not the basis of a soldier's life, and in overcoming inertia the soldier beats his nearest foe. Force of will must compel compliance until disinclination, receiving no indulgence, its motions being always overruled, grows silent and has no voice at all in influencing actions.

The Christian life is saved from dull monotony by a divine ambition and holy endeavor to do the recurring duty each time better than before; besides, true religion cannot become monotonous, since it relates to and moves upon the inexhaustible, the enlarging, and the perennial.

The perfect Christian is made by unceasing succession of duties and obediences in response to such commands as these, "Search the Scriptures," "Enter into thy closet," "Draw nigh to God," "Give me thy heart," "This do in remembrance of me." So it is good for us to repeat our circuit, coming round again and again, to prayer seasons, Bible lessons, holy days, sacraments, and benevolences. Paradoxical as it sounds, progress is by repetition. The requirements and appointments of our little life, through which we circle about the central sun of duty, are involved with great movements whose progress we are thus made to share. The sun which swings the earth around uniformly in its little orbit carries it forward at the same time in the sweep of a stupendous cycle which is ruled by the mighty attraction of a great chief center. In like manner the life which revolves unswervingly in its limited circle of obedience is borne onward in the cycle of an eternal progress.

All that has been here said is a plea for regularity and constancy in the whole circuit of religious duty. Intermittence is not good. Much is lost in the carry across too wide intervals. No true and wise soldier ever shirks drill. Irregularity at drill hours will prevent the making of a serviceable and admirable soldier. Thus the stay-aways insure for themselves and for the cause irreparable loss.

Perhaps one says, "Can I not be a Christian without going every Sunday twice to church, every week to prayer meeting, every month to sacrament?" The answer is that, if we should admit that you can, it yet remains true that without habitual fidelity to duty you cannot be a well-drilled Christian, a soldier so thoroughly trained as to be able to sing, "Surely the Captain may depend on me."

THE ARENA.

THAT NEW COLLEGE.

LITTLE or nothing has been said in the papers of the Graytown College, but its graduates are now so numerous, and are doing such good service for the Church and the world, that it may not be amiss to call attention to its work. Besides, there are so many who need its special training, and who do not know of its existence, that to advertise this college is a philanthropic deed. It has hitherto been unknown outside a very limited circle, as for obvious reasons its alumni have shrunk from publicly avowing their connection with it. The only *raison d'être* of the college is to provide advice and training for ministers who were beginning to be suspected by their people, or by their own consciences or fears, of growing so old as to be useless or unacceptable. No limit of age is prescribed upon admission. There are men not yet thirty who should take a full course, and there are men over seventy who could not prove their right of admission. Indeed, last term one fine old boy of seventy-two made futile attempts to enter, thinking himself more precocious than he was, but was detected by the vigilant president, and sent back ignominiously to his large and enthusiastic church. Most of the students have been sought out by the faculty and its agents, and with difficulty persuaded of their need of such an institution, but some—generally the most hopeful cases—have come of their own accord.

The college is simply an asylum for curing preachers of being old. It does not pretend to cure all cases. Some were born old, some became addicted to the habit in early life, and few of such chronic cases can be aided. But the inventor of the system, who is now president of the college, finds that the majority of preachers, at some period of their career, generally between forty-five and fifty-five years of age, suffer from an attack of oldness, just as in childhood they had measles and whooping cough, and that if skillfully doctored they may completely recover, and be spared for one, two, or three decades of useful and happy life. Several of the chronic and incurable cases have been engaged at a small salary to form the nucleus of a college museum, in which these walking mummies point many a moral and adorn a tale. Each student, upon admission, signs a pledge that he will never again preach one of his old sermons, and one of the solemn exercises his first night is personally to commit to the flames every scrap of old homiletic matter he has ever written. During this pathetic scene the other students stand around and sing, "We've all been there before." There is much drill in preaching. The pulpit is a strange tublike arrangement surmounted by what is in fact the reservoir of a shower bath. The moment the preacher announces his text a time gauge is set, and in exactly thirty minutes it releases the water, which suddenly drops into the pulpit. No warning has been given the neophyte, so that he is almost

sure of at least one bath. Few are caught the second time, and after some weeks' drill, twice a day, an average student will forever find it impossible to exceed the limit, so that, in another sense than Paul's, the thing he would not, that he does. One of the most beautifully preserved specimens, however, that now adorns the museum stolidly took his bath for three weeks, and showed no sign of recovery, the first time in his ministry when his fifty-minute efforts were not dry.

A careful dictatorship is exercised as to the subjects of the sermons. The student is compelled to select new texts, and a large proportion of the sermons must be addressed to the young. Once a week the student addresses a congregation gathered in from the neighborhood. A committee on criticism, including a shrewd lawyer, a revered and ripened saint, a lively girl, an irreverent young man, and at least one child, are invited to state freely the impression made upon them by the sermon, and to fix its grade. After hearing the criticisms the student may preach the sermon again before the same committee, with a view to a reversal of the verdict. It has been found that many preachers have been considered old because of a peculiar tone to which they had become habituated, and efforts are made to cure them of this holy tone and of supernatural solemnity. Much attention is paid also to dress and manner. The student's reading habits are investigated. He is taught the sin of reading bad books, that is, books in which he can take no interest, and, where necessary, a certain amount of light reading is added to his diet. There is another damning sin to which some elderly men are addicted which causes much trouble. This is the destructive habit of saying or thinking that the former times were better than these. This is properly an infantile complaint, legitimately belonging to the Byrons and Shelleys, but always proving fatal to the energy and influence of the middle-aged. The student is kindly but firmly reminded that for him to talk of the glories of old-fashioned Methodism or Presbyterianism in terms derogatory to the present day is to say that his little world has been growing worse ever since he began to have any influence in it, and is a serious reflection upon himself. He is encouraged to believe in God and the Church and the future, and to study all good movements and tendencies of the present day. Every effort is made to encourage him into the belief that he is not an old man, that the people were mistaken, and that as long as the heart of the tree is sound years count for little but strength. He is reminded of men seventy years and upward who are doing the best work of their lives, and making it the despair of younger men to win the hearts of the young people from them.

But where is this college, this sanitarium? Ah! where? Perhaps, tried and despondent brother, this "kingdom of God is within you." Perhaps some worthy but wearied servants of the King, whose zest in life and joy in service is flickering, may through these hints map out a course of conduct for themselves, and surprise themselves and their churches with a renewal of efficiency whose latent existence neither church nor preacher had suspected.

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DID JESUS USE IRONY?

EDUARD KÖNIG, writing on "Style of Scripture,"[1] mentions Christ's use of irony, and cites as examples, "Full well do ye reject the commandment of God, that ye may keep your tradition," and "Ye both know me, and know whence I am." But are these sayings ironical? And if so, are there other illustrations of the same figure? It demands no wide acquaintance with the records of Christ's words to enable one to recall his picturesque diction. In fact, all his sayings spake Jesus in parables unto the multitude; "and without a parable spake he nothing unto them." But even though he was not fearful of prejudicing the seriousness of his instruction by using hyperbole, as in his accusation against the scribes, "Ye blind guides, that strain out the gnat, and swallow the camel," did he resort to irony? The answer to this question will depend largely upon what irony includes, and lest seeming dogmatism circumscribe it within the limitation of a definition, Edwin Percy Whipple's description of the term will better be adopted: "Irony is an insult conveyed in the form of a compliment; insinuating the most galling satire under the phraseology of panegyric; placing its victim naked on a bed of briars and thistles thinly covered with rose leaves; adorning his brow with a crown of gold which burns into his brain; teasing and fretting, and riddling him through and through, with incessant discharges of hot shot from a masked battery; laying bare the most sensitive and shrinking nerves of his mind and then blandly touching them with ice or smilingly pricking them with needles."[2]

Now, do the gospels show that Jesus in his public teaching used irony, the most crushing and irresistible rhetorical figure? While dining with Simon the Pharisee does not Jesus in his parabolic rebuke of his host speak in a tone of at least Socratic irony? Feignedly acknowledging his own defective judgment while courteously admitting the pretensions of the one from whom he appeared to have such an earnest desire to learn, Christ asked Simon which of two creditors would feel the greater love for the money lender who forgave them their debts. On Simon's answering, "He, I suppose, to whom he forgave the most," Jesus replied in true Socratic style and probably in true Socratic tone, "Thou hast rightly judged."[3] Again, does not John in his gospel indicate irony as much in the scenic foreground of Christ's dialogue with the Pharisees as in the conversation itself?[4] Silenced on a former occasion by his question, "Which of you convicteth me of sin?" Jesus now asks the Pharisees to tell him which one of his "many excellent works" deserves stoning. Furthermore, when Jesus speaks of the scribes and Pharisees as the "ninety and nine righteous persons, who need no repentance," and, indeed, when he insinuates that the prideful religionism of the Pharisees is righteousness, is not that irony? These same scribes and Pharisees whom he thus calls righteous Jesus elsewhere unmercifully scores. He

[1] *A Dictionary of the Bible* (Hastings), extra volume, p. 164.
[2] Lecture on Wit and Humor.
[3] Luke vii, 41-43 (comp. commentaries of Godet, Plummer, Bruce, in loco).
[4] John x, 32 (comp. Dods, *The Expositor's Greek Testament*, in loco).

frequently denounced them as hypocrites, blind guides, the offspring of vipers, whited sepulchers, and an evil and adulterous generation. He warned his disciples against their leaven. He denied that their righteousness was sufficient for entrance into the kingdom of heaven, and declared that the publicans and harlots would be admitted to the kingdom sooner than they. In "the pearl of parables," moreover, he makes these Pharisees as the elder son speak of the returned prodigal not as "my brother," but as "this precious son of yours." But is not Christ's superlative use of irony in the parable of the shrewd steward? Turning away from the Pharisees whom he had just severely rebuked, Jesus addressed himself directly to the inner circle of his disciples, though the outer circle of Pharisees was in range to hear what the Rabbi had to say. Jesus described an unfaithful steward about to be discharged to whom digging and begging were alike offensive. So while still in his master's service he attempted to feather his nest-to-be by granting favors to his lord's creditors. And his lord, becoming acquainted with his new mismanagement, ardently praises the steward for his "tricky cleverness," because in devoted attention to self-interest he had shown himself to be as one of the sons of the world, who are more prudent toward their own generation than the sons of the light. "And I emphatically say to you also," continues Jesus to his disciples as he assumes the place of the steward's lord, "in your own interest make the unrighteous mammon your friend, that when wealth fails, as it must at death, you may be received into the eternal tabernacles." Here ends the parable and its application, for the four verses following have only a loose connection at best with the parable itself, and, borrowing from Bruce, they are most wisely styled the evangelist's "corrective of the parable."[1] Now, if ever Plummer's "perhaps" is to become "certainly," this is the place where the change will occur: "It was perhaps largely for the sake of Judas that these stern words about the perils of wealth were uttered to them (the disciples)."[2] It was "unto his disciples first of all," and it must be believed to Judas most of all, that Jesus said, "Whatsoever ye have said in the darkness shall be heard in the light; and what ye have spoken in the ear in the inner chambers shall be proclaimed upon the housetops." Jesus ironically addressing Judas over the heads of his disciples, is that not the key which unlocks this heretofore obstinate door? Judas was essentially a steward. He was accused of pilfering his Master's money. When made conscious of the fact that his hypocrisy was known he tried to buy the favor of his Master's creditors, thus only providing for the turning of the next corner in his career, for, as Jesus said, he would but gain a place in the friendship of others the temporariness of which would be beyond comparison.[3] Thus are we not led to think that Jesus

[1] *The Expositor's Greek Testament*, vol. i, p. 586 (comp. *The Messages of the Bible, The Messages of Jesus*, Hall, p. 166).

[2] *The International Critical Commentary*, Luke, p. 425 (comp. *A Dictionary of the Bible*, vol. ii, p. 797).

[3] Comp. *The Death of Christ*, Denney, p. 207, on αἰώνιος (eternal).

wielded in his warfare for truth the keen-edged weapon of irony to cut through the self-conceited heads and the sin-calloused hearts? Must we not believe that Jesus used irony as a mordant to etch upon the brassy conscience the picture of sin and its result? Was not irony the nitric acid which Jesus added to the glycerin of inner consciousness to produce the dynamite of confession? Did not Jesus use irony?

Syracuse, N. Y. R. Alfred Waite, Jr.

"DO THE SCRIPTURES ENJOIN MAN TO BE ANGRY?"

If we adopt Mr. Dorwin's suggestion and change the punctuation of Eph. iv, 26, it is not necessary to apologize for Paul's Greek, nor to imply that the Holy Spirit does not understand Greek grammar. Μή is regularly used with the interrogative indicative where a negative answer is expected, as where the speaker has his eye on a negative answer, as in the passages to which reference is made: John iv, 29, "This not the Christ, is it?" Matt. xii, 23, "This man is not the Son of David, is he?" So Matt. vii, 16, "Men do not gather grapes of thorns, do they?" See also Matt. xxvi, 22, 25; John iii, 4; Acts x, 47, and many other passages. Mr. Dorwin's translation has much to commend it, and it is certainly allowable. But, on the other hand, it stands in a hortative paragraph and imperatives prevail in all the context. Does not the real force of the mode lie entirely in the second verb? Compare Rom. vi, 17, where it is evident that Paul is not thanking God that they were the servants of sin, but that, although they had been servants of sin, they had become obedient. See also Isa. xii, 1, and Matt. xi, 25. Paul is quoting from the Septuagint. The word in the Hebrew means a strong emotion of soul which may or may not be sinful according to circumstances; it is much employed and has a variety of renderings. According to Dr. Clarke several versions translate it "anger." Jesus was said to be angry, so there must be such an emotion that is not sinful. But the boundary between righteous indignation and sinful anger is so narrow that this exhortation is well timed. Winer says that when two imperatives are connected by καί the first sometimes suggests the condition upon which the second will take place. "If ye be angry, sin not." It is interesting to compare the next claim in the psalm with Paul's "Let not the sun go down upon your wrath." The Hebrew reads, "Talk with your own heart upon your bed, and be dumb;" the Septuagint, "What you say in your hearts be smitten upon your beds with poignant sorrow;" which means, "Commune with your hearts upon your bed, and repent," or, "In your hearts in the night repent of what you said."

Derry, N. H. S. E. Quimby.

CORRECTION FROM DR. C. M. COBERN.

Readers of "The Laws of Moses and Hammurabi," in the September-October *Review*, will please note that either in the typewriting or typesetting of that article an important qualifying phrase has dropped from a paragraph on the first page. I am personally by no means sure that "two millions" of Hebrews in "one generation" reached such perfection of moral order and civilization as I seem there to affirm.

THE ITINERANTS' CLUB.

SEASONABLE ADVICE TO THEOLOGICAL STUDENTS.

A NUMBER of years ago a reviewer of one of Dr. Maclaren's books relates that when Dr. Maclaren was in Australia he said he "attributed any use or influence which he had been able to exert in the direction of stimulating and influencing young ministers to two things:-First, hard work at the Hebrew Bible and the Greek Testament. For many years after his college life he had never let a day pass without reading a chapter in each, and if those who could do so laid this down as a rule of life, and drew their teachings from the true foundation of spiritual power, the word of God, they would not miss their mark. Secondly, to the fact that from the beginning of his ministry he had endeavored to make his preaching expository and explanatory of the word of God as he understood it. Why so many people were tired of preaching was because some ministers merely took a text on which to hang pretty things, without any regard for its true meaning. If God thought it worth while to give them a book, surely they should give its truths the meanings which he designed."

These are notable words, especially when the author of them is considered. Dr. Maclaren some time ago laid down the pastorate which he had held for so many years. He is recognized throughout the English-speaking world as one of the greatest preachers of the generation just closed. His sermons have been more widely read, perhaps, than those of any other preacher of his time, and both in form and matter have been recognized as models of thought and style. He was not a professor in a college or a theological school. His whole life was devoted to preaching the Gospel, and, hence, any utterance of his is an utterance from the standpoint of the Christian pulpit and not from the cloister of the scholar, and, consequently, it should have authority with those who are about to enter upon the preparation for the Christian ministry.

Our theological seminaries are just opening, and the students who are preparing for the ministry are about beginning their work. It is a serious matter what studies they should take up. The tendency is to select those studies which harmonize most fully with their own modes of thinking and with their own ideals of the kind of preparation which they ought to make. Of course, the institutions lay down rigid courses of study which the students are expected and required to take, but even among those who take the regular courses of our theological seminaries there is a tendency to ignore certain things and to devote themselves to those subjects which they most enjoy.

In these days of the proclamation of the importance of the English Bible there is a tendency to overlook the value of the close study of the Hebrew and Greek Scriptures. Dr. Maclaren's statement should be both an encouragement and a warning to young preachers. It should be an

encouragement to devote themselves with great assiduity to laying strong and deep the foundations in the biblical languages. In the Hebrew this is relatively easy, because, as a rule, they begin their Hebrew studies in a theological school; hence, as all begin with equal opportunity, there is less difficulty in imparting to the whole class a knowledge of the Hebrew language. On the other hand, students who come to theological seminaries are very varied in their Greek attainments. Some have been close critical students of the Greek language and its grammatical structure; others have been largely trained in rapid reading and have not become expert in grammatical forms and in the niceties of the Greek syntax. Hence the difficulty with the professor lies in two points: First, it is impossible to carry forward a close critical exegesis of the Greek Scriptures equally adapted to all the members of the class; and, further, it becomes necessary for him, if he does his best work, to train the students in a more accurate knowledge of the Greek before he can employ a rigid exegesis to the fullest advantage. The necessity of a study of New Testament Greek even for a superior classical student as a preliminary is apparent, and it becomes the duty of the student as well as of the teacher to recognize this and to engage in those studies which will bring about the results desired.

The chief emphasis, however, from the passage of Dr. Maclaren is the expression that his success was largely due to "hard work at the Hebrew Bible and Greek Testament." This passage is also important in view of another statement of Dr. Maclaren's, namely, that "for many years after his college life he had never let a day pass without reading a chapter in each." Is not this a suggestion and a reproof to the ministers who, having passed through a course of biblical training in Bible languages, say, as they sometimes do, that they have not opened their Hebrew Bible since they left the seminary? This is not an infrequent statement even by those who were reckoned good students when pursuing their theological course. Here we have really a key to the intellectual grasp and to the permanent power of Dr. Maclaren, who for many years in this constant contact with the Hebrew Bible and the Greek Testament was not only constantly acquiring information, but was also securing a constant enlargement of his spiritual vision and an awakening of his intellectual and spiritual powers. This kind of study makes pulpit preparation easy and natural, and it is safe to say that his daily chapter in the Old and New Testaments read in the original was not only an inspiration, but was a saving of time in the actual preparation of his sermon.

The quotation which has already been made gives a statement also of one of the sources of his power; that is, "He had endeavored to make his preaching expository and explanatory of the word of God as he understood it." A study of Dr. Maclaren's sermons will show that they were almost exclusively of an expository character. He had that rare facility which comes only from deep insight into the word of God, and he selected texts which in themselves opened up mines of richest thought which he proceeded to unfold. A study of his sermons would

be a very valuable thing for the young minister as showing how expository preaching may have all the advantages of topical preaching. This reliance upon divine truth gave power to his preaching and freshness to his thought. The people instinctively desire to know the meaning of God's word, and he who can search it most deeply and express its truth most vividly will be the most interesting preacher as well as the most effective one. The sermons that live are the sermons that are saturated with the word of God. The topics of the hour disappear with the occasion that calls them forth. They remain only as a record of something that is past, and have no reality to the coming age. The Gospel is ever fresh, and the sermons that are permeated with its truth have an abiding influence, and if worthy will remain as permanent influences upon all who read them.

As already indicated, this passage from Dr. Maclaren is chosen for our theme because he has so long occupied a foremost position—we had almost said the foremost position of the preachers in our English-speaking world. His sermons have been commended by the foremost scholars and preachers of the generation, and when he gives us in this passage the sources of his power and success the student of to-day may well imitate his example and give especial attention to an acquaintance with biblical language in his prepration for the Christian ministry.

THINGS NEW AND OLD.

THERE are few persons who look back over the past with unmixed satisfaction, perhaps none. There has been a failure to meet their own ideals and a regret that they have not done better. The readiness to correct past errors, to supplement past deficiencies, is itself a mark of progress. This may specially be applied to the preacher in his relation to his church, in his ministerial work, and in his studies. A valuable motto for the young preacher might be expressed in the language indicated at the head of this paper, "Things new and old" (Matt. xiii, 52). He should have regard for the things that are new. He should consider all the past as but a school of preparation for better work. A true life is never a finished product at any stage. It is ever an unfolding of capacity, of knowledge, of influence. What we have done is but the stepping-stone to what we ought to do and may do. Our past studies are never final studies. We are perpetual students of old and new truth. The expression of the apostle Paul is ever pertinent, "Stretching forward to the things which are before." A study of one's own life is the best possible study, and the study of the thoughts of others and the work of others is essential to the study of one's self.

The preacher must enter afresh into the spirit of the times. There must be no moping over an age that is past, and no continued regret over conditions that in his judgment have become worse. The world is ever repeating itself, and yet it is ever renewing itself. It sloughs off the old; it takes on the new, and the times in which one lives are the only times with which one has directly to do. He cannot restore past con-

ditions; they are gone, and will never return. Into the new conditions of life he must enter; in other words, he must recognize the things new that are going on around him.

Further, he must address himself to the circumstances in which he is placed. He may not devote himself so exclusively to his own circumstances as to forget those of others, but his voice must be to his age. The world is beating with fresh life and must be met with fresh life, and no one can speak to it that does not speak to the conditions in which he lives and in which men toil and suffer. The study of his conditions and theirs must be followed by an earnest appeal to the circumstances in the midst of which he lives.

In order thus to address himself he must ever be producing new work. The poet will soon lose his capacity if he ceases to produce, and becomes merely a repeater of his past thoughts. The age will not tolerate dead thoughts or obsolete forms. This newness of thinking and newness of production are absolutely necessary to keep the powers from decadence. Ceasing to grow is practically ceasing to live, and men grow by doing more than by absorbing. Receptivity without productiveness must result in a failure of the mental and spiritual powers as well.

It is equally true that the preacher stands related to the things that are old. Nature develops not by revolutions, but by steady stages. It does not neglect its past productions, but out of them proceeds to the new. The preacher must therefore never forget that the old established truth is, after all, the fundamental truth. The doctrines which have stirred the world, and around which the faith of the best men of all the ages have gathered, must be conserved. There are certain things which no new study and no new investigations can overthrow. He who would do the best for the year must recognize the great principles on which he has thus far wrought and through which the world has made its progress. Applying this to doctrine, there are certain fundamental truths which have been held through the centuries, which all students have carefully considered, and which, when proclaimed, have invariably been productive of the best results in human life, which must ever be conserved. There is a sense in which all people have a gospel, that is, that which is to them glad tidings, and these glad tidings are not to be changed with the passing moment, but are to be preserved as permanent factors amid all the changes that have taken place in the world. It will be well, then, for young preachers to face the new year with the suggestion of the description of the "scribe who hath been made a disciple to the kingdom of heaven, . . . who bringeth forth out of his treasure things new and old." How to preserve the old things with the new in perfect harmony, how to conserve the past, to improve the present, and mold the future, are the problems which meet the changes of the years. "Hold fast that which is good" is the apostolic injunction. The old and the new have each their truth and their part in the onward march of history.

ARCHÆOLOGY AND BIBLICAL RESEARCH.

EXCAVATIONS IN PALESTINE.

THE Quarterly Statement of the Palestine Exploration Fund for July of this year is of more than ordinary excellence. Nearly one half of its contents is devoted to the excavations at Gezer, which, under the supervision of R. A. Macalister, M.A., F.S.A., have been in progress for the past two years. This last report, from March 1 to May 31, covers no less than thirty-five pages, having in addition to much valuable information a very large number of drawings, cuts, and photographs, illustrating the objects discovered in the ruins of this ancient city. We say ancient, for in the excavations, which have reached a depth of thirty-eight feet and six inches, eight distinct strata have been discovered, indicating at least that number of occupations previous to our era. There is clear evidence of a pre-Semitic population, for the troglodyte remains, according to Mr. Macalister, carry us back to the fourth millennium B. C., and even the inner walls, to judge from their construction and the *débris* about them, cannot be later than 2000 B. C. These several strata testify not only to a pre-Semitic population and cult, but also to both Egyptian and Assyrian influences, if not an immediate occupation. There are many Egyptian objects of the same date as the Tel-el-Amarna tablets; there are some of Assyrian origin, and others again are Hebrew, especially of the postexilic and Maccabean periods. The crematory, the charred remains of human beings, and the bones of tender children deposited in such a way as to preclude the supposition of accident or of burial, point to a cult consisting, in part, of human sacrifices. Gezer, like many Palestinian cities near the coast, was not far from the direct route for upper Syria and Babylonia to Egypt. It is, therefore, no unreasonable inference that Assyria, no less than Egypt, had the place garrisoned at one time or another. That Gezer was once subject to Egypt is clear not only from the Tel-el-Amarna tablets, but also from 1 Kings ix, 16, where we read that Pharaoh gave it as a dowry to his daughter on her marriage to Solomon. It is also an historical fact that the Assyrians in the eighth century B. C. captured Ashdod, Askelon, Ekron, Gath, and Gaza, and other coast towns, and placed garrisons in them. There is no reason for thinking that Gezer was not subjected to a like fate by this powerful northern enemy.

A large number of objects in metal, much pottery, more or less perfect, jar handles, seals, etc., have been dug up at Gezer, but nothing in this line remarkable for its novelty. Some objects were inscribed, thus fixing their origin. This is the case with more than two hundred scarabs. They are of the usual type, and yet two of them deserve special mention: One bears the name Khyan, and the other, a large scarab of Amenhotep III and Thii, has the signet and royal titles of this illustrious king and his queen. Of the stone objects brought to light one merits

our consideration: it is an inscribed weight, "dome shape with a flat base," weighing 11.3 grammes. The stratum in which this was dug up is of the latest preexilic or the earliest postexilic period. In itself this ancient weight is of no value, but viewed in relation to other weights of the same class found elsewhere its importance is greatly enhanced, since it furnishes another specimen which helps to form a complete set. Seven such stones are now known. They have been tabulated by Mr. Macalister. It is to be hoped that additions may be made to this list as excavations proceed, so that a longer and more accurate table of Palestinian weights may be secured. These seven specimens, though the multiple is not quite exact, seem nevertheless to belong to a graduated scale or regular standard. Indeed, it may be regarded as accurate enough for an age in which scientific precision was not a distinguishing characteristic. Then the fact that false balances and weights are constantly denounced in Semitic literatures may help to account for the slight variation from an absolutely correct standard. All of these stone weights, one excepted, bear a sign which is evidently the symbol for the standard. The meaning of the symbol, with our present data, cannot be given.

Reference has been made already in these pages to the alignment of pillar stones in connection with the higher place at Gezer. (See March-April number, 1903, p. 309.) It has been discovered since that one of these masseboth, or pillars, is different from the others. Dr. Blankenberg, of the University of Erlangen, well versed in the geology of the Holy Land, has subjected it to a careful examination, and has concluded that this particular pillar, being different from the local stone, must have been brought to Gezer from some other locality. It bears strong resemblance to the limestone found around Jerusalem and other parts of Palestine. The groove found on one of its faces, which was formerly a puzzle, is now explained by the supposition that a rope was placed in it to facilitate transportation, which was doubtless by dragging. Why was this pillar brought to Gezer? Of the conjectures suggested none is more probable than that which supposes that the monolith was captured by some conqueror and taken as a trophy from a high place or sanctuary in another locality. We know from both sacred and profane history that the enriching of one temple at the expense of another was a very common practice. All will recall the removal of the sacred vessels from Jerusalem to Babylon. The Philistines having taken the ark placed it in the temple of Dagon. And we learn from a passage on the Moabite Stone that Mesha, king of Moab, *dragged* an altar hearth from Nebo to the temple of Chemosh at Kerriyyoth.

But by far the "most striking find" of the two years' digging at Gezer is that of a cuneiform tablet of hard clay. It is square in form (two and a quarter inches), slightly convex on both sides, and three fourths of an inch thick. Unfortunately it is too defective to afford a very clear idea of what was written upon it. Enough, however, is so legible as to show that it was a contract tablet. The obverse has, in addition to the writing, impression of four seals, or, rather, two seals

with two impressions each. One of these has two human figures with uplifted hands. They stand face to face, separated by what is known as an *ankh*, the Egyptian emblem of life. This *ankh* may have been part of the altar or an incense holder. Above these human figures is a winged disk, which according to Professor Flinders Petrie is of Perso-Assyrian rather than Egyptian origin. The other seal represents a tree, or at any rate a branch of one. Many seals of nearly the same kind are found in our large museums. The reverse, being less mutilated, has far more writing. Of the fourteen lines on this side only four are perfect; the other ten lack at least one fifth of the original. Several experts have attempted to decipher and translate the document, so far, however, with poor success. We subjoin the translation of Dr. Pinches, the well-known Assyriologist, formerly of the British Museum. Dr. Pinches, though according to Professor Sayce an "authority in questions of textual reading far beyond that of any other living Assyriologist," yet humbly confesses the imperfection of his rendering. But let us reproduce his translation:

Obverse.

1. Seal of Maruduk-êriba, son of . . . . . .
2. Seal of Abi-eriba, son of . . . . . .
3. total, 2 men, owners of the houses, field (?), etc., sold . . . .
4. the house of Lu-âchê, to . . . . . .

(Here the seals are impressed.)

5. The people Turi-Aa, his two wives, his son,
6. 3 men . . . . . s.
7. 2 . . . . . ga.
8. . . . . aa.
9. . . . . iachar.

Reverse.

1. . . . . .
2. he shall return . . . . . .
3. he shall not receive. Guarantee (?) against sickness (?)
4. for a hundred days, physical defect(?) for all time
5. Month Sivan, day 17th eponymy which is after
6. Assur-dûra-usur, prefect of Mashalzu.
7. Before Zaggî: before Tebetâ[a];
8. before Bêl-âpla-iddina: before Maruduk-nasiv . . . . . ;
9. before Huruasi, the governor, ...
10. before Zera-ukîn, son of Tebet[aa];
11. before Burrapi'n the commis[sion-agent];
12. before Hitadin (?); before Si' . . . . . ;
13. before Mannu-ki-Arba-îlu; before . . . . . ;
14. before Zerûtu.

The reader can now readily see that the document, fragmentary as it is, belongs to the contract order, and has reference to the sale of real estate along with the serfs belonging to the same. We learn from line six on the reverse that it was dated 649 B. C., the year Assurbanipal was waging war in Babylonia against his brother Saosdachinos. The

proper names on the tablet point to a mixed population; six of them seem to be of Assyrian origin, while the remainder are clearly West-Semitic. The tablet is too provokingly defective to afford the least clue to its *provenance*. Professor Sayce goes so far as to express doubt concerning its origin. He more than intimates that the Arab workmen have imposed upon Mr. Macalister. He regards both proper names and seals as typically Syrian. He says: "It would not be very difficult for an Arab workman to obtain a broken Assyrian tablet at Jerusalem, and salting the ground is not unknown in the East."

The question has doubtless already occurred to the reader: How can this tablet so defective and unsatisfactory be regarded as the "most striking find" of the two years' work at Gezer? In itself it has no great value. It, however, permits the sanguine excavator to indulge the hope that it is the earnest of better things, or, to use Mr. Macalister's words: "It is satisfactory to record that a specimen of cuneiform writing has at last made its appearance. Where there is one tablet there can hardly fail to be more, and I shall probably concentrate most of the future work on the western hill, which has yielded this document." The original firman authorizing excavations at Gezer lapsed on the fourteenth of last June. How fortunate, therefore, it is for the interests of archæology, and especially in view of the unfinished state of the work at Gezer, that the Ottoman government has extended the time for one year more. This concession will afford the Palestine Exploration Fund ample time to make a thorough examination of that portion of the ruins so promising of good results.

TAANACH. Our readers know that the Austrians, under the direction of Dr. Sellin, have been excavating at Taanach, four miles south of Megiddo. Taanach, an old royal city of the Canaanites, was captured by Joshua (Josh. xii, 21), and figured prominently in the war of Deborah and Barak against Sisera (Judg. v, 19). The place was at an early date under Egyptian control, for it is named on the temple walls of Karnak as one of the towns which surrendered to Thothmes III, *circa* 1600 B. C. The name occurs also in Sheshonk's (Shishak) list. Of the many objects discovered here by the Austrian excavators the most important are four cuneiform documents, three of them clay tablets of the same style of writing and probably of the same date as the Tel-el-Amarna tablets. Two of these are letters to Istar-wasur, the governor of Taanach. Both letters are personal in their nature: one concerns the daughter of this official at school in a neighboring town; the other is from a certain *Ahi-jawi*, which closely resembles the name Ahijah (Brother of Jehovah, or Jahwe). The question naturally arises: Is the second element of this old Canaanite proper name the same as Jahwe?

There was also discovered at the supposed site of ancient Megiddo a jasper seal, with an inscription in Old Phœnician, resembling the letters on the Siloam inscription. It reads: "Of Shema, servant of Jeroboam." Who was this Jeroboam? Was he the first king of Israel, or the second ruler of that name, or either?

FOREIGN OUTLOOK.

SOME LEADERS OF THOUGHT.

Julius Kaftan. That the Ritschlian school in Germany has not in the least lost its hold upon theologians is evident from the great activity of its chief representatives. Kaftan has the distinction among the Ritschlians of being professedly in sympathy with the orthodox party. This he has unequivocably and repeatedly declared. Not that he holds to the theology, in many respects, of the orthodox party, but that he sympathizes with them rather than with the extreme liberals. Hence it is that he is constantly talking about dogma, by which he means a faith or doctrine that carries with it authoritative force. But it is to be a new orthodoxy, a new dogma, not the old dogma that sprang from the Greek philosophy. It must be confessed that it is a little difficult to determine why a new doctrine having ecclesiastical authority behind it should be forced on the Church or on the individual Christian. If this purpose springs from a desire to give the laity a faith ready-made, one that needs no investigation, but which is to be accepted because it is proclaimed by the clergy, then it is a concession to the Roman Catholic idea which, one would think, Kaftan would be slow to make. Yet this seems to be about what he has in mind, for he does not seem to think that the clergy and the laity should be placed on a par in this respect. In other words, the new dogma is entirely for the laity. Nor is it easy to understand just what orthodoxy is, according to Kaftan. A recent booklet of his gives us some conception of it, however. The pamphlet is entitled *Was die Rechtgläubigkeit in der evangelischen Kirche bedeutet* (What Orthodoxy Means in the Evangelical Church). Berlin, 1904, Georg Nauch. Judging by the hints he gives us in this publication, orthodoxy is more than a mere sentiment, or the right attitude of heart and conscience toward God, the world, and men. He is orthodox who is in harmony with the definitely presupposed faith of the Church. This faith has been and now is, in the Church of the Reformation, recognition of given divine truth as this is found in the Scriptures and in the evangelical Confessions. This truth should be set forth in a new form, and the proper performance of this task is a duty of the present day. The formulation of this new dogma should be patiently awaited. Doctrine, however, is not, and in the Evangelical Church cannot be, the object of faith. This is God alone, in his revelation. Doctrine is merely the expression and confession of the faith, grows out of faith, and becomes knowledge only as it is realized in the personal life of the believer. In this sense orthodoxy is only an ideal, a goal which he can only gradually approach, but never quite reach. But while faith is thus not only a personal thing, yet the Evangelical Church must lay the greatest worth to an orthodoxy that is measured by Scripture and creed. Personal faith must be demanded,

but this does not mean that the personal faith can ever be elevated to the place of highest authority. The standards of the religious and ethical life, as of all spiritual features of life, are to be sought in history. We live by the great traditions of humanity—in religion by the Bible and the Reformation. That is the substance of what he says. Whether anyone, even himself, has any clear thought in connection with it is doubtful. Besides, while creeds have their value, that value is not found in being superior to the faith of the individual, but in being the expression of the faith of the individual. But when they cease to be this they lose their value except as landmarks in the history of human thought.

Albert Kalthoff. In order that the readers of the *Review* may have a taste of every kind of foreign thought it is needful to notice such a man as Kalthoff. He is the author of a book entitled *Die Entstehung des Christenthums* (The Origin of Christianity). Leipzig, 1904, E. Diederichs. He is a believer in the methods of the modern historical science, but he has an idea that those methods, when applied to the question of the origin, lead to very different conclusions from those reached by the majority who employ them. He is of the opinion that the entire ancient Church denied that the Church had any human founder, and that the New Testament literature is a witness of this denial. This is not intended as a negative assertion of a divine founder, but as a preparation for the assertion of a combination of factors in the origin of Christianity. He says that when modern theology endeavors to read into the literature of the New Testament an individual founder it does so out of fear of what he calls "ecclesiastical communism," which, by the way, he regards as having ruled the Church from the beginning down to and including Augustine and his contemporaries. This ruling idea of the early Church was a direct outworking of the social ideals of primitive Christianity. But, true to his principles of historical interpretation, he affirms that even these ideals were not original with Christianity, but were conditioned upon the development of social and philosophical conceptions in the Græco-Roman world. In order to carry out his ideas he discusses the religious-social associations of antiquity and declares that the religious societies of the Christians could not have originated in any other way than other societies of other religions. He even undertakes, by reference to Acts xxi, 3, 4, and xxviii, 13, where mention is made of the eastern and western ends of Paul's routes, Tyre and Puteoli, to show that the formation of the Christian congregations followed the route taken by the spread of the earlier organizations or associations. Since these associations were mostly in the interest of some form of religious worship, and since each one had some god or hero as a patron, we must suppose that these Christian congregations were merely associations which had for their genius Christ. This is supposed to account for the phenomena mentioned by Pliny, who said that the Christians met and sang hymns to Christ as God. The principal difference was that the gods or genii of the other associations looked back-

ward, while the communal Christ was the coming man, who should bring in the kingdom, or who would realize in the world the communistic ideal. Thus Christianity was prepared for and rendered inevitable by the entire development of the period. The portrait of Christ was complete in all its principal features before one single line of the gospels was written. The Pauline epistles are all spurious, and even the synoptic gospels were so late that Pope Callistus was the pattern after whom the unjust steward of Luke xvi, 1, was patterned. The great difficulty with Kalthoff is that he has allowed his communistic ideas to warp his historical judgment. It is no worse in him than in any other to read into historical documents what they do not say, but he has made a worse blunder by that method than many another would have made because his preconceptions were originally far from the truth. It is a pity for a man of real ability and learning to waste his powers in the vain attempt to bolster up a falsehood. Jesus Christ remains, after all said and done, as the founder of Christianity. No man will ever be able to take his crown.

RECENT THEOLOGICAL LITERATURE.

Zur Geschichte der evangelischen Beichte. Band II (The History of Confession in the Evangelical Church. Vol. II). By E. Fischer. Leipzig, 1903, Dieterich. The first volume of this interesting work portrays the customs connected with the confessional in the Roman Catholic Church at the time of the Reformation, and Luther's attitude toward confession down to the year 1520. The second volume begins at this point. Luther recognized the untenability, from the evangelical standpoint, of confession. His pamphlet "On the Confession" shows that the pope has no such jurisdiction as would warrant his requirement of auricular confession. Yet he could not bring himself to draw, for practical purposes, the consequences of this cognition. It was his hope that he might escape the necessity of violent measures by the natural development of things. So he contented himself for the time being with compromises. He taught that every Christian should thankfully avail himself of confession, although it is not a divine but a human institution. But there should be no compulsion in the matter, and the confession made should not be necessarily in detail. Furthermore, the priests should not be the only ones who hear confession, but it should be expressly provided that the laity may hear confession, and when a priest hears it he does it not as a priest, but as a Christian brother. The true worth of the confession lies in the inner attitude of the heart toward sin, and where this is not present confession is not only not helpful, it is positively sinful. Over against this temporizing policy of Luther stood Carlstadt. Luther was in hiding in the Castle at Wartburg. Carlstadt was anxious to have a genuine evangelical administration of the Lord's Supper. This he felt was hindered by the existence of the confessional, even in the modified form admitted by Luther. Much discussion took place among the theologians at Wittenberg, but at length Carlstadt took the decided stand

which did away with the custom. Then came Luther's return from the Wartburg to Wittenberg, and his celebrated eight sermons, which were intended to put a stop to the radical measures of Carlstadt and the other extremists at Wittenberg. It is an unanswered question just how much and by whom Luther was influenced, but when he reestablished the confessional again it was an entirely different thing from what it had been under his first plan. The reinstitution took place about Christmas, 1523, and was made to serve the purpose of furnishing a guarantee of the worthiness of those who were about to partake of the communion. The idea of absolution was completely eradicated. The author does not discuss the relation of the confession in this form to the cases of those who were about to partake of their first communion. But one reviewer of the book says that it is quite probable that Luther made the confession in such cases especially thorough, and thus provided something that might correspond closely to child confession in the Roman Catholic Church. Thus he thinks there may have been in the arrangement a sort of beginning of the practice of confirmation in the evangelical Church. It is also to be regretted that the author did not take a somewhat wider range of vision and include the history of confession as related to the Churches of the Reformation generally. But it is characteristic of the German theologian that he seldom looks beyond the fences bounding his own ecclesiastical communion.

Herders Theorie von der Religion und den religiösen Vorstellungen (Herder's Theory of Religion and of Religious Representations). By Rudolf Wielandt. Berlin, 1904, C. A. Schwetschke & Sohn. The one-hundredth anniversary of the death of Herder was overlooked by the vast multitude, but by many of the more thoughtful it was a time of profound reflection. Especially was this the case with those who are acquainted with and feel the importance of the changes that have passed and that are passing over the minds of men in regard to the meaning and value of religion. Wielandt availed himself of the awakened interest in Herder to publish this book, a little late, to be sure, but still timely. His task was not an easy one, as what Herder had to say on the various phases of religion was written at different times during a period of thirty-seven years. Wielandt has, however, fairly well developed the changes of Herder's views during those years. The extraordinary influence of Herder may be estimated when it is taken into consideration that he profoundly modified Schleiermacher's religious opinions, and that these in turn were epoch-making in the history of religious thought. Wielandt thinks that Herder's religious theories grew out of his mental and moral constitution and his psychology. As to the former, he regards as of primary importance his power of entering into the feelings of others, his rhetorical skill, and his energy in many-sided reflection. In psychology he regards Herder as having pioneered the way in respect to the unity of the soul life, the connection between the psychical and the physical, and the significance of the unconscious and instinctive. Wielandt

thinks that Herder had no real theory of knowledge, because he did not seek for the grounds of belief, but only truth as practical for mankind. According to Herder religion belongs to the sphere of the self-conscious feelings, and consists in an immediate perception and possession of the divine. It stands independent beside philosophy and ethics. It is awakened by impressions from the outer world which find their unity and harmony in the idea of God. Hence it is related to philosophy, and at the same time all morality really in germ included in it. The religious consciousness finds expression in poetic form and in art, though it is governed by the laws of the mental life in general. It is influenced by the national peculiarities of thought, speech, and custom, by communication from one nation to another, and by the gradual superficializing of the concepts. Hence arises the necessity of returning to the original forms of religious speech, and of making its spirit available for the people of each age. In other words, it is necessary to reproduce the biblical conceptions in the language of the present day. As to the representation of religion in dogmatic form, Herder distinguishes sharply between religion and doctrine, and opposes all attempts at demonstration of the truth of religion, being entirely unable to understand Kant's attitude. He even avoids all attempts at clear formulation, and strives to leave the fact and the representation in their original, unreflective unity. This aim is not a dogmatic, with positive value for theoretical thought, but such an explanation of the biblical ideas as can be secured by historical methods, and, as before said, their transfer into the language of the present. He hesitates between rationalistic fondness for abstract ideas and an intuitive need of actual facts. According to Wielandt all modern religious history and psychology is present in Herder's religious ideas, and thus he is distinctly more modern than his later contemporary, Schleiermacher. This is but a brief and in many respects inadequate account of a book meritorious because of its subject and its inner worth.

RELIGIOUS AND EDUCATIONAL.

Jerusalem and the Russo-Japanese War. Early in the year 1904 Patriarch Damianos of Jerusalem sent to Alexieff a golden cross containing a piece of the genuine cross of Christ. Damianos sent with this a letter in which he expressed his sympathies with the Russians in the war, and naming Alexieff as a Knight of the Holy Sepulcher of Our Lord. A couple of months later Alexieff replied accepting the honor and expressing the belief that the presence of the sacred relic with the Russian army, together with the prayers of Damianos, would aid in securing victory over the Japanese. One feature of Damianos's letter may have a profound ecclesiastical significance. He claimed special honor for the see of Jerusalem because it was from there that Christianity went forth. This has not been done since the fourth century, and during all this time Constantinople has enjoyed the primacy in the Eastern Church. The present Patriarch of Constantinople is more Greek than Russian. The

whole affair looks like an attempt to set up Jerusalem as a rival to Constantinople.

French Protestants and the State Church. Strange as it may seem in our republic, the Protestants of the French republic are opposed to the separation of Church and State. A recent writer declares that neither the government, the senate, the chamber of deputies, nor the people at large desire separation—it is a danger that hangs over the nation—and that when it comes it will put the Protestants into a most painful situation. The deficit for the various Protestant charitable works for the year 1903 was over three hundred thousand francs, and this writer calls attention to the fearful burden that would fall on the Churches if the state should withdraw its annual budget of one and a half million francs. Nevertheless the Protestant Churches are preparing for the calamity by coming closer together, and there are some who will hail the separation as a distinct step in the path of progress.

Progress of Liberal Christianity in Switzerland. Liberal Christianity is not as terrible a thing in America as it is in Europe. But it is spreading rapidly in Switzerland, where until recently it had but little foothold. It is represented by a band of men who seem to have chiefly in mind the destruction of the supreme power of orthodoxy. At a recent convention the speakers declared this as their chief end, though they named also the establishment of the ideas of the divine love and of human brotherhood in place of dogma. One would suppose from their talk that orthodox Christianity had never preached nor evinced these traits.

Berlin Jewish Mission. At the beginning of the year 1903 there were 13 catechumens, to whom 66 were added during the year. Of these 21 were rejected for various reasons, and 13 more dropped out of their own accord. There have been 26 baptisms, 14 men and 12 women. The men are from all walks of life, including merchants, bank officials, students, and laborers. The income of the mission was 54,900 marks, the expenses 45,128 marks. The Jews converted through the agency of this mission are mostly convinced on all essential points of difference between Judaism and Christianity. But the greatest comfort in connection with the work thus far is that these small results are but a beginning.

GLIMPSES OF REVIEWS AND MAGAZINES.

DR. EDWARD EVERETT HALE, writing of "The Religion of America" in *The International Quarterly* (New York), says:

Cotton Mather had the sense of humor, as greater men than he and lesser men than he have had. So it is to Cotton Mather that we owe the story which is often brought out by writers on the religion of America—the story of an Essex County fisherman who at the end of the seventeenth century flung in his word as to the origin of New England. Some one at a religious meeting had been talking of the religious motive of the first planters, and one of the veterans of fourscore rose and said, "It was all this, and fish too." The story may or may not tell a fact, but it is a story well devised and contains the truth. Of the early American history it is undoubtedly true that many men and women came to better their physical condition. But that is also true, which is not true of the first English settlers of Jamaica, of Australia, or of England, namely, that many men and women came among our first settlers because they sought a closer walk with God. Certainly this is true of Puritans in New England, of Quakers in Pennsylvania, of Catholics in Maryland, of Huguenots in Carolina. It is also true that these people, who had a distinctive religious purpose, had a very large agency in the history of the States where they settled. Whoever traces the history of those States finds that for a century, more or less, the presence of people who had come for religious motives visibly affects the status of either colony. It was thus with the Puritans, with the Quakers, with Lord Baltimore and his Catholic companions, and with the Huguenots farther south. . . . Dr. Andresen, a recent German writer, in his interesting treatise on the world's religion, says squarely: "It has been prophesied that it is the United States whence will come the religion of the future. And, notwithstanding the fact that there is a tendency to outspoken materialism, it cannot be denied that Americans as a rule highly value religion. This is proven by the striving for religious truth manifesting itself in various ways. Hardly in any country of the world are there so many religious sects as in the United States." Yet he appears to believe that the supremacy of the nation which gives every man a right to say what he thinks and to think for himself will assert itself as distinctly in religion as it does in the manufacture of iron or of the supply of gold. This is probably so. Whether you are on the stump a month before the Presidential election or whether you are at a missionary convention to celebrate the centennial of the missionary society, it might be observed all along that the country is profoundly religious. It believes in right, and it wants to have right done. The Puritans did not cross the ocean for nothing, nor the Huguenots. Such men as Asbury and Brainerd did not preach for nothing. Such lessons as the Revolution taught, of great made from small, by the mere power of faith, were not neglected. And that eternal experience, by which people who live much in the open air, in hourly presence of Nature, become thoughtful and religious people, has made a religious race from the pioneers and settlers of the frontier. The leader of Americans, who may wish to lead them forward in the line of that destiny which has triumphed thus far, leads a religious race in the methods of personal and spontaneous worship, with constant reference to the Eternal Laws. He does not appeal to this man's selfishness or to the greed of that community. He does not teach the wretched doctrine of a bald economy, to induce them to pile up

gold or iron or brass. He appeals to the highest motives men can grasp, and cites the noblest law he knows. This law is a law outside themselves; it is the infinite law. It is the Power who makes for Righteousness. . . . The American people believe profoundly in a life larger than the life of things. Men have a profound certainty, which nothing shakes, that there is a God who somehow knows what is good for them better than they know for themselves. The immense majority of people is glad to be reminded and assured of this ideal life and of Him who directs it to-day.

Baron Kentaro Kaneko, of Japan, speaking for his country in reference to the present conflict with Russia, writes:

The outcome of this war remains uncertain, but some things have been made clear that were not well understood before. Our Red Cross Society's work, with its tender and unremitting care for wounded soldiers, Russian as well as Japanese, has been all that could have been looked for from the highest type of a Christian people. The Japanese are considered a heathen nation, but they are doing the work of Christians, irrespective of sect or creed, without discrimination between friend or foe, and this has brought our people into closer and more friendly relations with foreigners living among us. As is well known, by the text of our constitution every Japanese subject has perfect freedom of religious belief and action, a privilege denied to the subjects of Holy Russia, which assumes to stand so much higher than Japan in the plane of religion and civilization. This freedom, of course, has given unusual opportunity for the work of Christian missions, and though it cannot be denied that this work has sometimes been intrusted to inadequate agencies, yet the general purity of intention is undoubted, and the success of the endeavor has been very marked. In the present critical position of Japan the opportunity for Christian teaching has been greatly enhanced. In times of distress and anxiety we all know how one true, friendly word will speak louder to the heart than a thousand of the ordinary commonplaces of good will. The man who says, "Take courage, I stand with you, I recognize the justice of your cause," has a claim upon us forever after. We are ready to listen to his advice and to accept his instruction. We all know that the grand thing in seeking to lift others to a higher level is, first, to understand them and to sympathize with them. It is in behalf of civilization against arrogant militarism, then, that we are fighting, as England fought in the early years of the last century. Imagine for a moment what the results would have been had she been defeated. All Europe would have come under the power of a military despotism. No European country would have had left to it either political freedom or religious liberty. I may say, if Japan be defeated now, that the spirit and the principles of Anglo-American civilization will be obliterated from a vast portion of the Eastern world. And it may be that centuries will pass before ever again humanity, and the universal brotherhood of Christianity, will dawn over the horizon of the continent of Asia.

George Brandes writes with French brilliancy but with an irresponsible errancy and flippancy of "Ernest Renan as a Dramatist." Not far wrong, however, is this characterization: "Renan came from Brittany, was descended from a long line of simple farmers and mariners, and was early educated for the Church. He inherited a healthy but ponderous and ungraceful body, and a keen visionary soul. He felt strongly, lived his inner life intensely, was reserved and retired, outwardly bashful, and ostensibly timid; he cultivated many a fair dream-flower in his soul and soared on

the wings of a Celtic legend-loving imagination. . . . When he became acquainted with German philosophy and criticism, enamored of Herder and enraptured with Hegel, his religious faith soon surrendered its intrenchments. . . . A friend said of Renan, 'He thinks like a man, feels like a woman, and acts like a child.'" This also is somewhere near the facts: "Renan was naturally fitted to see only shadows. Truth, to him, was a butterfly. It could not be hit with blows of a club. To him the coarse syllogisms of logic were like blows of a club. . . . The first of his selected themes for study was the Jews. Armed with the weapons of modern criticism, he faced the spirit of Israel; he, the young Catholic from Brittany, lost himself in the study of the genius that came to meet him from ancient Palestine. This Israelitish genius, with its peculiar virility and the fire of its religious enthusiasm, struck him with admiration, and he stretched all the tentacles of his being to seize and comprehend it. Europe owes less to the Greeks than to the Israelites. Europe's festivals to-day are Jewish, not Greek; its God is Jewish, not Greek; the Book which the civilized world calls 'Holy' is Jewish literature; the ideas of the vast multitudes with regard to duty and faith, the life here and hereafter, came from Syria; Europe's ideals were born at Nazareth. Renan was attracted and overawed by the spirit of Israel. He was startled by the fact that a little tribe of people, consisting first of nomads, then of husbandmen, and of necessity warlike—without navigation, for they were shut off from the sea; without commerce, which was in the hands of other races; without architecture or art, and wholly without science—had accomplished one great achievement, and left one immense result, Religion, or rather two religions which in their essence were but one, for primitive Christianity only reiterated in a more generally intelligible manner what Jewish prophets had said seven hundred and fifty years before. The Israelites had uttered so energetic, so passionate a cry for justice that after the lapse of nearly three thousand years it is still resounding in our ears. This appealed to his idealism, and even the fact that it all lay so far away down the ages was an additional attraction to him. There are historians who only feel at ease when they have firm ground under their feet; they love the perceptible, the palpable. Renan, on the contrary, saw well in the dark, liked to see in the dark, preferred to peer into remote times, and felt with satisfaction their conditions and emotions come to life in his inner perception. Whether it was actually the life of those old times as it was lived then—who can say? But he brought all his powers to bear upon vivifying the thoughts and emotions of a thousand years of that far-away past. . . . To get nearer to Jesus he went to Palestine and filled himself with impressions of the place and countries in which Jesus had lived, thereby obtaining a vivid conception of the surroundings and conditions amid which the religious principles which now rule the civilized world first came into being." Brandes says that Renan's presentation of Jesus is brilliantly conceived and delicately executed—an ivory statuette. But he deprives the first Christian century of the gospel of St. John, and blackens the character of Jesus; in his attempt to modernize that Great Figure he attributes to Him his own favorite qualities, as when he calls

Him the founder of "the great doctrine of lofty scorn." "Now and again," says Brandes, "we receive an uncomfortable impression that Renan himself sat for this picture of Jesus. He loves Jesus just as he loves Marcus Aurelius; but he has an antipathy to religious men of action like Paul and Luther." Renan's ethical principles are fairly set forth by Brandes as follows: "His fundamental idea was that each one's duties and virtues are determined, not by any fixed authoritative moral standards, but by the exigencies and impulses of his own nature. As St. Francis was not bound to be a thinker or an artist, so Raphael was not bound to be a saint nor to live a conventional or moral life. It was Goethe's *duty* to disregard all considerations, including the moral, for the sake of his literary art, which alone had any claim upon him. In other words, the artist's disregard of the common standards of morality is held to be a higher morality!" The plain fact is that few men have written blasphemies more inexcusable than those of this gross, unctuous Frenchman, Renan.

We revert to *The Bibliotheca Sacra* (Oberlin, Ohio) chiefly because of the two articles noticed in our last, Dr. Kuyper's criticism of the biblical criticism of the present day and Mr. Churchman's appeal to the new school of theology. The October number of this stanch periodical, taken as a whole, is one of the strongest issues seen in many a day. Dr. Kuyper does not regard the immense study bestowed on Holy Scripture by modern critics as labor lost, for he says:

> On the contrary, I have the firm conviction that in the end, and under God's gracious disposal, even the excesses of the most radical Scripture anatomists will be productive of good. How could it ever be unimportant and to no purpose, as far as principle and reverence allow it, to study the origin of the Holy Scripture in the processes of its entering upon existence; to point out the seams where the pieces of the shining robe have been so beautifully woven together; and in a better way than was ever done before to frame, if not with mathematical certainty at least with conjecture, the circle in whose midst, the author by whom, and the time in which, a book of Scripture originated? So little do I aim at the abandonment of these studies that I would no sooner sanction an official ban upon these vivisectorial excesses and physiological indelicacies with the *Corpus Scripturæ* than with the *corpus humanum*. But if, in the circle of the medical sciences, these vivisectorial excesses and physiological violations of common chastity are not prohibited by law, has not the nobler-minded *medicus* the right, in virtue of the principle itself of his science—that is, in the name of the human character that belongs to it, because it has the home for its object—to protest against these shameful cruelties, and the no less shameful indelicacies, as indecent and unlawful? Or, is it not true that in his bodily appearing man ceases to be worthy of the honor of furnishing an object for a separate science, when, treating the animal cruelly and himself having become bestial, he degrades himself to being little better than a *corpus vile*? And have we no equal rights, when it concerns the *Corpus Scripturæ*, to enter our complaints on the ground of the absence of feeling in the vivisectors and the offensive profanities of the Scripture physiologists: not in spite, but in the name, of our science: both because, by their actions, the principle itself of theology is violated, and because a patchwork quilt such as they make the Scripture to be does no longer reward the trouble of scientific investigation.

As to what the Scripture is Dr. Kuyper prefers to take the inspired statement of Scripture itself rather than the uninspired opinion of critics. Thus he says:

I do not ask Rothe or Räbiger what the Scripture claims to be. I ask, rather, the highest interpreter of the Scripture organism itself—to wit, the Christ and his anointed apostolate. If, then, Christ and his apostles declare that the Scripture of the Old Covenant is very really inspired, and that by this inspiration it is of binding authority even to the extent of the individual word; or, to cite a single point in detail, if, with a lifted finger, the Son of God says to me, "Thus and so has Daniel the prophet spoken; my disciples, consider it!" and if I should form a contrary conclusion notwithstanding, then I would deem that I had forfeited the claim to the name of theologian, and I would consider myself to have entered into a flagrant contest with the real principle of my science, since I contradicted the Holy Spirit in the self-conscious declaration of his absolute interpreters.

Referring to the inexplicables, the *cruces interpretum*, found in Holy Scripture, the difficulties before which all theologians stand perplexed, Kuyper says that if he is obliged either to leave those difficulties unsolved and seeming discrepancies unexplained, confessing his ignorance, or, on the other hand, to reject the infallibility of the Scriptures, then, in such a dilemma, he firmly chooses the first, and takes his stand with the simple-minded people of God, and with his whole soul he shrinks back from choosing the second in company with the critics. Further he adds:

To say with Rothe and his followers that there are myths in the Scripture; that the creation narrative is pious fantasy; fantasy likewise the narrative of the fall; that the prophecies are products of a higher-tensioned spiritual life; that the testimonies borne by Christ and his apostles concerning the Old Covenant are devoid of normative power; that the apostolic representation of the truth is equally little normative and binding; that even the image of the Christ which they outline and paint is not fixedly reliable; and then solemnly to declare that the whole Scripture from Gen. i, 1, to Rev. xxii, 21, is their *Word of God*, is more than I can do; it is too bold for me; it looks wonderfully much like a *protestatio actui contraria*, which I hear, but of which I have no understanding.

Speaking of the Bible as the supernaturally inspired Word of God, and as the only foundation of certainty and comfort, Kuyper says:

A troubled soul, tossed with tempest and not comforted, is filled with anxiety, and thirsts after certainty. In the heart of one who is so apprehended of the Lord, even though he be a plain day-laborer, the sacred things of the Almighty have found a lodging, and therefore in the depths of his soul the powers of hell antagonize those sacred things. Thus a conflict is waged as of giant forces in his breast, and that oppresses him; he sees no way of escape; he faints beneath its tension, except He who is compassionate takes compassion on him, and sets him up upon the *Rock of the Word*. Only when he stands on *that Word* does the oil of gladness drip in his soul instead of mourning, and the garments of praise begin to shine forth in place of the spirit of heaviness, and the man breaks forth in singing the praises of Him who has set him free from bonds; also from those oppressing bonds of dependency upon man, who at best is but a creature of dust. For to obtain real peace, an unshakable faith, and a full development of powers, our soul must, in the depth of depths and forsaken

of all men, depend on God Almighty alone. To draw one's being immediately from God's own hand, consciously and continuously, this renders one invincible, enables one to become heroic, and makes us surpass ourselves. This is the secret of the power which forms character, steels the will with energy, and sets man, the citizen, the confessor of Jesus, truly free.

The other article we revert to is the "Appeal to the New School," by Mr. Churchman, an instructor in Princeton University and a layman. Beginning by declaring his sympathy with what is called the New School in theology, he points out its weaknesses and mistakes, and calls it sharply to account for its evil influence. Its greatest faults are its utterly unwarranted contempt for the piety and scholarship of its opponents, the conservatives; and the impression it generally makes of being really antagonistic to any Christianity worthy of the name, because it is continually and vigorously proclaiming its *negative* views. He calls on the men of this school to give their force to proclaiming their *positive* convictions. He demands that the loudest note from pulpits, magazines, books, and professional chairs shall be a clear, ringing declaration of the great central and fundamental beliefs of apostolic and evangelical Christianity. He says that seminaries where the atmosphere is coldly critical, negative, and destructive cannot prepare preachers who will go out to the world with a positive message. He thinks Harnack's influence does more to weaken the faith of the orthodox than to attract agnostics toward any sort of Christianity; and that Martineau spent more force in antagonizing the scholarly and evangelical Liddon than in combating men like Huxley and Haeckel, who were hostile to religion of every kind. He tells the New School men that there is a terrible necessity for them to stop harping on "what we have outgrown," to stop curling the lip at the "moss-backs," to stop ridiculing the faith hitherto held by orthodox Churches, and to make themselves conspicuous as bold, whole-hearted, and powerful preachers of the positive Christianity which sent Paul and Peter out to their fight against sin and denial and doubt—to proclaim in ringing tones the supernatural religion, based on Christ's resurrection and authority, which is the only religion that can convince, convert, and regenerate this unregenerate and unbelieving age. "If these men," asks Mr. Churchman, "believe all this, why do they not talk more about it; why do they not keep it always in the foreground?" This supernatural religion finds its center in a supernatural Person, and part of its evidence is in supernatural historic events. No other interpretation can be put on the words of those Scripture writers who knew what Christianity was in its beginning; such a religion is philosophically admissible, and is also rationally demanded by a world like ours. To the claim of the New School that their surrender of various points formerly held is only a retiring to more tenable ground, he answers by saying that even if this be so, nevertheless this apparent retreat has emboldened and drawn forward the enemy, has discouraged many of our soldiers, and has turned some neutrals against us. It has confused and troubled many plain good people, loosened the faith of not a few, turned some young men from entering the ministry. He warns the men of the New School, to which he himself belongs, that, for its own credit and safety as well as

for the saving of others, there is desperate need now for a firm stand, a defiant display of colors, and a swift return to the charge against the powers of darkness, the avowed enemies of the Cross of Christ, the sin and won't-believe of the world, the rebellion of the evil heart of unbelief. He sounds a call to arms and wants to know of the New School whether it will heed the call.

A similar tone of strenuous conservative protest runs through Dr. A. A. Berle's exposure of "The Illusions of a Personal Theology," in which he sets forth the excessive liberties taken by individual scholars and preachers with long-established views which rest in the consensus of evangelical Christendom. He points out that in the denominations where individualism has held the largest sway, "peculiarly the Congregational bodies, especially the Unitarians, the corporate sense is the weakest, and the power of reproduction and inspiration to the foundation motives of religious activity are reduced almost to the vanishing point. Unitarianism has in its history so driven down the stake of the supremacy of the individual in theological thought, and utterly ignored anything like authority in the collective denominational consciousness, that the stake has pierced its vitals, and its disappearance is almost inevitable. The Trinitarian Congregationalists share, to the degree that this spirit prevails among them, the same listlessness on the side of denominational unity and aggressiveness." Dr. Berle's protest does not advocate a backward step from the great essential principles of Protestant freedom, but urges that we do not sufficiently guard and cherish the *unity* of the faith. He rightly says that eternal protest and progressive subdividings do not provide a Church going onward in spiritual conquest and growth.

The Holy Catholic Church never has been divided, and never can be divided. And a genuine catholicity has nothing in it that can interfere with the largest enjoyments of personal enrichment, inquiry, or growth. But if the historic advance of Christianity is not to end, like the Rhine River, in extinction, then the stream must be kept wide and deep, and the little streams of individual self-interest and self-development, even in devotion and spirituality, must flow into the great channel of the whole. Where the individual Christians all feel it needful to have the ritual modified to suit themselves, and the individual theologians all feel it necessary to add their "personal" touch, and the masses of the Church at large are kept guessing whether these varieties of thought belong to the same class or not and whether the words used mean what they seem to mean, and have to carry on a perpetual game of hide-and-seek with symbolical meaning and critical guesses and economic theologies, the Church may live; but it will be a weak, ill-fed, anæmic thing. In no respect is the need of the Church so great at this moment as in this matter. If the mass of thinking men and women will come from the lanes and bypaths of personal self-assertion and self-gratification in which they have been wandering into the great common road of historic Christianity, and if the religious thinkers and preachers will all join in a grand and united affirmation of the simple essentials of the Christian Gospel, and use the vernacular of common life, and deal with the processes and the practices with which common men are familiar, the tramp of the swelling forces will itself make a resounding that will awake echoes of the triumphant revivals of other days. Liberty has been achieved. Whether we can achieve the unity which is its custodian and protection, is the pressing question of the hour.

In the *Hibbert Journal* (London) for July T. B. Saunders says of Herder that his life was often very miserable; most of his friendships issued in estrangements; his criticism of Kant degenerated into a violent tirade; he seemed incapable of living on amiable terms with his fellow-men, or of adopting for any length of time any other attitude than that of a schoolmaster; his literary style is turgid, disconnected, diffuse, pretentious; he had the Teutonic tendency to substitute guess for observation, hypothesis for fact. Louis Stevenson objected to conceiving of heaven as "an eternal tea-party, where our friends will meet us—all ironed out and emasculate." Writing of "The Problem of Evil," Lieutenant George Stock says truly that the only philosophy open to the Christian theist is that of an unflinching optimism. He says also that religion is not a theory of the universe, but a passion of the heart; it is more akin to love than to philosophy or metaphysics; its spirit is in the words of Augustine, "Thou hast made us for thyself, and our heart can find no rest until it rests in thee." Religion is the soul craving to give itself to something it can trust. God is not an inference from outward facts so much as a revelation to the heart within. Let us look for him there. L. R. Farnell, of Exeter College, Oxford, writing of the decadence of the Greek religion, says that "by the fifth century the Olympian puppet show was played out;" and that, anyway, "the only real gods in Greece were Bacchus and Eros"—the only ones regarded with any enthusiasm. Percy Gardner, of Oxford, rightly declares that what is most needed in our day is not more criticism, but more faith, greater religious activity, stronger spiritual life. Brierley's spirit in his attempted restatements of Christianity reminds Wilfred Harris of "a young eagle delightedly realizing that it is now strong enough to kick its old eggshell out of the nest, and greeting the abyss beneath and the heavens above with the keen joy of one who is looking out now for wing-roads and swoop-paths." H. S. Perris, of London, criticising Dr. Fairbairn's claims for John Calvin, says: "The 'rule of the saints' in Geneva, in Calvin's lifetime, was a sorry substitute for the 'Kingdom of God.' In the New England which we see pictured in the pages of Hawthorne, in the Scotland of Knox and the Covenanters, in the activities of the Westminster Assembly, in the mental torments of Bunyan's *Grace Abounding*, and the awful gloom which descended upon the gentle spirit of Cowper—in these we recognize, it is true, a pitiful sincerity, and often an intensity of moral power. There is religion here; but it is the religion of the Law and not of the Gospel. It is a message of fear, and not of gladness. It is Augustinianism triumphing over the gentle spirit of the Man of Nazareth. It was an evil day for Protestantism when, at the crisis of its youthful life, its destinies came to be shaped by the cold, juristic methods of Calvin's mind—a mind vigorous and pure, it may be, but alien from 'the mind of Christ.' To-day the whole gigantic edifice of Protestant Scholasticism is either being 'restated' or falling into ruins. Scotland is seething with new and more liberal ideas. Barrie and Ian Maclaren write of the 'Auld Lichts' as of beacons that are going out. In America the genius of a young nation has shown itself in the Churches which have escaped from the Calvinistic desert. In France the most potent voices are those of

Sabatier and Réville. In Geneva itself an expiatory monument was recently erected on the spot where Servetus was sacrificed to the bigotry of the Protestant Inquisitor. Before the light of modern science the gloomy theology of the Fall has vanished, and a cloud has been lifted from men's minds. If we are to write a history of Calvin from the point of view of modern ideas, it is impossible that these judgments of human development should be ignored. The tragic mistake of the Protestant leaders was that they stamped religion for centuries as 'correct opinion;' they closed the door to progress; they translated their Justification by Faith (a principle of Freedom) into Justification by Creed (a principle of external Authority). In our day the lineaments of the Christ have had to be recovered. Harnack has to vindicate the essential principle of Luther, as against the degenerate doctrines of Lutheranism. The 'Five Points' of Calvinism have to be confronted with the fair humanities of the Parable of Jesus and the Sermon on the Mount." In the October number of this same *Journal* Sir Oliver Lodge, writing upon "Sin," expresses the opinion that, if one would overcome sin and sinful tendencies, there is more practical efficacy in filling the days full with right work, thus excluding weeds from the garden by energetic cultivation of healthy plants, than in concentrating one's attention directly on sins and faults with brooding and lamentation. And then, enforcing the need to watch outwardly against temptation and danger, as well as to pray, he quotes one of Rachel Annand Taylor's poems, entitled "The Vanity of Vows:"

A soul of many longings entered late
A chapel like a jewel blazing bright,
And fell upon the altar steps. All night
She held with hopes and agonies debate;
With tears the litanies love-passionate
Drenched her; triumphant colors burned her white;
And, as the incense flamed in silver light,
God sealed her to His own novitiate.

And then, because her eyes were charmed with peace,
And blinded by the stars new-born within
The lit sweet lids God's dreams had lovered,—
Nine paces from that House of Ecstasies
Her feet were taken in the snares of sin;
And, ere the morning quickened, she was dead.

Referring to the fact that Christ is something more than a hero, Sir Oliver writes: "Paul was able to bear sufferings with heroism, but Paul was not crucified for us, nor are we baptized in the name of Paul. No, there is evidently something unique about the majesty of Jesus of Nazareth which raises him above the rank of man; and the willingness of such a Being to share our nature, to live the life of a peasant, and to face the horrible certainty of execution by torture, in order personally to help those whom he was pleased to call his brethren, is a race-asset which, however masked and overlaid with foreign growths, yet gleams through every covering and suffuses the details of common life with fragrance. This conspicuously has been a redeeming agency."

BOOK NOTICES.

RELIGION, THEOLOGY, AND BIBLICAL LITERATURE.

Union Seminary Addresses. By THOMAS S. HASTINGS. Crown 8vo, pp. 266. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Price, cloth, $1.50.

From his inaugural address on taking the chair of homiletics and pastoral theology in 1881, as the successor of Dr. William Adams, to his farewell address as president to the graduates of 1897, these utterances of godly wisdom run, on such topics as "How Does God Call his Ministers?" "What is the Preaching of the Gospel?" "The Childlike Spirit," "Man in the Image of God," and "I Am that I Am;" with eight Commencement Addresses to graduating classes; and a large number of "Short Talks at Morning Prayers," filling more than a hundred pages. *The book is worth having.* Speaking of the various ways in which God calls His ministers, Dr. Hastings says: "Years ago, up in Vermont, a good woman established in a remote place public Sabbath services, and selected a young man to read printed sermons to the little congregation. After a time that Christian woman said to that young man, 'You must become a Methodist minister.' 'But,' he replied, 'I am not even a Christian.' 'No matter,' answered she, 'you are called to be a Christian and a preacher, both in one call, as Saul of Tarsus was.' The call was effectual, and the young man became Bishop Hedding." With the statement that in some sense the Death of Christ paid the debt of mankind, these poetic words are quoted: "The debts which loaded earth were paid by Love's kiss on the lips of Law, tenderly silenced." "Love's kiss on the lips of Law"—that is the gospel of the Atonement. Bidding young ministers seek not ease but a place for toiling hard, the words of Mrs. Browning are repeated:

> Get leave to work
> In this world—'tis the best you get at all;
> For God, in cursing, gives us better gifts
> Than men in benediction, God says "*sweat*"
> For foreheads; men say "crowns;" and so we're crowned,
> Ay, gashed by some tormenting circle of steel
> Which snaps with a secret spring. Get work; get work;
> Be sure 'tis better than what you work to get.

Advising the class of 1893 against self-seeking, Dr. Hastings says: "*Do not try to climb;* accept the level that claims and there *work* with all your might—not for promotion, but for Christ and humanity. When Gladstone, early in his great career, was urged by the Bishop of Oxford to seek a higher position, he made this noble reply: 'It is my fixed determination never to take any step whatever to raise myself to a higher level in official life; and this, not on grounds of Christian self-denial, which would hardly apply, but on the double ground, first, of my total ignorance of my own capacity, bodily or mental, to hold such a higher level; and secondly,

because I am certain that the fact of my *seeking* it would seal my doom in taking it. And this is a reason of a very practical kind. Every day brings me fresh evidence of its force and soundness.'" Napoleon said: "When I see one chair that is higher and better than the others, my impulse is to take it for myself." He was the embodiment of human ambition. In Smith's life of Drummond is this sentence, "Holiness is an infinite compassion for others; greatness is to take the common things of life and walk truly among them; happiness is in great love and much serving." In Westminster Abbey on the tomb of the good Lord Shaftesbury is an epitaph of only two words, *Love, Serve.* They sum up his great life. Only the unselfish and humble can win that great eulogy, "*They forgot themselves into immortality.*" On realizing God, Dr. Hastings says: "From Switzerland John Tyndall wrote, 'I live here in the immediate presence of a mountain, noble alike in form and mass. But a bucket or two of water whipped into a cloud can obscure that lordly peak, so that you would almost say no peak could be there. But the cloud passes away, and the mountain in its solid grandeur remains.' So is it with us; it takes but little to hide God from us." Charles Kingsley, when his last breath was passing, faintly whispered, as if experiencing the Beatific Vision, "How beautiful God is!" When a student said to Dr. Jowett, "I want to know what you think of God," Jowett replied, "I am more concerned to know what God thinks of me." By all means to save men is our business. Dr. Dale, of Birmingham, gave much time to the public interests of his city, joining therein with all denominations. One day the Roman Catholic Canon of that diocese said to him, "Dale, when do you mean to give up politics and look after your own soul?" Dr. Dale answered, "I have given my soul to Christ to look after. He can do it better than I can. My business is to do my duty to my fellow-men and leave the rest with Him." On prayer, we find the words of Coleridge on his deathbed: "I do not reckon the most solemn *faith in God as a real object* to be the most arduous effort of the reason and the will. O, no; it is rather to *pray*, to pray as God would have us. Believe me, to pray with all your heart and strength, with the reason and the will—to believe vividly that God will listen to your voice, and thereupon to do the thing that pleaseth Him—this is the greatest achievement of the Christian upon earth. *Teach us* to pray, O Lord!" Then he burst into tears and begged Hartley to pray for him. Like this is President Eliot's saying, "Prayer is the transcendent effort of intelligence;" and Lady Tennyson's saying, "When I pray I see the face of God smiling upon me;" and recalls Phillips Brooks' saying, "God's gracious mercy binds His omnipotence a willing servant to every humble prayer." On the duty and difficulty of mastering self, Bushnell wrote to a friend: "To tear yourself from yourself; to double yourself up and thrust yourself under your heels, and make a general smash of yourself, and be all the more yourself for this mauling and self-annihilation—this is the work before you, and it is a mighty work." That is true; and we must get out of and above ourselves, especially in our prayers, or our prayers will not reach up and prevail. One of the Short Talks at Morning Prayers is on the words, "What think ye of Christ?" and

says: "We inherit opinions, beliefs, thoughts, but do we *think?* To drift with the current or to be driven by the wind of popular sentiment—that is not *thinking.* To hold the mind, in spite of current and wind, concentrated upon some course of reflection; to fix the gaze of the mind on some divine object; to fasten upon some great thought, and to turn it about to see all sides of it and in different lights—that is *thinking.* Do you *think* about Christ? *What* do you think of Him? *He is not a problem, but a Person.* I do not ask what you think about His complex nature as the God-man; I do not now ask what you think about the mysteries of the Atonement—those are problems deep and difficult. *He is a Person.* What do you *think* of Him? The central and dominant fact of history, cleaving Time in twain so that all centuries are marked and named either Before or After Him; the one and only incarnation of God; the Eternal and Infinite Spirit made tangible, visible, audible; God made human for the heart; the one only perfect man—so Christ stands forth before you. You *must* think about *Him,* because He is the unique and supreme object of thought; He is the one theme of the one supreme Book of all the ages and all the races. How can any man *help* thinking about *Him?* How can any human being stand with covered and irreverent head before this most wonderful, most commanding Personality? While history is blazoned with eulogies of lesser persons; while the earth is burdened with monuments commemorating sinners; why, O, why, do so many fail to remember and really to *think* of the Sinless One—the Christ? In thinking of a *problem* use your brain; in thinking of this *Person* let your heart throb in your brain. *Think* what He has said and done and suffered for you! *Think!* And answer what He is to you and what you are to Him!" Here is a shrewd sentence quoted: "Prosperity and poundcake are for very young gentlemen whom such things content; but a man's, a hero's, success is made up largely of failures, because he experiments and ventures every day, and the more falls he gets the faster he moves on, defeated all the time and yet to victory born." Who is the valiant knight who says, in the *Idylls of the King:*

> Thou art not wise to call him shamed who is but overthrown.
> Thrown have I been, not once but many a time.
> Victor from vanquished issues at the last,
> And overthrower from being overthrown?

Macaulay said of Alexander the Great, "He was often defeated in battle, yet was always successful in war." Speaking of Zaccheus, Dr. Hastings says: "I like him. He was small, but he knew how to *climb.* He was a sinner, but he wanted to see Jesus. So many men will not take the trouble to climb and do not desire to see the Lord. They are content with a low level, where they see nothing, know nothing, find nothing. If only they would *climb,* how much they might see and learn! With *'social* climbers' I have no sympathy; with *intellectual* climbers I have some sympathy, if only they are climbing, not from mere ambition, but from love of the truth and the light; as for *political* climbers, they may fall and break their necks, and I shall not put on mourning for them.

But *spiritual* climbers—to them my heart goes out; they *want* to see Jesus; they *will* see Jesus; and He will abide in their house." Professor Flint said of Maurice and Kingsley, "They believed that all history was meant to be made a magnificent and conclusive apologetic of Christianity." Striking words are those of Böhmen, the Silesian mystic, "The element of the bird is the air, the element of the fish is the water, and the heart of God is Jacob Böhmen's element." Living in that element men grow in blessedness and power and usefulness forever. To the class of 1891, the President of Union Theological Seminary said: "You have been taught here to revere the Bible as the inspired Word of God, and to study and defend it as such. *But I pray you not to study and defend the Bible in the spirit of the Inquisition.*" Here is Luther's favorite homiletical rule: "Open the mouth boldly; open the mouth widely; *have done quickly.*" And here is Henry Drummond's message to a despondent friend: "*Please see the blue in the sky*, and remember, there is always more of it than you can see." And here is what Rowland Hill said when he saw a child on a rocking-horse: "Plenty of motion but no progress."

System of Christian Doctrine. By HENRY C. SHELDON, S.T.D., Professor of Systematic Theology in Boston University School of Theology. 8vo, pp. xi, 635. Cincinnati: Jennings & Graham. New York: Eaton & Mains. Price, cloth, $2.50.

A distinguished French scholar once began a work in illustration of the Bible with the words, "This is a book of good faith." He used them simply as a profession of personal sincerity. In a much broader sense they might be applied to Professor Sheldon's new volume. His faith is good, objectively as well as subjectively; and he has rendered an important service by giving to it this careful and scholarly exposition. Had theologians and creed makers never made wider departures from the obvious teachings of the Bible and from the rational insights of divinely illuminated and regenerated souls than are here made, the tasks of the defenders of our holy faith would have been far simpler and easier than in reality they have been. Indeed, so frappant is the relief herein afforded that one reviewer has already suggested that the work might wisely be made the text-book in which all our converts from heathenism and all our missionary candidates in mission fields should receive their training in Christian doctrine. Among treatises on didactic theology from the Methodist standpoint this is the first to attempt a presentation of the Christian system as affected by the twentieth-century teachings in the fields of biblical exegesis and biblical history. As such it deserves and is certain to receive unusual attention. The author, as conservative readers will be pleased to note, shows no anxiety to hasten the exchange of the older view of the Bible for the new. Indeed, it seems pretty plain that it has been with a degree of reluctance that he has felt constrained to recognize the present state of expert opinion among Old Testament scholars. Still, having felt it his duty to make the recognition, he not only does it, but also resolutely accepts the further duty of showing that faith in the Incarnate Christ and in his redemptive work has foundations too broad and too deep to be disturbed by conflicting theories as to the precise amount of Mosaic writing

that has reached our hands, or even by wild hypotheses as to the significance of Jerahmeelite influence in Hebrew history. Professor Sheldon, like his gifted predecessor, Dr. James E. Latimer, had the advantage of coming to his chair of systematic theology after years of fruitful work in the field of Church history. He had published a *History of Christian Doctrine* in two portly volumes and a *History of the Christian Church* in five. All the more surprising is his abstention from unnecessary historic detail in the present work. Many a reader will fail to discern the great amount of first-hand knowledge of the theological world of the past underlying the various chapters. Qualified experts, however, will not be slow to recognize in nearly every discussion abundant evidence of the pertinent historic data present in the author's mind, but not placed on exhibition. Perhaps the most omnipresent characteristic of the work is its remarkable combination of stalwart conviction with self-restraint in expression. The author understands the strength of the reasoner who never overstrains an argument, and who often deliberately understates a consideration in order to render its rejection as an overstatement impossible. To an opponent he often makes what seem excessive concessions, yet it is soon seen that by so doing he has rendered his logic the more constraining. If the reasons for a particular belief, even a belief which he wishes to hold, are not altogether adequate, he does not attempt to establish it by rhetorically varied iterations; he straightforwardly admits the fact, and presses nothing that goes beyond the evidence. In keeping with this eminently judicial attitude of mind we find greater stress laid upon the cumulative and conspiring lines of Christian evidence than has been common in preceding treatises. This results in a balance and solidity of doctrine altogether admirable. A beautiful illustration of this is found on pages 90-102, another on pages 360-366, another on pages 402-412. From what has been said above in regard to the author's self-restraint in expression the reader should by no means infer that errorists are left unnoticed, or when noticed are given merely a reserved and weakly polite recognition. It would not be easy to name another single work of its compass in which are presented such trenchant and conclusive refutations of agnosticism, atheistic evolutionism, annihilationism, unitarianism, sacerdotalism, sacramentarianism, infallibilism, and the fashionable fad-paganisms of the day. With respect to all issues between Romanism and Protestantism it may safely be affirmed that no Methodist scholar since the days of Dr. Charles Elliot has written with such wide mastery of Roman Catholic literature ancient and modern. In a book on Systematic Theology published by the Methodist Book Concern one naturally expects to find a peculiarly warm, fresh, and *con amore* presentation of the doctrines most characteristic of the Methodist type of teaching and life. In this case the expectation is fully met. The author's whole presentation of the "personal appropriation of salvation" is heart-warming. The prerogatives of spiritual "sonship" call out terms and sentences that are almost rhythmic. His treatment of sanctification and assurance are worthy of presentation in every pulpit. On the latter point he is more just to Wesley than Wesley ever was to himself in any one writing. His final definition, though brief, carefully guards both the

divine and the human element, as follows: "Assurance is in and through the filial consciousness, which consciousness is at once an activity of man's spirit and a product of the Holy Spirit's agency." The Appendix to the work contains pertinent papers on the following subjects: I. The Miracle of Christ's Resurrection; II. Ethnic Systems Especially as Respects Trinitarian Features; III. Scholastic Realism; IV. The Theory of a Merely Ideal Preexistence of Christ; V. Some Ethico-Religious Questions: 1. Marriage and Divorce; 2. Sunday Observance; 3. Temperance. We shall not be surprised if, like some preceding works from the same pen, this able treatise shall come to be adopted as a favorite text-book in more than one institution outside our own communion. Its rare union of comprehensiveness and brevity, reverence and courage, scholarship and spirituality, eminently fit it for such a use.

The Enlargement of Life. By FREDERICK LYNCH. 12mo, pp. 188. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Price, cloth, $1.

To bring eternal satisfactions to men, to meet the needs of some heart and answer the questions of some mind, is the aim of preaching and the effort of these twelve discourses, on such themes as "Missing the Prize of Life," "Inviting the Best Things," "Believing the Best Things," "The Humanness of God," "Needs and Satisfactions." The sermon on "The Growing of a Soul" concludes thus: "This then is life: God puts us here as children and says, 'Render back to me perfect men;' God gives us a bit of mind-stuff and says, 'Render back to me a resourceful power, intellect;' God puts us here with a spark of the divine life, having in it the capacity to be great and godlike, and says, 'Render back to me this life, this soul, all glorious and beautiful, pure, benignant, fulfilled in my image.'" Zaccheus is the subject of the sermon on "The Secret of Transformation," in which we read: "When Jesus told Zaccheus that he wished to abide at his house, he did not surprise Zaccheus more than he amazed the crowd. The attitude of the village toward the tax-collector was one of scorn. They did not speak to him on the street, never invited him to their house nor went to his, pointed him out to their families as a bad man. They never noticed his wife, and would not let their children play with his children. All this soured Zaccheus and made him harder and more self-centered than ever. Now see the difference in Jesus's attitude. He greeted him at the first meeting and went to dine with him. Jesus asked himself not 'What is Zaccheus's character?' but 'Can I do him good?' not 'What is his social standing?' but 'Can I help him?' not 'What are his habits?' but 'Can I give him better ones?' not 'Is he base?' but 'Can I make him noble?' not 'What has been his past?' but 'Can I start him on an upright future?' Notice that the people's attitude was very natural, but notice that it never did Zaccheus any good: Christ's attitude was very uncommon, but it *saved* Zaccheus. Here is the secret of the salvation of bad men. Bad people will be made good when good people make friends with them to save them. Sermons will not save them, for they do not go to hear them. Telling them they are bad will not help them; they know that well enough already. What they need is not that knowledge, but a

friend. Let a good man, instead of spurning the bad man, be friendly toward him, and in nine cases out of ten it will make the bad man better. Jean Valjean, in *Les Miserables*, is finally saved by the first friendship ever offered to him, trying against fearful odds to make his life worthy the trust and esteem of the good bishop. It is Zaccheus and Jesus over again. John, in *The Minister's Wooing*, writes Mary that because she, out of all his acquaintances, still believes there is good in him, he has left his wrong old life and is trying to make himself worthy of her confidence." In the discourse on "Paul at Athens" is this: "The crowd he spoke to was made largely of Stoics and Epicureans. The Stoic said, 'Life is a struggle, but a wise man will endure it with fortitude.' The Epicurean said, 'Life is an accident, a bubble on the ocean; enjoy the sunshine while it lasts and die.' To the Stoics Paul said, 'Life is not to be merely endured, but a beautiful opportunity to live largely and nobly with joy and gladness as unto God.' To the Epicureans he said, 'God is not far away nor indifferent, but a spiritual presence, lovingly mindful of us as His children. So the thing to do is not to fritter it away in self-indulgence, but to be up and doing to make ourselves souls fit to live forever." When a certain great author was asked what was the secret of a true life, he answered, "Inviting into it the best things." The religion best suited to help a young man intent on worthy living and noble achievement is thus presented: "A belief in a God immanent in His world as a soul possesses a body and transcends it; a childlike trust in this heavenly Father as the giver of life and peace; a belief that God reveals Himself to the hearts of all true men, modern as well as ancient; that He spoke to holy men of old, but speaks also to holy men of to-day; that He revealed Himself in Hebrew history, but reveals Himself as well in our own history, had we eyes to see; that this is God's world, not the devil's, and that He is in it by His Spirit, moving it toward the realization of His kingdom; that He forgives sin and gives another chance for life; that all men are brothers because they are all children of God; that the pure life and the life of love is the only life worth living; that fullness of life comes only from the touch of Divine power, and that Jesus Christ has opened the way and is the guide to the fullness of life; and a belief in the immortality of the soul, based on the character of God and the soul's inherent worth and lofty capacities."

PHILOSOPHY, SCIENCE, AND GENERAL LITERATURE.

Transitional Eras in Thought. With Special Reference to the Present Age. By A. C. ARMSTRONG, Ph.D., Professor of Philosophy in Wesleyan University. 12mo, pp. 345. New York: The Macmillan Company. Price, cloth, $1.50.

The student of the past renders his own times a service of immeasurable value when he teaches it to understand itself, its hereditary traits and its tendencies, the fundamental conditions from which flow its apparent vagaries, and the inner meaning of its self-contradictions. Such a contribution is Professor Armstrong's scholarly study of transitional eras. In the restless fever of contemporary thought comes a cool and

wholesome touch. To many of his readers, as to so many of his students, it will carry confidence and peace. Every page of the book bears internal evidence of the unusual fitness of the author for his task. It is the work of a trained historian thoroughly familiar with his material. But above all the author shows an extraordinarily intimate knowledge of the perplexing ramifications of the thought of our own times, while its critical passages are the work of an acute constructive thinker who has lived through his problems, and transfuses them with new interpretations at once illuminating and stimulating. In addition to all this the work is inspired by a warmly sympathetic heart that has passed through the shadow of transition into a deep ethical and religious experience. The book begins with an analytical study of the nature of development in thought and an account of specific typical periods of transition. The historical law of the development of thought is not a simple one. The precondition of every new advance is a period of tearing down and clearing away, when the line of progress seems to return upon itself. These are eras of transition, characterized by confusion and dismay in the minds of individuals as well as in the spirit of the age. "Men grope as those who wander in the dark, convinced of the error of the remembered landmarks, but not discerning the way before them." We find such periods in the Greek Sophistic, in the transition from mediæval to modern times, in the great enlightenment, and in our present age—with its inheritance of problems from the Renaissance and new ones which grow out of the advancement of science, out of its historical interests, and out of its social movements; with its strange inconsistencies of dogmatism and skepticism, its melancholy and its bitter despair, its moral earnestness and its unquenchable spiritual aspirations. For the student of religious thought interest will probably center in the critique and appreciation of the modern faith philosophy. Preeminently wholesome is the psychological analysis of the mystic's endeavor to avoid the limitations of thought. Preeminently just is the recognition of the rights of those phases of consciousness that are ordinarily distinguished from the cognitive, that is, the feelings and the will. "The faith philosophy is more than mere reaction, more than a forlorn attempt to save ideal positions which have been undermined by the advance of rational investigation." It represents a deeply grounded tendency of reflection, justified by the intrinsic worth and the fundamental importance of the phenomena involved. But there must never be an abandonment of reason for a lower form of assent. The area within which ideal belief is legitimate is definitely bounded, and while the justification of the appeal to faith is to be found in personal necessity, "incongruity with the results of theoretical thought diminishes the degree of legitimate assurance." The light of history not only transfigures the somberness of transitional eras and gives each phase a new meaning, it also helps us to understand the phenomena of their close, when confidence succeeds doubt, and new syntheses with their illusions of finality displace the old or seek to use the old formulæ at the peril of unworthy compromise; when the processes of readjustment to newly accepted principles tempt us to premature concessions. *Transitional Eras in Thought* is not what could

be called a popular book. It is strictly scientific, yet it must appeal to every thoughtful person. It demands earnest study, but it amply repays the effort; for, in the opinion of the reviewer, it is one of the most capable critical inquiries into contemporary philosophic thought as a whole that we possess.

From Epicurus to Christ. A Study in the Principles of Personality. By WILLIAM DE WITT HYDE, President of Bowdoin College. 12mo, pp. 285. New York: The Macmillan Company, Price, cloth, $1.50.

The motto on the title-page is Hegel's saying, "Be a person and respect others as persons." The preface and the concluding pages, taken together, give the gist and drift of all that lies between. From the former we take this: "When asked why some men with moderate talents and meager technical equipment succeed, where others with greater ability and better preparation fail; why some women with plain features and few accomplishments charm, while others with all the advantages of beauty and cultivation repel, we are wont to conceal our ignorance behind the vague term *personality*. Undoubtedly the deeper springs of personality are below the threshold of consciousness, in hereditary traits and early training. Still some of the higher elements of personality rise above this threshold, are reducible to philosophical principles and amenable to rational control. The five centuries from the birth of Socrates to the death of Jesus produced five such principles: the Epicurean pursuit of pleasure, genial but ungenerous; the Stoic law of self-control, strenuous but forbidding; the Platonic plan of subordination, sublime but ascetic; the Aristotelian sense of proportion, practical but uninspiring; and the Christian Spirit of love, broadest and deepest of them all." After fully setting forth the first four of these principles, Dr. Hyde makes good his claim that Christianity contains all that is true and right in them, and in addition a necessary something which they lack. Christianity includes everything that is of value in Epicureanism, and infinitely more. It has the Epicurean gladness without its exclusiveness; its joy without its selfishness; its naturalness without its baseness; its geniality without its heartlessness. Christianity also takes up all that is true in the Stoic teaching without falling into its coldness, hardness, narrowness, and repulsiveness. A sturdy, strenuous, and virile Christianity can show a nobler and sweeter Stoicism, exclaiming in every untoward situation, "I can do all things through Christ who strengtheneth me;" shouting with more than Stoic defiance, "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?" In all the literature of Stoic exultation in the face of frowning danger and impending doom, there is nothing to match the splendid outburst of the great apostle: "Who shall separate us from the love of Christ? Shall tribulation, or anguish, or persecution, or famine, or nakedness, or peril, or sword? Nay, in all these things we are more than conquerors through Him that loved us. For I am persuaded that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor things present, nor things to come, nor powers, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God which is in

Christ Jesus our Lord." Christianity also gives all that was wise and just in the Platonic principle of the subordination of the lower elements in our nature to the higher; but its highest is far above the highest dream of Plato. And finally Christianity also gathers up into itself whatever is good in the principle of Aristotle; but aims at a higher end and its wisdom far exceeds the noblest teaching of all the Greeks. Dr. Hyde contends that a complete Christianity must include in itself all the good which was found in any of the four philosophies mentioned. "We need," he says, "to combine in harmonious and graceful unity the happy Epicurean disposition to take fresh from the hand of nature all the pleasures she innocently offers; the strong Stoic temper that takes complacently whatever incidental pains and ills the path of duty may have in store for us; the occasional Platonic mood which from time to time shall lift us out of the details of drudgery when they threaten to obscure the larger outlook of the soul; the shrewd Aristotelian insight which weighs the worth of transient impulses and passing pleasures in the impartial scales of intellectual and social ends; and then, not as a thing apart, but rather as the crown and consummation of all these other elements, the generous Christian Spirit which makes the joys and sorrows, the aims and interests, of others as precious as one's own; and sets the Will of God, which includes the good of all His creatures, high above all lesser aims, as the bond that binds them all together in the unity of a personal life which is in principle perfect with some faint approximation to the divine perfection." Dr. Hyde claims that any Christian view of life which omits any truth contained in the other four ancient systems is defective, inadequate, unworthy. "Ascetic Puritanism, for instance, is Christianity minus the truth taught by Epicurus. Sentimental liberalism is Christianity without the Stoic note. Dogmatic orthodoxy is Christianity sadly in need of Plato's searchlight of sincerity. Sacerdotal ecclesiasticism is Christianity that has lost the Aristotelian disinterestedness of devotion to intellectual and social ends higher and wider than its own institutional aggrandizement. The time," he says, "is ripe for a Christianity which shall have room for all the innocent joys of sense and flesh, of mind and heart, which Epicurus taught us to prize aright; yet shall have the Stoic strength to make whatever sacrifice of them the general good requires; which shall purge the heart of pride and pretense by questionings of motive as searching as those of Plato; and at the same time shall hold life to as strict accountability for practical usefulness and social progress as Aristotle's doctrines require. It is by the inclusion of whatever elements of truth and worth other and fragmentary systems have separately emphasized that we can have a Christianity that is really catholic."

Getting One's Bearings. By ALEXANDER MCKENZIE, D.D. 12mo, pp. 304. New York and Chicago: Fleming H. Revell Company. Price, cloth, $1.25.

This book, treating of such plain, familiar themes as Reason, Imagination, Time, Words, Luck, Success, Friendship, Travel, and Religion, is an outlook upon the world, with observations for direction and distance, to aid one in getting his bearings—learning where things are, in what way he

is related to them, and by what means they may best be approached. It is written for those whose life is still in the making, for all, whatever their age, who regard their methods as capable of improvement, and who still desire enlargement and advancement. The general topic, covering the particular items named, is, How to be a gentleman, a citizen of the world and yet superior to it. Writing of the qualities which go to make a gentleman, it is said: "Something is wrong in a man when he is fond of discord and willing to promote it. There is a lack of good judgment, and modesty, and good will, and courtesy." The words sound rather rough, but the statement is true, that in our intercourse and fellowship, "Cantankerousness is worse than heterodoxy." Also, it may be said that misrepresentation and false accusation are worse and uglier than heterodoxy; the one indicates an erring mind, the other a base and evil heart. Speaking of the place of Reason in religion, Dr. McKenzie writes: "In the Old Testament God says, 'Come and let us reason together;' and in the New Testament the sturdy fisherman apostle writes to the Christians who were dispersed that they should be 'ready always to give answer to every man that asketh you a reason for the hope that is in you.' This is characteristic of the whole method of the Scriptures. We find the greater apostle, with his logical mind and legal training, strong in the assurance that he and his colleagues had worked rationally, 'Commending ourselves to every man's conscience in the sight of God.' Dr. Peabody once took for the text of a sermon a single word, and began by saying, 'To me the most impressive word in the Bible is the word *Therefore* in the last verse of the fifteenth chapter of Paul's first Epistle to the Corinthians. That chapter transcends in grandeur everything else in the literature of all lands and ages.' What did Dr. Peabody mean by exalting this word? Simply this, that the whole course of the magnificent chapter on the Resurrection culminates at *Therefore*, which introduces the profound, immense conclusion which is the divine summary of life. *Therefore* is the bridge from the argument to the life. The force and power of the Resurrection cross over by that bridge and enter into the result—'*Therefore*, be ye steadfast, unmovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord.' From Easter to Life the way is logical and straight. It is reason that carries a man on from truth to life, from the doctrine of duty to acts of obedience. In the Christian system of belief and conduct, *Therefore* is a majestic and dominant word. Christ gave men reasons for believing Him and trusting Him, before He asked their confidence. Their belief and submission were to be rational, and He furnished reasons. Faith without reasons is credulity. Christ bids us believe Him for His own sake and for His works' sake, for what He is and for what He does. Then when, for good reasons, we trust Him, it becomes reasonable for us to do what He tells us to do." One day when the question of Prayer was brought up in a company of gentlemen, Judge Curtis, one of the most eminent jurists of the United States Supreme Court, a man of massive judgment in whom reason was at its best, said: "I believe in prayer because I believe in Jesus Christ who tells me to pray." He could not understand and explain all the philosophy and influence of prayer, but he could follow Christ. He saw reasons for

believing Christ and obeying Him. Therefore it was logical to pray. This was the sound reasoning of the judge; this was the logic which bowed his brainy head and lifted his aspiring heart in prayer. One page of the book before us says there is something wrong with a man who despises life or questions its worth. "A Maine fisherman, whose calling was hard and rough, and whose conditions were narrow, picked up on a yacht Mallock's book, *Is Life Worth Living?* He turned the pages and asked what sort of man the writer was. When he was told, his terse comment was, 'Well, he must be loony.' The most skilled reviewer could hardly have framed a truer characterization." How old age should be regarded is a disputed question. One has written, "At fifty, your vessel is stanch, and you are on deck, with the rest, in all weathers. At sixty, the vessel still floats, and you are in the cabin. At seventy, you, with a few fellow-passengers, are on a raft. At eighty, you are on a spar, to which possibly one, or two, or three friends of about your own age are still clinging. After that, you must expect soon to find yourself alone, if you are still floating, with only a life-preserver to keep your old white-bearded chin above the water." But "age is opportunity no less than youth," and he who has lived well and usefully is likely to move into old age with dignity and beauty, rich in "honor, love, obedience, troops of friends." Here is the picture of a saintly man—old, but with mind clear and spirit brave: "How calmly he sat in his stall in the cathedral of Life, with the banner of Christ's love over his head, waiting for the service to be over, that he might say with all his heart, Amen!" On the wisdom of attending strictly to one's business and letting reputation take care of itself, there is this good story: "When Ole Bull, the great Norwegian violinist, was assailed with hostile criticism, the *New York Herald* offered him its columns for his reply. But he shrewdly answered in his broken English, 'I tink, Mr. Bennett, it is best tey *writes* against me, and I *play* against tem.' 'You're right, Ole Bull, quite right,' was the editor's response." Mr. J. R. Green, the historian, tells a charming little story about a little girl, and the way in which she set him upon searching his heart. Her mother had recently died, and she was comforted by thinking of her mother being in heaven. Then turning to him, she innocently asked, "Do you intend to go to heaven, Mr. Green?" This simple question, asked by an artless child, set the great scholar to thinking seriously and deeply. One chapter exalts the place of Friendship in life. Friendship has been described as "a serious and majestic affair, like a royal procession, or a religion." The Bishop of Winchester remarks that "Friends who come to us through a process of gravitation are, of course, the friends who love the best and last the longest; because there is a moral suitableness in it, and the affinity is not superficial, but real." Emerson wrote, "The condition which high friendship demands is the ability to do without it." Over the fireplace in an artist's house a friend wrote: "These three goodly and gentle things,—To be here, to be together, and to think well of one another." Thackeray's motto with reference to his fellow-men was, "Good will toward all, and a very strong regard for a few." "Old friends are best," said John Selden. Cowper expressed his feelings toward the overfamiliar friend in the lines:

The man who hails you Tom—or Jack—
And proves by thumping on your back
His sense of your great merit,
Is such a friend that one must need
Be very much his friend indeed
To pardon or to bear it.

Writing of Religion, Dr. McKenzie says: "We are not to think that only Religion makes great demands upon us. Life itself is full of large requirements, of hard work and heavy burdens. It is not easy for men to do all that life and the world exact from them. The world makes demands without furnishing us the means to meet them. Religion has this superiority, that it enables and empowers wherever it commands. That is one part of the meaning of prayer. The promise made to prayer is of wisdom and strength to do our duty; not to do everything, but to do what it is our duty to do. Duty is not exorbitant or inconsiderate, but only commensurate with our ability. Religion brings this further benefit, that it keeps us aware of our dependence upon God, and thus under bonds to think of Him, and to come to Him for guidance and power. Its requirements are made with the understanding and promise that He will give all necessary strength. Hence we need not fear or hesitate to commit ourselves to the Christian life." President James Walker of Harvard used to say to his students, "Young gentlemen, you have more need of Religion than Religion has of you." This book says that the most notable movement of modern times is the spread of religion and evangelistic zeal among the students of our colleges in England and America: "Young men are going from America and England and other countries into the Far East to join with students and missionaries there, in order that every man in the world may learn that the Eternal God is his Father, and Jesus Christ his Saviour, and may be led to worship and serve Him in spirit and in truth. It is a wonderful, beautiful, and blessed movement of students who volunteer for the service of humanity. Has any such offering of living young men and women been seen in any age or in any country since the day of Pentecost?" Woe and shame to any college which has not been touched by this spirit! A wise man said, "The weight of the universe presses on the shoulders of every moral being to hold him in his place." Let the universe press! Our young men can bear it, through Christ who strengtheneth. "The glory of young men is their strength." Let the weight press, let duty call, let religion command, and the young man is on his feet—light in his eye, daring in his heart, strength in his hand! He hears the Captain of salvation call, and summons all his manhood with the words, "Be swift, my soul, to answer Him; be jubilant, my feet!"

So near is grandeur to our dust,
So like is God to man;
When Duty whispers low, "Thou must!"
The youth replies, "I can!"

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, AND TOPOGRAPHY.

New Letters of Thomas Carlyle. Edited and Annotated by ALEXANDER CARLYLE, with illustrations. Two volumes, 8vo, pp. xiii, 326, 359. London and New York: John Lane, The Bodley Head. Price, buckram, boxed, $6.

These two volumes, taken with letters of Carlyle and of his wife previously published, complete the epistolary autobiography unconsciously traced in their correspondence by which Carlyle's character and conduct are most fully elucidated, and the circumstances of his life and the conditions under which he worked are most clearly explained. These letters contain many confidential disclosures of his feelings, many private comments on persons and events, and many characteristic touches of his genius. They show a sincere and candid man, kindly disposed, full of sympathy and active helpfulness toward all sorts and conditions of men, though a sufferer from insomnia, dyspepsia, and hypochondria, borne with a fair share of patience, dignity, and pious resignation. When he entered the solemn valley of old age it was with health broken by long years of wearing toil and trouble, liver disordered, and nerves shattered; in which low condition the death of his wife smote him as with a crushing blow, and all his courage sank prostrate and his letters grew plaintive and pathetic like the wail of a child for its mother. The best service these letters do is to show us the heart of Carlyle, and the feelings of the man about his work and his life and the world and his friends. There is encouragement for some of us in finding how he felt when toiling grimly and gloomily at his tasks: "I sit down to write, there is not an idea discernible in the head of me; one dull cloud of stupidity; it is only with an effort like swimming for life that I get begun to think at all. Nevertheless, the thing does go on, and shall by God's blessing go on till it is ended, or I am ended; other blessedness one cannot hope from it. My habitual conviction about the work is that it ought to be burnt, that it will never be worth a farthing to any man or woman. Yet I do not burn it; I go floundering along." While writing his *French Revolution* he says: "It seems to me the miserablest mooncalf of a book, full of affectation, tumbling head foremost through all kinds of established rules." And when it was done he wrote a friend: "It is a thing disgusting to me by the faults of it,—a wild, savage book. What I do know is that it has come hot out of my own soul; born in blackness, whirlwind, and sorrow; and that no man, for a long while, has stood speaking so completely alone under the Eternal Azure, in the character of man only, as I; and finally, that it has come near choking the life out of me." When he is wrestling with the materials for his *Oliver Cromwell*, he writes: "I can tell you nothing about my work. It is miserable, it looks fruitless, a *mole's* work, boring and digging blindly under ground." A word from this Scotchman about his countrymen is interesting: "Really the Scotch are a meritorious people. They make wholesome pottage by boiling oatmeal in water, and savory soup from a singed sheep's head. They teach a poor man to understand that he is verily to live on bread and water, or even die for want of bread and water rather than beg and be in bonds to another. They say

with their rigorous Stoicism, and Calvinism which is hyper-Stoicism, 'Suffer, abstain; thou art here to abstain and endure!' That is really the lesson which Destiny itself teaches every man, in the great inarticulate way, throughout this life; and if the man be not a blockhead and unteachable, he learns it, whether he were born in peasant's hut or king's palace. . . . As for me, I have dragged this ugly millstone, Poverty, at my heels, spurning and cursing it often enough, ever since I was a man; yet there it stuck and lumbered on; and at length I was obliged to say to myself, 'If this weight had been loosened, thou hadst gone soaring like a foolish tumbler-pigeon, like a mad Byron. Thank the millstone, thou fool! It is thy ballast, and keeps the center of gravity right.'" This is the counsel he wrote to one disheartened soul: "Let not mistakes discourage you. There is precious instruction to be gotten by finding that we were wrong. Let a man try faithfully to be right, and he will grow daily more and more right. Only so can a man cultivate himself. Our very walking is an incessant falling, and a catching of ourselves before we come to the ground. And this is emblematic of all a man does. Do manfully whatever is yours to do; stand to your post like a good soldier; silently swallow the many chagrins of it, which all human situations have; and never quit it without doing all that it requires of you. The growing man by doing valiantly and wisely all that he can in his present sphere prepares himself for doing greater things in a wider sphere." Receptions and dining out did not agree with Carlyle, but unfitted and dissipated his mind: "Dinners and society do me nothing but hurt. So I say to myself, 'Work, thou poor devil! There is no good for thee in the universe but that.'" One April day in 1838 Carlyle had a glimpse of his young sovereign, and wrote: "Yesterday, in the park, I saw the poor little queen in an open carriage. She seemed to me a modest, nice, sonsy, wee lassie; with blue eyes, light hair, fine white skin. She looked timid, anxious, almost frightened, for the people stared at her in perfect silence, one old liveryman alone touching his hat to her. I was heartily sorry for the poor bairn." Carlyle met our American Webster at Monckton Milnes's and thus described him: "A terrible, beetle-browed, mastiff-mouthed, yellow-skinned, broad-bottomed, grim-taciturn individual; with a pair of dull-looking black eyes, and as much Parliamentary intellect and silent rage in him, I think, as I have ever seen in any man. Some fun too; and readiness to speak in drawling, didactic, handfast style about 'our Republican institutions.'" Referring to a book entitled *A Sinner Saved*, the story of a rough man's conversion, Carlyle wrote: "A most notable savage, this sinner saved! Poor brother mortal, deep sunk in poverty, coal-dust, and every degradation and defacement; struggling bravely withal to *be* a man, not the simulacrum of a man. I know few things that have more of a savage greatness in them than that last victorious vision of his under the pear tree, and his running into the tool-house, covering his head with his blue apron, to pray, weeping as if tears of blood, 'God be merciful to me, a sinner!' We could not do without such men." In a speech in behalf of a library Carlyle said: "A book requires a man to be self-collected. He must be alone with it. A good book is the purest essence of a human soul. The good of it is not in

the facts that can be got out of it, but in the resonance it awakens in our own minds. A book may strike out of us a thousand things, may make us know a thousand things it does not know itself. Everyone who reads a good book becomes a wiser man, a similar center of light and order." When an Oxford professor of political economy reviewed one of Carlyle's books, Carlyle said: "He is a slightly impertinent man, with several dictionaries about him, but with small knowledge of God's universe." This is his comment on the Puseyites in 1840: "In one sense, it is true and must be forever true, that this world is God's world, and must be governed as a 'Church,' or else ill-governed, anarchic, wretched. All ought to be convinced of this. And then, when the Puseyites come forward and say, 'Behold, are not *we* the Church? Is not Heaven's thaumaturgy with *us*, dwelling right here under our Shovel-hat?' the world will naturally answer, 'Let us *see* it, then! *Work miracles* with it! Or else, failing to work them, go to perdition with it!' I think that crisis is rapidly drawing on." Carlyle heard of a Renaissance in France, and having investigated, thus reported: "The French literature of George Sand & Company, which many people told me was a New-Birth, I found to be detestable putrefaction—new-life of nothing but maggots and blue-bottle flies." After reading the correspondence of Goethe with Zelter, he wrote: "One of the beautifullest of things is the falling in love with each other of these two elderly men, and persisting in it *crescendo* till the lamp of life went out for them at the age of fourscore. It is the blessedest fact I have got my eye on for a good while past." In the beginning of January, 1842, he wrote to his friend, Rev. John Sterling: "A happy New Year to you! Let us be thankful and hopeful, and stand tightly to our work. I wonder how people can ring bells at this season. I could rather chant Litanies, or go, like the Chinese, to 'the graves of my Fathers,' and sit *silent* there. God is great, and man is little, and mean, and a fool." To a friend who had taken to writing poetry, this candid counselor wrote: "I continually pray to Heaven that you may return to honest *Prose*, in which you are ten times more *poetical* than in singing without any tune to an audience without ear for what you sing. And yet not my will but thine be done. And God help us all, for we have a horrible time of it." Writing to Sterling about Dramatic Art, he says: "Of *Art* in general, I know and can know almost nothing. My only secret is to get a thorough knowledge and comprehension of the *Fact* to be pictured or presented. When the Fact is once *blazing* within one and bursting to get out, it takes all the dexterity of expression one is master of to contrive to exhibit it as it is. This is not *Art*, I know well. But what *Art* had Homer and Shakespeare? Patient, docile, valiant understanding of the *Fact*, knowledge of their audience, and hard-won command of their own faculty of utterance; to which add, as the soul of the whole, the above-named radiant insight into the heart of the Fact, blazing interest about it, and we have the whole Art of Homer and Shakespeare. Of them and of all speaking men (including preachers) I will say, The soul of all worth in them, without which nothing is possible and with which much is certain, is that same radiant all-irradiating insight into the Fact to be presented, that same burning in-

terest about it, and the glorious melodious *veracity* that results from those two." Of Bronson Alcott, Carlyle wrote: "He is a good man, but a bore of the first magnitude. He came along here in Autumn to reform all England by reducing us to live exclusively on vegetables. All England was, of course, as deaf to him as Ailsa Craig, and Alcott is in a Highland rage at our stupidity. Long may he abide and happy may he be!" Of Professor Jowett he wrote once: "He has no charms for me; a poor little good-humored owlet of a body; an 'Oxford Liberal' and very conscious of being so; beyond this not knowing right hand from left." His comment on Emerson's *Society and Solitude* was this: "A high, radiant, searching kind of book, but in general much too ideal and unpractical and impracticable—totally neglecting the frightful amount of Friction and Impediment, perverse but insuperable, which attends every one of us in this world." In one letter in 1873 he tells of dining at Forster's with Tennyson and James Spedding: "Tennyson was distinctly wearisome; nothing coming from him that did not smack of utter indolence, almost torpid sleepiness and stupor; all enlivened, however, by the tone of boylike naïveté and total want of malice except against his unfavorable reviewers." Carlyle tells how once when Tennyson stayed late at his home in Chelsea, the Scotch tune, called "MacPherson's Farewell," was played, till "Alfred's dark face grew darker and his lips quivered," at remembrance of the story of MacPherson, who was a Highlander sentenced to be hung. On his way to the gallows he played that tune, which he had composed. When the rope was round his neck he held up his fiddle and asked of the crowd if among them there was one of the Clan of MacPherson, any kinsman who wished him well, that to him he might bequeath the fiddle he loved. No answer coming from the crowd, he crushed the fiddle under his foot, and sprang off. Carlyle says, "The tune is rough as hemp, but strong as a lion." For Disraeli he had nothing but contempt and aversion, writing of him in 1877: "He has long been a disgrace to this world, and is now a continually minatory terror and curse." Near the end of his eightieth year Thomas Carlyle wrote his younger brother: "At times in the midst of my multifarious infirmities there come bright glimpses or reminiscences of what I might in the language of flattery call *health*. It is strange and wonderful to feel these glowings out again of intellectual and spiritual clearness, followed by base physical confusions of feeble old age. Daily I am taught again the unfathomable mystery of what we call a *soul* radiant with Heaven even while capable of being overclouded and as it were swallowed up by the bottomless mud it has to live in in this world." His feeling toward death is expressed in the words: "The final mercy of God is that He delivers us from a life which has become a task too hard and heavy for us." These two vivid volumes are necessary to a complete understanding of the grisly Sage of Chelsea.

Thirty Years in Madagascar. By the Rev. T. T. MATTHEWS, of the London Missionary Society. Crown 8vo, pp. 384. New York: A. C. Armstrong & Son. Price, cloth, $1.50.

The story of missions and martyrdoms in Madagascar is here told in plain and pointed language, and so graphically as to be interesting. It

not only tells of the weariness and hardships of the work, but also sets forth the joy and the sunshine and even the humorous incidents of missionary life. The declaration of the author, who has spent his life in studying heathenism, is that "the world at large—the heathen world in particular—is a great spiritual hospital, full of soul-sick patients; where we see sin in all its repulsive hideousness. We find it the most tragic reality of our mortal life, and the darkest blot on God's otherwise fair creation. There is no cure for it, no power that can meet and master sin, except the Gospel. A late Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal said, 'If the evangelical Gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ were not true we would be compelled to invent it, if we are to do any good to the heathen.'" This book gives us many incidents in the life of the native churches in Madagascar. In one of them a man was suspended from church fellowship for some misdoing. After some two years he applied to be readmitted, and as the pastor and members were satisfied as to the sincerity of his repentance he was received back. As a thank offering he gave the amount he calculated he would have given to the church during the time of his suspension, had he been in membership. After the church meeting he went up to the pastor and asked, in seeming astonishment, if that was all. The pastor said it was, and asked what else he expected. The penitent said, "Are you not going to beat me?" "Beat you?" said the pastor. "No, certainly not; we would never dream of doing anything of the kind." "Well, but," added the man, "I was a very prominent member of the church, and by my fall I greatly disgraced you all, and I feel that I so richly deserve a beating that I would be much happier if I got it." "It is not the custom of the church to receive penitents back into fellowship by thrashing them," answered the pastor. "You have been received back into membership, your thank offering has been accepted, and you must go home feeling thankful and happy." "Yes," said the man, "but I would go home much happier, and with a quieter conscience, if I had had a good beating; for I feel I so richly deserve it, that the best thing I could get would be a good thrashing." It was all that the pastor could do (and only after a long talk, and the most positive refusal to touch him) to get the man to go home without his coveted beating! One of the native preachers is thus described: "The late J. Andrianaivoràvèlona—the Spurgeon of Madagascar—was a member of the Bible Revision Committee for twelve years, and did more for the idiomatic tone of the new translation than all the others put together. He was not only the orator of the island, but was also a genius in his knowledge and use of the language, and a giant in physical strength. He came into the committee looking very tired and exhausted one morning. Our chief reviser said to him: 'You look very tired and worn-out this morning, Andrianaivo—what's the matter? what have you been doing?' He answered: 'I am tired; for I have not recovered from my Sabbath labors yet.' He was asked what he had done on the Sabbath, when he replied that he had preached fourteen times! He had left the capital at five o'clock, had his first service at six, had food prepared for him at various centers, and continued services till seven o'clock at night—fourteen in all—little wonder if he was tired. I have heard all the

great British preachers of the past forty years; and I would as soon have heard Andrianaivo as any of them. I have seen him keep an immense congregation spellbound for an hour and twenty minutes. When at his best the force, fervor, and enthusiasm of the man were magnificent, and carried all before them." The following account from the Superintendent of the London Missionary Society's work in Madagascar illustrates the power of the Gospel: "I managed to engage a very clever young fellow, a French corporal and a bachelor of science who was freed from military duty, to teach French in the A-kànga High School for Girls. He came to our house two afternoons a week to read French with me. We read through the Gospels, the Acts, and the Epistle to the Romans together. When we came to the account of the crucifixion in the Gospels, that young fellow broke down, bursting into tears, and, weeping, said: 'Was it really like that?' I asked: 'What?' when he answered: 'The crucifixion of our Lord.' 'Have you never read about that before?' I asked. 'No,' he answered, 'I have not; for I have never seen a Bible before in my life until I saw this one of yours!' As I have mentioned, that soldier was a bachelor of science, a German scholar, and a fair English one, and yet he had never seen a Bible in his own or any other language before. He was a Roman Catholic." This book helps us to see how great have been the trials and the triumphs of the Gospel in Madagascar.

Historical Evidence of the New Testament. By Rev. S. L. Bowman, A.M., S.T.D. 8vo, pp. 732. Cincinnati: Jennings & Graham. New York: Eaton & Mains. Price, cloth, $4.

Dr. Bowman's recent book, published just a year ago, has begun to take a large place in the thought and appreciation of New Testament scholars. One reader has ventured the opinion that within a decade it will be as widely known and quoted as Paley and Butler were at the beginning of the last century. This is one of the most important of the new books, being written in fearless and clear-eyed vision of the sweeping and confident assaults now popular upon all things sacred and especially upon the foundations of the faith "once for all delivered to the saints." The facts recorded in the New Testament, with a sobriety and restraint unique in religious literature and with a verisimilitude and balance of relative values equally unique, still challenge the closest consideration of minds given to historical reading in every land. And the evidence, internal and external, monumental and documental, historical and institutional, is being scanned and collated and interpreted by master minds. It is not enough considered that a movement which provoked the determined hostility of such foes as did primitive Christianity must have been indeed one which threatened to turn the world upside down. The Church can well point with complacency to the enemies she has made. It is from these that Dr. Bowman shrewdly selects his first group of witnesses to the existence and widespread influence of organized Christianity during the first three Christian centuries. Emperors, proconsuls, essayists, historians, physicians, philosophers, lawyers, and rhetoricians—Hebrew, Syrian, Greek, and Roman—joined in common enmity, determined to bring to naught a work which was felt even in its infancy to threaten the age-

long principalities and powers in the high places of the earth. The second group of witnesses, taken from the great cloud of sympathetic patrons reaching from Paul to Constantine, includes advocates, apologists, and martyrs of intellectual, moral, and dialectic skill of the highest order known to any age. To convert from bigoted Judaism or arrogant paganism and to enlist in enthusiastic service and sacrifice such mature minds as Saul and Ignatius and Irenæus and Quadratus and Tertullian and Apollonius and Lactantius and Aristides and Justin and Origen and Hegesippus and Eusebius is no slight compliment to the vitality and power of the Gospel. The third and last line of evidence is peculiarly telling and speaks with an eloquence far more convincing than that of apologist or rhetorician. It is here that the very stones cry out and the monuments and coins with their tracings and inscriptions put the skeptic to final silence. Thus like a great captain the writer marshals his three separate armies for one mighty onset, taking in turn the position of the enemy on either flank and in front, till the entire field surrenders without condition to his King.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A Treasury of Illustration. By HENRY WARD BEECHER. 8vo, pp. 675. New York and Chicago: Fleming H. Revell Company. Price, cloth, $3.50.

These illustrations are selected by J. R. Howard and T. J. Ellinwood from published and unpublished reports of Beecher's spoken words. Dr. Hillis in his introduction says that Mr. Beecher, though he knew theology, seldom preached doctrines in a formal systematic way. Early he decided that theological subtleties were not likely to bring men to Christ. "This decision was largely wrought in him by a memorable vision in which the love of God in Christ was the central element. He obeyed this heavenly vision, and preached thenceforth Christ crucified, the incarnation of suffering love. Like Christ and Paul, he crowned his arguments and appeals with pictures." Beecher's sermon manuscripts are said to show many elaborated propositions crossed out, and a single sentence substituted for them; in place of one such passage he wrote, "God is not a bundle of thunderstorms;" for another, "The heart of God is the world's hospital." An argument for fearless approach to the Throne of God is summed up thus: "God does not sit like a threatening cloud in the sky; and man does not need to approach Him under an umbrella of excuses." This is a sentence about the Holy Scriptures: "The Bible is like a telescope. If a man looks *through* his telescope he sees the worlds beyond; but if he looks *at* his telescope he sees nothing but that." Wit and humor and pathos were freely used by Beecher. He said, "All the bells that God has put in my belfry shall ring." But Dr. Hillis says that all the coruscations of his vivid and dramatic oratory were but the sparks from a locomotive, and that the mighty train of a serious purpose thundered on, drawn by the engine which emitted the sparks. It was not until he was fifty-five years old that his sermons began to be published regularly. No American

preacher has been more fertile in "discovering analogies between spiritual truth and the sun, the clouds, the rain, the flowers, the homes and occupations of men, the experiences and fancies of children, and the joys and sorrows of human love." What strikes us most in this book of selections is the richness and range both of the thought and the illustrations. Here is Beecher's feeling about preaching which disturbs and weakens faith: "I am very sensitive about the teaching of things which will unsettle faith, about turning up new ground in which there may be unlimited quantities of malaria, and wantonly bringing in unbelief in the place of belief. I am sent of God to save men; but to bring a man off from his old faith before he is prepared to be established in the new is to lose the man; and it is wanton, mischief-breeding, wicked. No preacher should so teach new truth as to disturb and unsettle the foundations of faith, or alarm the sincere believer." Further: "Any true theology must have power to convince men of sin, to convert them, to build them up in holy life, and to sustain them in all the emergencies of human life by the sense and prospect of an infinite and eternal life. It must inspire men with the grandeur of that life which is kindled here but which extends and unfolds in the great hereafter. All preaching which fails to do these things for men—which is made up of mere ingenuities, which has no tidings of salvation and eternal life, will be futile." Speaking of the necessity of adapting one's preaching to one's audience, he says: "I have known districts in the West, along the banks of the Mississippi, where pickpockets, thieves, horse thieves, riotous men, men of blood and violence, having fled across the border, had taken refuge, and where populations of such men had grown up in vice and crime. Now, if I were to go into a community like that, and preach the Gospel, do you suppose I would talk to those low, degraded men as I do to you, who are shaved and washed, and who have been tenderly cared for, and are susceptible to the higher truths? No; I would address their fears. I would hold up before them the terrors of the law. I would attack them where they were accessible. The highest feelings are the best to work on; but if you cannot reach those, the intermediate ones must be assailed. As in a great conflagration, if you cannot get into the burning building at one place, you must force your way in somewhere else; so in dealing with men in religious matters, if you cannot produce an impression on one side of their nature, you must approach them on another. . . . I could read the Ten Commandments to my mule when he did not do his work well; but I do not know that that would quicken him at all. I could describe to my mule the beauty of fidelity to his master, but I think he would trudge on about the same with his long ears. I address him further, and say, 'O mule, in the equities of life, in the grand scheme of equivalence it is not fair that you should receive and not also give;' I may give him a little political economy; but it does not make any difference. I try his feelings, and say, 'O sweet and beautiful mule! O precious mule!' in the hope that thus I may induce him to perform his duty; but he does not do it. By and by I get angry, and put my spurs into him, and say, 'Get up!' and he gets up—for that is the first time that I have come into the sphere where he lives." Speaking of ministers as "Fishers

of Men," he says: "If a man is going to *catch* fish he must become their scholar before he becomes their master; he must go to school to the brook to learn its ways. And to catch men one must learn their nature, their prejudices, their tendencies, their habits, their tastes, and their resorts, and adapt his methods and his approaches to their peculiarities. To sit on deck or on the bank of a stream and say to the fishes, 'Behold, here I am, authorized to command you to come to me and bite at the bait I offer you,' is ridiculous, even though it does resemble some ways of preaching. You must go *to* the fish. They certainly will not come to you. You must note times and seasons. You must creep sometimes, lie down sometimes, sometimes hide, sit patiently in the leafy covert at other times, and work frequently without filling your basket, and await a better time. You must study the sky, and for their food you must search all manner of insects, and everything that relates to the work in which you are engaged. The one act of catching fish must determine your whole manner. Luke adds to the force of this figure very much. Matthew says, 'Ye shall be fishers of men;' but Luke says, 'Ye shall *catch men*.' It is very well to be a fisher, but it is a great deal better to *catch* what you fish for. To make fishing tackle is one thing, and to catch fish is another. There are hundreds of men who, when they go into the pulpit, make rods, and lines (very long lines), and hooks, and reels, and baskets. They take this or that doctrine, and pound it out into a hook, bending and kinking it just so, and stick it up on a paper, and label it, and that is the end of it. And this is called preaching! But Christ says that that is preaching which *catches men*. Who is the best fisherman? He who brings home the most fish. Who is the best minister? Not he who makes the hour most charming with intellectual and sentimental enjoyment, but he who grapples earnestly with men, till he makes them ashamed of their sins, and willing to quit their meanness, discontented with the lowness and selfishness of their lives, by showing them Christ and the fascinations of His higher and better way of life." Concerning the subsidizing of all knowledge to the purpose of catching and saving and lifting men, we have this: "If, when a man feels that his life-power is consecrated to transforming the human soul toward the higher ideal of character for time and eternity, he looks around upon the great forces of the world and says to them, 'You are my servants;' to the clouds, 'Give me what you have of power;' to the hills, 'Bring me of your treasures;' to all that is beautiful, 'Come and put your garment upon me;' and to all that is enjoyable, 'Fill me with force, and give abundance to the fullness of my feeling'—if a man makes himself master of the secrets of nature that he may have power and strength to do his work—then he is not carrying on three or four kinds of business at the same time. He is carrying *one business*, and he collects from a hundred the materials and forces by which he does it." A copious topical index gives easy access to the immensely varied contents of this volume.

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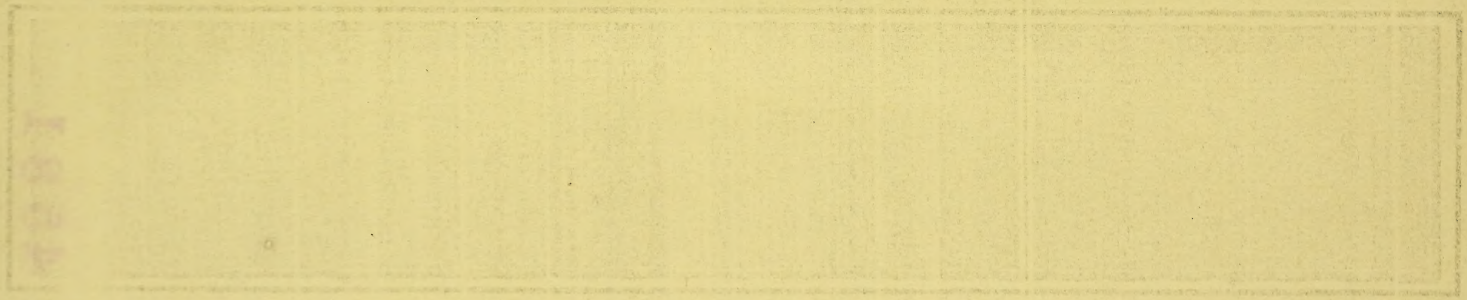

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